1829

THE

LUCUBRATIONS

OF

Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;

Revised and Corrected by the Author.

VOL. III.

'Ου χρῆ παννύχιον εὕδειν βουληφόρον ἄνδρα.
Homer.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. N.* and sold by *E. Nutt,* at the *Middle Temple Gate,* in *Fleetstreet.* 1716.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM
Lord Cowper,
Baron of
WINGHAM.

My Lord,

AFTER having long celebrated the ſuperiour Graces and Excellencies, among Men, in an Imaginary Character, I do my ſelf the

Honour to ſhew my Veneration of tranſcendent Merit under my own Name, in this Addreſs to your Lordſhip. The juſt Application of thoſe high Accompliſhments, of which you are Maſter, has been an Advantage to all your Fellow Subjects; and it is from the common Obligation you have laid upon all the World, that I, though a private Man, can pretend to be affected with, or take the Liberty to acknowledge, your great Talents and publick Virtues.

It gives a pleaſing Proſpect to your Friends, that is to ſay, to the Friends of your Country, that you have paſſed through the Higheſt Offices, at an Age when others uſually do but form to themſelves the Hopes of them. They may expect to ſee you in the Houſe of Lords as many Years as you were aſcending to it. It is our common Good,

Good, that your admirable Eloquence can now no longer be employed but in the Expreſſion of your own Sentiments and Judgment. The skilful Pleader is now for ever chang'd into the juſt Judge; which later Character your Lordſhip exerts with ſo prevailing an Impartiality, that you win the Approbation even of thoſe who diſſent from you, and you always obtain Favour, becauſe you are never moved by it.

This gives you a certain Dignity peculiar to your preſent Situation, and makes the Equity, even of a Lord High Chancellor, appear but a Degree towards the Magnanimity of a Peer of *Great Britain.*

Forgive me, My Lord, when I cannot conceal from you, that I ſhall never hereafter behold you,

but I ſhall behold you, as lately, defending the Brave, and the Unfortunate.

When we attend to your Lordſhip, engaged in a Diſcourſe, we cannot but reflect upon the many Requiſites which the vain-glorious Speakers of Antiquity have demanded in a Man who is to excel in Oratory; I ſay, My Lord, when we reflect upon the Precepts by viewing the Example, though there is no Excellence propoſed by thoſe Rhetoricians wanting, the whole Art ſeems to be reſolved into that one Motive of Speaking, Sincerity in the Intention. The graceful Manner, the apt Geſture, and the aſſumed Concern, are impotent Helps to Perſuaſion, in Compariſon of the honeſt Countenance of him who utters what he really means. From hence it is, that all the Beauties which others attain

tain with Labour, are in your Lordſhip but the natural Effects of the Heart that dictates.

It is this noble Simplicity which makes you ſurpaſs Mankind in the Faculties, wherein Mankind are diſtinguiſhed from other Creatures, Reaſon and Speech.

If theſe Gifts were communicated to all Men in Proportion to the Truth and Ardour of their Hearts, I ſhould ſpeak of you with the ſame Force as you expreſs your ſelf on any other Subject. But I reſiſt my preſent Impulſe, as agreeable as it is to me; though, indeed, had I any Pretenſions to a Fame of this Kind, I ſhould, above all other Themes, attempt a Panegyrick upon my Lord *Cowper*: For the only ſure Way to a Reputation for Eloquence, in an Age wherein that perfect Orator lives, is to chuſe

chuse an Argument, upon which he himself must of Necessity be silent. I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Devoted,

Most Obedient, and

Most Humble Servant,

Richard Steele.

THE [Nº 115.

TATLER:

BY

Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;

VOL. III.

—— *Novum intervenit Vitium & Calamitas,*
Ut neque spectari, neque cognosci potuerit:
Ita Populus Studio stupidus in Funambulo
Animum occupârat. Ter. de Hecyra.

From *Saturday Dec.* 31. to *Tuesday Jan.* 3. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, January 2.

I Went on *Friday* last to the Opera, and was surprised to find a thin House at so noble an Entertainment, till I heard that the Tumbler was not to make his Appearance that Night. For my own Part, I was fully satisfied with the Sight of an Actor, who, by the Grace and Propriety of his Action and Gesture, does Honour to an human Figure, as much as the other vilifies and degrades it. Every one will easily imagine I mean Signior *Nicolini*, who sets off the Character he bears in an Opera by his Action, as much as he does the Words of it by his Voice. Every Limb, and every Finger, contributes to the Part

he acts, insomuch that a deaf Man might go along with him in the Sense of it. There is scarce a beautiful Posture in an old Statue which he does not plant himself in, as the different Circumstances of the Story give Occasion for it. He performs the most ordinary Action in a Manner suitable to the Greatness of his Character, and shows the Prince even in the giving of a Letter, or the dispatching of a Message. Our best Actors are somewhat at a Loss to support themselves with proper Gesture, as they move from any considerable Distance to the Front of the Stage; but I have seen the Person of whom I am now speaking, enter alone at the remotest Part of it, and advance from it with such Greatness of Air and Meen, as seemed to fill the Stage, and at the same Time commanded the Attention of the Audience with the Majesty of his Appearance. But notwithstanding the Dignity and Elegance of this Entertainment, I find for some Nights past, that *Punchinello* has robbed this Gentleman of the greater Part of his Female Spectators. The Truth of it is, I find it so very hard a Task to keep that Sex under any Manner of Government, that I have often resolved to give them over intirely, and leave them to their own Inventions. I was in Hopes, that I had brought them to some Order, and was employing my Thoughts on the Reformation of their Petticoats, when on a sudden I received Information from all Parts, that they run gadding after a Puppet-Show. I know very well, that what I here say, will be thought by some malicious Persons to flow from Envy to Mr. *Powell*; for which Reason, I shall set the late Dispute between us in a true Light. Mr. *Powell* and I had some Difference about Four Months ago, which we managed by Way of Letter, as learned Men ought to do; and I was very well contented to bear such Sarcasms as he was pleased to throw upon me, and answered them with the

same Freedom. In the midst of this our Misunderstanding and Correspondence, I happened to give the World an Account of the Order of *Esquires*; upon which, Mr. *Powell* was so disingenuous, as to make one of his Puppets (I wish I knew which of them it was) declare by Way of Prologue, That one *Isaac Bickerstaff*, a Pretended *Esquire*, had wrote a scurrilous Piece to the Dishonour of that Rank of Men; and then, with more Art than Honesty, concluded, that all the *Esquires* in the Pit were abused by his Antagonist as much as he was. This publick Accusation made all the *Esquires* of that County, and several of other Parts, my professed Enemies. I do not in the least question, but that he will proceed in his Hostilities; and I am informed, That Part of his Design in coming up to Town, was to carry the War into my own Quarters. I do therefore solemnly declare, (notwithstanding that I am a great Lover of Art and Ingenuity) that if I hear he opens any of his People's Mouths against me, I shall not fail to write a Critick upon his whole Performance; for I must confess, that I have naturally so strong a Desire of Praise, that I cannot bear Reproach, tho' from a Piece of Timber. As for *Punch*, who takes all Opportunities of bespattering me, I know very well his Original, and have been assured by the Joyner who put him together, that he was in long Dispute with himself, whether he should turn him into several Pegs and Utensils, or make him the Man he is. The same Person confessed to me, that he had once actually laid aside his Head for a Nut-cracker. As for his Scolding Wife, (however she may value her self at present) it is very well known, that she is but a Piece of Crabtree. This Artificer further whispered in my Ear, that all his Courtiers and Nobles were taken out of a Quickset-Hedge not far from *Islington*; and that Dr. *Faustus* himself, who is now so great a Con-

jurer, is ſuppoſed to have learned his whole Art from an old Woman in that Neighbourhood, whom he long ſerved in the Figure of a Broom-ſtaff.

But perhaps it may look trivial to inſiſt ſo much upon Men's Perſons; I ſhall therefore turn my Thoughts rather to examine their Behaviour, and conſider, whether the ſeveral Parts are written up to that Character which Mr. *Powell* piques himſelf upon, of an able and judicious Dramatiſt. I have for this Purpoſe provided my ſelf with the Works of above Twenty *French* Criticks, and ſhall examine, (by the Rules which they have laid down upon the Art of the Stage) whether the Unity of Time, Place and Action, be rightly obſerved in any one of this celebrated Author's Productions; as alſo, whether in the Parts of his ſeveral Actors, and that of *Punch* in Particular, there is not ſometimes an Impropriety of Sentiments, and an Impurity of Diction.

White's Chocolate-houſe, January 2.

I came in here to Day at an Hour when only the Dead appear in Places of Reſort and Gallantry, and ſaw hung up the Eſcutcheon of Sir *Hannibal*, a Gentleman who uſed to frequent this Place, and was taken up and interred by the Company of Upholders, as having been ſeen here at an unlicenſed Hour. The Coat of the Deceaſed is, Three Bowls and a Jack in a green Field; the Creſt, a Dice-Box, with the King of Clubs and Pam for Supporters. Some Days ago the Body was carried out of Town with great Pomp and Ceremony, in order to be buried with his Anceſtors at the *Peak*. It is a Maxim in Morality, that we are to ſpeak nothing but Truth of the Living, nothing but Good of the Dead. As I have carefully obſerved the firſt during his Life-time, I ſhall acquit my ſelf as to the latter now he is deceaſed.

He

He was Knighted very young, not in the ordinary Form, but by the common Consent of Mankind.

He was in his Person between round and square; in the Motion and Gesture of his Body he was unaffected and free, as not having too great a Respect for Superiors. He was in his Discourse bold and intrepid; and as every one has an Excellence as well as a Failing which distinguishes him from other Men, Eloquence was his predominant Quality, which he had to so great a Perfection, that it was easier to him to speak than to hold his Tongue. This sometimes exposed him to the Derision of Men who had much less Parts than himself: And indeed his great Volubility and inimitable Manner of Speaking, as well as the great Courage he shewed on those Occasions, did sometimes betray him into that Figure of Speech which is commonly distinguish'd by the Name of Gasconade. To mention no other, he professed in this very Place some few Days before he died, That he would be One of the Six that would undertake to assault me; for which Reason I have had his Figure upon my Wall till the Hour of his Death: And am resolved for the future to bury every one forthwith who I hear has an Intention to kill me.

Since I am upon the Subject of my Adversaries, I shall here publish a short Letter which I have received from a Well-wisher, and is as follows:

Sage SIR,

YOU cannot but know, there are many Scriblers and others who revile you and your Writings. It is wondered that you do not exert your self, and crush them at once. I am,

SIR,

(With great Respect)

Your most humble Admirer,

 and Disciple.

In Anſwer to this, I ſhall act like my Predeceſſor *Æſop*, and give him a Fable inſtead of a Reply.

It happened one Day, as a ſtout and honeſt Maſtiff (that guarded the Village where he lived againſt Thieves and Robbers,) was very gravely walking, with one of his Puppies by his Side, all the little Dogs in the Street gather'd about him, and barked at him. The little Puppy was ſo offended at this Affront done to his Sire, that he asked him, Why he would not fall upon them, and tear them to Pieces? To which the Sire anſwered, with a great Compoſure of Mind, *If there were no Curs, I ſhould be no Maſtiff.*

The TATLER. [N° 116

—— *Pars minima eſt ipſa Puella ſui.* Ovid.

From *Tueſd. Jan.* 3. to *Thurſd. Jan.* 5. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, January 4.

THE Court being prepared for proceeding the Cauſe of the Petticoat, I gave Orde to bring in a Criminal who was taken up as ſh went out of the Puppet-Show about Three Nigh ago, and was now ſtanding in the Street with great Concourſe of People about her. Word w brought me, that ſhe had endeavoured twice thrice to come in, but could not do it by reaſo of her Petticoat, which was too large for the Entrance of my Houſe, tho' I had ordered both the Folding-Doors to be thrown open for its Reception. Upon this, I deſired the Jury of Matrons, who ſtood at my Right Hand, to inform themſelves of her Condition, and know whether

there were any private Reaſons why ſhe might not make her Appearance ſeparate from her Petticoat. This was managed with great Diſcretion, and had ſuch an Effect, that upon the Return of the Verdict from the Bench of Matrons, I iſſued out an Order forthwith, That the Criminal ſhould be ſtripped of her Incumbrances, till ſhe became little enough to enter my Houſe. I had before given Directions for an Engine of ſeveral Legs, that could contract or open it ſelf like the Top of an Umbrello, in order to place the Petticoat upon it, by which Means I might take a leiſurely Survey of it, as it ſhould appear in its proper Dimenſions. This was all done accordingly; and forthwith, upon the cloſing of the Engine, the Petticoat was brought into Court. I then directed the Machine to be ſet upon the Table, and dilated in ſuch a Manner as to ſhow the Garment in its utmſt Circumference; but my great Hall was too narrow for the Experiment; for before it was half unfolded, it deſcribed ſo immoderate a Circle, that the lower Part of it bruſh'd upon my Face as I ſate in my Chair of Judicature. I then enquired for the Perſon that belonged to the Petticoat; and to my great Surprize, was directed to a very beautiful young Damſel, with ſo pretty a Face and Shape, that I bid her come out of the Crowd, and ſeated her upon a little Crock at my Left Hand. My pretty Maid, ſaid I, Do you own your ſelf to have been the Inhabitant of the Garment before us? The Girl I found had good Senſe, and told me with a Smile, That notwithſtanding it was her own Petticoat, ſhe ſhould be very glad to ſee an Example made of it; and that ſhe wore it for no other Reaſon, but that ſhe had a Mind to look as big and burly as other Perſons of her Quality; That ſhe had kept out of it as long as ſhe could, and till ſhe began to appear little in the Eyes of all her Acquaintance; That if ſhe

laid it aſide, People would think ſhe was not made like other Women. I always give great Allowances to the Fair Sex upon Account of the Faſhion, and therefore was not diſpleaſed with the Defence of my pretty Criminal. I then ordered the Veſt which ſtood before us to be drawn up by a Pully to the Top of my great Hall, and afterwards to be ſpread open by the Engine it was placed upon, in ſuch a Manner, that it formed a very ſplendid and ample Canopy over our Heads, and covered the whole Court of Judicature with a kind of Silken Rotunda, in its Form not unlike the Cupolo of St. *Paul's*. I enter'd upon the whole Cauſe with great Satisfaction as I ſate under the Shadow of it.

The Council for the Petticoat was now called in, and ordered to produce what they had to ſay againſt the popular Cry which was raiſed againſt it. They anſwered the Objections with great Strength and Solidity of Argument, and expatiated in very florid Harangues, which they did not fail to ſet off and furbelow (if I may be allowed the Metaphor) with many Periodical Sentences and Turns of Oratory. The chief Arguments for their Client were taken, firſt, from the great Benefit that might ariſe to our Woollen Manufactury from this Invention, which was calculated as follows: The common Petticoat has not above Four Yards in the Circumference; whereas this over our Heads had more in the Semi-diameter; ſo that by allowing it Twenty four Yards in the Circumference, the Five Millions of Woollen Petticoats, which (according to Sir *William Petty*) ſuppoſing what ought to be ſuppoſed in a well-govern'd State, that all Petticoats are made of that Stuff, would amount to Thirty Millions of thoſe of the ancient Mode. A prodigious Improvement of the Woollen Trade! and what could not fail to ſink the Power of *France* in a few Years.

To

To introduce the Second Argument, they begged Leave to read a Petition of the Rope-Makers, wherein it was represented, That the Demand for Cords, and the Price of them, were much risen since this Fashion came up. At this, all the Company who were present lifted up their Eyes into the Vault; and I must confess, we did discover many Traces of Cordage which were interwoven in the Stiffening of the Drapery.

A Third Argument was founded upon a Petition of the *Greenland* Trade, which likewise represented the great Consumption of Whale-bone which would be occasioned by the present Fashion, and the Benefit which would thereby accrue to that Branch of the *British* Trade.

To conclude, they gently touched upon the Weight and Unweildiness of the Garment, which they insinuated might be of great Use to preserve the Honour of Families.

These Arguments would have wrought very much upon me, (as I then told the Company in a long and elaborate Discourse) had I not considered the great and additional Expence which such Fashions would bring upon Fathers and Husbands; and therefore by no Means to be thought of till some Years after a Peace. I further urged, that it would be a Prejudice to the Ladies themselves, who could never expect to have any Money in the Pocket, if they laid out so much on the Petticoat. To this I added, the great Temptation it might give to Virgins, of acting in Security like married Women, and by that Means give a Check to Matrimony, an Institution always encouraged by wise Societies.

At the same Time, in Answer to the several Petitions produced on that Side, I shewed one subscribed by the Women of several Persons of Quality, humbly setting forth, That since the Introduction of this Mode, their respective Ladies had (instead of bestowing on them their Cast-

Gowns) cut them into Shreds, and mixed them with the Cordage and Buckram, to compleat the Stiffening of their Under-Petticoats. For which, and sundry other Reasons, I pronounced the Petticoat a Forfeiture: But to shew that I did not make that Judgment for the Sake of filthy Lucre, I ordered it to be folded up, and sent it as a Present to a Widow-Gentlewoman, who has five Daughters, desiring she would make each of them a Petticoat out of it, and send me back the Remainder, which I design to cut into Stomachers, Caps, Facings of my Wastcoat-Sleeves, and other Garnitures suitable to my Age and Quality.

I would not be understood, that (while I discard this monstrous Invention) I am an Enemy to the proper Ornaments of the Fair Sex. On the contrary, as the Hand of Nature has poured on them such a Profusion of Charms and Graces, and sent them into the World more amiable and finished than the rest of her Works; so I would have them bestow upon themselves all the additional Beauties that Art can supply them with, provided it does not interfere with, disguise, or pervert, those of Nature.

I consider Woman as a beautiful Romantick Animal, that may be adorned with Furs and Feathers, Pearls and Diamonds, Ores and Silks. The Lynx shall cast its Skin at her Feet to make her a Tippet; the Peacock, Parrat and Swan, shall pay Contributions to her Muff; the Sea shall be searched for Shells, and the Rocks for Gems; and every Part of Nature furnish out its Share towards the Embellishment of a Creature that is the most consummate Work of it. All this I shall indulge them in; but as for the Petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can, nor will allow it.

The

The TATLER. [N° 117.

Durate, & vosmet Rebus servate secundis. Virg.

From *Thursday Jan.* 5. to *Saturday Jan.* 7. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, January 6.

WHen I look into the Frame and Constitution of my own Mind, there is no Part of it which I observe with greater Satisfaction, than that Tenderness and Concern which it bears for the Good and Happiness of Mankind. My own Circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty, that I should tast but very little Pleasure, could I receive it only from those Enjoyments which are in my own Possession; but by this great Tincture of Humanity, which I find in all my Thoughts and Reflections, I am happier than any single Person can be, with all the Wealth, Strength, Beauty, and Success, that can be conferred upon a Mortal, if he only relishes such a Proportion of these Blessings as is vested in himself, and is his own private Property. By this Means, every Man that does himself any real Service, does me a Kindness. I come in for my Share in all the Good that happens to a Man of Merit and Virtue, and partake of many Gifts of Fortune and Power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice, as the Deliverance of good and generous Spirits out of Dangers, Difficulties, and Distresses. And because the World does not supply Instances of this Kind to furnish out sufficient Entertainments for such an Humanity and Benevolence of Temper, I have ever delighted in

reading

reading the History of Ages past, which draws together into a narrow Compass the great Occurrences and Events that are but thinly sown in those Tracts of Time which lie within our own Knowledge and Observation. When I see the Life of a great Man, who has deserved well of his Country, after having struggled through all the Oppositions of Prejudice and Envy, breaking out with Lustre, and shining forth in all the Splendor of Success, I close my Book, and am an happy Man for a whole Evening.

But since in History, Events are of a mixed Nature, and often happen alike to the Worthless and the Deserving, insomuch that we frequently see a virtuous Man dying in the Midst of Disappointments and Calamities, and the Vicious ending their Days in Prosperity and Peace; I love to amuse my self with the Accounts I meet with in fabulous Histories and Fictions: For in this Kind of Writings we have always the Pleasure of seeing Vice punished, and Virtue rewarded. Indeed, were we able to view a Man in the whole Circle of his Existence, we should have the Satisfaction of seeing it close with Happiness or Misery, according to its proper Merit: But tho' our View of him is interrupted by Death before the finishing of his Adventures, (if I may so speak) we may be sure that the Conclusion and Catastrophe is altogether suitable to his Behaviour. On the contrary, the whole Being of a Man, considered as an Hero, or a Knight-Errant, is comprehended within the Limits of a Poem or Romance, and therefore always ends to our Satisfaction; so that Inventions of this Kind are like Food and Exercise to a good-natured Disposition, which they please and gratify at the same Time that they nourish and strengthen. The greater the Affliction is in which we see our Favourites in these Relations engaged, the greater is the Pleasure we take in seeing them relieved.

Among

Among the many feigned Histories which I have met with in my Reading, there is none in which the Hero's Perplexity is greater, and the winding out of it more difficult, than that in a *French* Author whose Name I have forgot. It so happens, that the Hero's Mistress was the Sister of his most intimate Friend, who for certain Reasons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his Country in Quest of Adventures. The Hero having heard of his Friend's Death, immediately repaired to his Mistress, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his Arrival in her Garden, he discover'd at a Distance a Man clasped in her Arms, and embraced with the most endearing Tenderness. What should he do? It did not consist with the Gentleness of a Knight-Errant either to kill his Mistress, or the Man whom she was pleased to favour. At the same Time, it would have spoiled a Romance, should he have laid violent Hands on himself. In short, he immediately entered upon his Adventures; and after a long Series of Exploits, found out by Degrees, that the Person he saw in his Mistress's Arms was her own Brother, taking Leave of her before he left his Country, and the Embrace she gave him nothing else but the affectionate Farewel of a Sister: So that he had at once the Two greatest Satisfactions that could enter into the Heart of Man, in finding his Friend alive, whom he thought dead; and his Mistress faithful, whom he had believed inconstant.

There are indeed some Disasters so very fatal, that it is impossible for any Accidents to rectify them. Of this Kind was that of poor *Lucretia*; and yet we see *Ovid* has found an Expedient even in this Case. He describes a Beautiful and Royal Virgin walking on the Sea-shore, where she was discovered by *Neptune*, and violated after a long and unsuccessful Importunity. To miti-

gate

gate her Sorrow, he offers her whatever she would wish for. Never certainly was the Wit of Woman more puzzled in finding out a Stratagem to retrieve her Honour. Had she desired to be changed into a Stock or Stone, a Beast, Fish or Fowl, she would have been a Loser by it: Or had she desired to have been made a Sea-Nymph, or a Goddess, her Immortality would but have perpetuated her Disgrace. Give me therefore, said she, such a Shape as may make me incapable of suffering again the like Calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already suffered. To be short, she was turned into a Man, and by that only Means avoided the Danger and Imputation she so much dreaded.

I was once my self in Agonies of Grief that are unutterable, and in so great a Distraction of Mind, that I thought my self even out of the Possibility of receiving Comfort. The Occasion was as follows. When I was a Youth in a Part of the Army which was then quartered at *Dover*, I fell in Love with an agreeable young Woman, of a good Family in those Parts, and had the Satisfaction of seeing my Addresses kindly received, which occasioned the Perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm Evening diverting our selves upon the Top of the Cliff with the Prospect of the Sea, and trifling away the Time in such little Fondnesses as are most ridiculous to People in Business, and most agreeable to those in Love.

In the Midst of these our innocent Endearments, she snatched a Paper of Verses out of my Hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a sudden the Ground, tho' at a considerable Distance from the Verge of the Precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious an Height upon such a Range of Rocks, as would have dashed her into Ten Thousand Pieces, had her Body been made of Adamant. It is much easier for my Reader to imagine my State of Mind

upon

upon such an Occasion, than for me to express it. I said to my self, It is not in the Power of Heaven to relieve me! When I awaked, equally transported and astonished, to see my self drawn out of an Affliction which the very Moment before appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The Impressions of Grief and Horrour were so lively on this Occasion, that while they lasted, they made me more miserable than I was at the real Death of this beloved Person, (which happened a few Months after, at a Time when the Match between us was concluded) inasmuch as the imaginary Death was untimely, and I my self in a Sort an Accessary; whereas her real Decease had at least these Alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The Memory of the Dream I have related still dwells so strongly upon me, that I can never read the Description of *Dover-Cliff* in *Shakespear*'s Tragedy of *King Lear*, without a fresh Sense of my Escape. The Prospect from that Place is drawn with such proper Incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy, must have a good Head, or a very bad One.

Come on, Sir, here's the Place; stand still! How (fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast ones Eyes so low?
The Crows and Choughs that wing the Midway Air,
Show scarce as gross as Beetles. Half Way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire. Dreadful Trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his Head.
The Fishermen that walk upon the Beach,
Appear like Mice, and yond' tall anchoring Bark
Diminish'd to her Boat; her Boat; a Buoy
Almost too small for Sight. The murmuring Surge
(That on the unnumber'd idle Pebble beats)
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my Brain turn

The

The TATLER. [N° 118.

Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti,
Tempus abire tibi. —— Hor.

From *Saturd. Jan.* 7. to *Tuesd. Jan.* 10. 1709.

From my own Apartment, Jan. 8.

I Thought to have given over my Prosecution of the Dead for this Season, having by me many other Projects for the Reformation of Mankind; but I have received so many Complaints from such different Hands, that I shall disoblige Multitudes of my Correspondents, if I do not take Notice of them. Some of the Deceased, who I thought had been laid quietly in their Graves, are such Hobgoblins in publick Assemblies, that I must be forced to deal with them as *Evander* did with his triple-lived Adversary, who, according to *Virgil*, was forced to kill him thrice over before he could dispatch him.

Ter Letho sternendus erat. ——

I am likewise informed, That several Wives of my Dead Men have, since the Decease of their Husbands, been seen in many publick Places without Mourning, or Regard to common Decency.

I am further advised, That several of the Defunct, contrary to the Woollen Act, presume to dress themselves in Lace, Embroidery, Silks, Muslins, and other Ornaments forbidden to Persons in their Condition. These and other the like Informations moving me thereunto, I must desire, for Distinction-sake, and to conclude this Subject for ever, that when any of these Posthumous Persons appear, or are spoken of, that their Wives

Wives may be call'd Widows; their Houses, Sepulchres; their Chariots, Hearses; and their Garments, Flannel: On which Condition, they shall be allowed all the Conveniencies that Dead Men can in Reason desire.

As I was writing this Morning on this Subject, I receiv'd the following Letter:

Mr. Bickerstaff, *From the Banks of* Styx.

'I Must confess I treated you very scurrilously 'when you first sent me hither; but you have 'dispatched such Multitudes after me to keep 'me in Countenance, that I am very well reconcil'd both to you and my Condition. We live 'very lovingly together; for as Death makes us 'all equal, it makes us very much delight in one 'another's Company. Our Time passes away 'much after the same Manner as it did when we 'were among you: Eating, Drinking, and Sleeping, are our chief Diversions. Our *Quid Nuncs* 'between Whiles go to a Coffee-house, where 'they have several warm Liquors made of the 'Waters of *Lethe*, with very good Poppy Tea. 'We that are the sprightly Genius's of the Place, 'refresh our selves frequently with a Bottle of 'Mum, and tell Stories till we fall asleep. You 'would do well to send among us Mr. *Dodwell*'s 'Book against the Immortality of the Soul, 'which would be of great Consolation to our 'whole Fraternity, who would be very glad to 'find that they are dead for good and all, and 'would in particular make me rest for ever,

Yours,

John Partridge

P. S. Sir *James* is just arrived here in good Health.

The foregoing Letter was the more pleasing to me, because I perceive some little Symptoms in

it

it of a Refuſcitation; and having lately ſeen the Predictions of this Author, which are written in a true Proteſtant Spirit of Prophecy, and a particular Zeal againſt the *French* King, I have ſome Thoughts of ſending for him from the Banks of *Styx*, and reinſtating him in his own Houſe, at the Sign of the *Globe* in *Salisbury-ſtreet*. For the Encouragement of him and others, I ſhall offer to their Conſideration a Letter which gives me an Account of the Revival of one of their Brethren.

SIR, *Dec.* 31.

'I Have peruſed your *Tatler* of this Day, and 'have wept over it with great Pleaſure: I 'wiſh you would be more frequent in your Fa'mily-Pieces. For as I conſider you under the 'Notion of a great Deſigner, I think theſe are 'not your leaſt valuable Performances. I am 'glad to find you have given over your Face'painting for ſome Time, becauſe, I think, you 'have employed your ſelf more in Groteſque Fi'gures than in Beauties; for which Reaſon, I 'would rather ſee you work upon Hiſtory-Pieces, 'than on ſingle Portraicts. Your ſeveral Draughts 'of Dead Men appear to me as Pictures of Still'Life, and have done great Good in the Place 'where I live. The 'Squire of a neighbouring 'Village, who had been a long Time in the 'Number of Non-Entities, is entirely recovered 'by them. For theſe ſeveral Years paſt, there 'was not an Hare in the County that could be 'at Reſt for him; and I think, the greateſt Ex'ploit he ever boaſted of, was, That when he 'was High-Sheriff of the County, he hunted a 'Fox ſo far, that he could not follow him any 'further by the Laws of the Land. All the 'Hours he ſpent at Home, were in ſwelling him'ſelf with *October*, and rehearſing the Wonders 'he did in the Field. Upon reading your Papers,

'he

'he has sold his Dogs, shook off his dead Com-'panions, looked into his Estate, got the Multi-'plication-Table by Heart, paid his Tythes, and 'intends to take upon him the Office of Church-'warden next Year. I wish the same Success 'with your other Patients, and am, *&c.*

Ditto, January 9.

When I came Home this Evening, a very tight middle-aged Woman presented to me the following Petition:

To the Worshipful Isaac Bickerstaff *Esq*; *Censor of* Great Britain.

The humble Petition of *Penelope Prim*, Widow;

Sheweth,

'THAT your Petitioner was bred a Clear-'starcher and Sempstress, and for many 'Years worked to the *Exchange*, and to several 'Aldermens Wives, Lawyers Clerks, and Mer-'chants Apprentices.

'That through the Scarcity caused by Regra-'ters of Bread-Corn, (of which Starch is made) 'and the Gentries immoderate frequenting the 'Opera's, the Ladies, to save Charges, have 'their Heads washed at Home, and the Beaus 'put out their Linen to common Landresses. 'So that your Petitioner hath little or no Work 'at her Trade: For Want of which she is re-'duced to such Necessity, that she and her Seven 'Fatherless Children must inevitably perish, un-'less relieved by your Worship.

'That your Petitioner is informed, That in 'Contempt of your Judgment pronounced on '*Tuesday* the 3d Instant against the new-fashion-'ed Petticoat, or old-fashioned Fardingal, the 'Ladies design to go on in that Dress. And 'since it is presumed your Worship will not sup-'press them by Force, your Petitioner humbly

'desires

'desires you would order, That Ruffs may be 'added to the Dress; and that she may be 'heard by her Council, who has assured your 'Petitioner, he has such cogent Reasons to offer 'to your Court, that Ruffs and Fardingals are in'separable; and that he questions not but Two 'Thirds of the greatest Beauties about Town 'will have Cambrick Collars on their Necks be'fore the End of *Easter*-Term next. He further 'says, That the Design of our Great Grandmo'thers in this Petticoat, was to appear much 'bigger than the Life; for which Reason, they 'had false Shoulder-Blades, like Wings, and the 'Ruff above-mention'd, to make their upper and 'lower Parts of their Bodies appear propor'tionable; whereas the Figure of a Woman in 'the present Dress, bears (as he calls it) the Figure 'of a Cone, which (as he advises) is the same 'with that of an Extinguisher, with a little 'Knob at the upper End, and widening down'ward, till it ends in a Basis of a most enormous 'Circumference.

'Your Petitioner therefore most humbly prays, 'That you would restore the Ruff to the Far'dingal, which in their Nature ought to be as 'inseparable as the Two *Hungarian* Twins.

And your Petitioner shall ever pray.

I have examined into the Allegations of this Petition, and find, by several ancient Pictures of my own Predecessors, particularly that of Dame *Deborah Bickerstaff*, my Great Grandmother, that the Ruff and Fardingal are made Use of as absolutely necessary to preserve the Symmetry of the Figure; and Mrs. *Pyramid Bickerstaff*, her second Sister, is recorded in our Family-Book, with some Observations to her Disadvantage, as the first Female of our House that discovered, to any besides her Nurse and her Husband, an Inch below her Chin or above her Instep. This convinces me

of the Reaſonableneſs of Mrs. *Prim*'s Demand; and therefore I ſhall not allow the reviving of any one Part of that ancient Mode, except the Whole is complied with. Mrs. *Prim* is therefore hereby impowered to carry Home Ruffs to ſuch as ſhe ſhall ſee in the above-mentioned Petticoats, and require Payment on Demand.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *has under Conſideration the Offer from the Corporation of* Colcheſter *of Four hundred Pounds* per Annum, *to be paid Quarterly, provided that all his dead Perſons ſhall be obliged to wear the Bays of that Place.*

The TATLER. [N° 119

In Tenui Labor. —— Virg.

From *Tueſd. Jan.* 10. to *Thurſd. Jan.* 12. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, January 11.

I Have lately applied my ſelf with much Satisfaction to the curious Diſcoveries that have been made by the Help of Microſcopes, as they are related by Authors of our own and other Nations. There is a great deal of Pleaſure in prying into this World of Wonders, which Nature has laid out of Sight, and ſeems induſtrious to conceal from us. Philoſophy had ranged over all the viſible Creation, and began to want Objects for her Enquiries, when the preſent Age, by the Invention of Glaſſes, opened a new and inexhauſtible Magazine of Rarities, more wonderful and amazing than any of thoſe which aſtoniſhed our Forefathers. I was Yeſterday amuſing my ſelf with Speculations of this Kind, and reflecting upon Myriads of Animals that ſwim in

those little Seas of Juice that are contain'd in the several Vessels of an Humane Body. While my Mind was thus filled with that secret Wonder and Delight, I could not but look upon my self as in an Act of Devotion, and am very well pleased with the Thought of the great Heathen Anatomist, who calls his Description of the Parts of an Humane Body, *An Hymn to the Supreme Being.* The Reading of the Day produced in my Imagination an agreeable Morning's Dream, if I may call it such; for I am still in Doubt, whether it passed in my sleeping or waking Thoughts. However it was, I fancied that my good Genius stood at my Bed's Head, and entertained me with the following Discourse; for upon my Rising, it dwelt so strong upon me, that I writ down the Substance of it, if not the very Words.

If (said he) you can be so transported with those Productions of Nature which are discovered to you by those artificial Eyes that are the Works of Humane Invention, how great will your Surprize be, when you shall have it in your Power to model your own Eye as you please, and adapt it to the Bulk of Objects, which, with all these Helps, are by infinite Degrees too minute for your Perception. We who are unbodied Spirits can sharpen our Sight to what Degree we think fit, and make the least Work of the Creation distinct and visible. This gives us such Idea's as cannot possibly enter into your present Conceptions. There is not the least Particle of Matter which may not furnish one of us sufficient Employment for a whole Eternity. We can still divide it, and still open it, and still discover new Wonders of Providence, as we look into the different Texture of its Parts, and meet with Beds of Vegetables, Mineral and Metallick Mixtures, and several Kinds of Animals that lie hid, and as it were lost in such an endless Fund of Matter. I find you are surprized at this Discourse;

but

but as your Reaſon tells you there are infinite Parts in the ſmalleſt Portion of Matter, it will likewiſe convince you, that there is as great a Variety of Secrets, and as much Room for Diſcoveries, in a Particle no bigger than the Point of a Pin, as in the Globe of the whole Earth. Your Microſcopes bring to Sight Shoals of living Creatures in a Spoonful of Vinegar; but we who can diſtinguiſh them in their different Magnitudes, ſee among them ſeveral huge *Leviathans* that terrify the little Fry of Animals about them, and take their Paſtime as in the Ocean, or the great Deep. I could not but ſmile at this Part of his Relation, and told him, I doubted not but he could give me the Hiſtory of ſeveral Inviſible Giants, accompanied with their reſpective Dwarfs, in caſe that any of theſe little Beings are of an humane Shape. You may aſſure your ſelf (ſaid he) that we ſee in theſe little Animals different Natures, Inſtincts and Modes of Life, which correſpond to what you obſerve in Creatures of bigger Dimenſions. We deſcry Millions of Species ſubſiſted on a green Leaf, which your Glaſſes repreſent only in Crowds and Swarms. What appears to your Eye but as Hair or Down riſing on the Surface of it, we find to be Woods and Forreſts, inhabited by Beaſts of Prey, that are as dreadful in thoſe their little Haunts, as Lyons and Tygers in the Deſerts of *Libya.* I was much delighted with his Diſcourſe, and could not forbear telling him, That I ſhould be wonderfully pleaſed to ſee a natural Hiſtory of Imperceptibles, containing a true Account of ſuch Vegetables and Animals as grow and live out of Sight. Such Diſquiſitions (anſwered he) are very ſuitable to reaſonable Creatures; and you may be ſure, there are many curious Spirits among us who employ themſelves in ſuch Amuſements. For as our Hands, and all our Senſes, may be formed to what Degree of Strength and Delicacy we pleaſe,

pleafe, in the fame Manner as our Sight, we can make what Experiments we are inclin'd to, how fmall foever the Matter be in which we make them. I have been prefent at the Diffection of a Mite, and have feen the Skeleton of a Flea. I have been fhown a Forreft of numberlefs Trees, which has been pick'd out of an Acorn. Your Microfcope can fhow you in it a compleat Oak in Miniature; and could you fuit all your Organs as we do, you might pluck an Acorn from this little Oak, which contains another Tree; and fo proceed from Tree to Tree, as long as you would think fit to continue your Difquifitions. It is almoft impoffible (added he) to talk of Things fo remote from common Life, and the ordinary Notions which Mankind receive from blunt and grofs Organs of Senfe, without appearing extravagant and ridiculous. You have often feen a Dog open'd, to obferve the Circulation of the Blood, or make any other ufeful Enquiry; and yet would be tempted to laugh if I fhould tell you, that a Circle of much greater Philofophers than any of the Royal Society, were prefent at the cutting up of one of thofe little Animals which we find in the Blue of a Plumb: That it was ty'd down alive before them; and that they obferved the Palpitations of the Heart, the Courfe of the Blood, the Working of the Mufcles, and the Convulfions in the feveral Limbs, with great Accuracy and Improvement. I muft confefs, faid I, for my own Part, I go along with you in all your Difcoveries with great Pleafure; but it is certain, they are too fine for the Grofs of Mankind, who are more ftruck with the Defcription of every Thing that is great and bulky. Accordingly we find the beft Judge of humane Nature fetting forth his Wifdom, not in the Formation of thefe minute Animals, (tho' indeed no lefs wonderful than the other) but in that of the *Leviathan* and *Behemoth*, the *Horfe* and the *Crocodile*.

Crocodile. Your Obſervation (ſaid he) is very juſt; and I muſt acknowledge for my own Part, that although it is with much Delight that I ſee the Traces of Providence in theſe Inſtances, I ſtill take greater Pleaſure in conſidering the Works of the Creation in their Immenſity, than in their Minuteneſs. For this Reaſon, I rejoice when I ſtrengthen my Sight ſo as to make it pierce into the moſt remote Spaces, and take a View of thoſe Heavenly Bodies which lie out of the Reach of Humane Eyes, though aſſiſted by Teleſcopes. What you look upon as one confuſed White in the Milky-Way, appears to me a long Tract of Heavens, diſtinguiſhed by Stars that are ranged in proper Figures and Conſtellations. While you are admiring the Sky in a Starry Night, I am entertained with a Variety of Worlds and Suns placed one above another, and riſing up to ſuch an immenſe Diſtance, that no created Eye can ſee an End of them.

The latter Part of his Diſcourſe flung me into ſuch an Aſtoniſhment, that he had been ſilent for ſome Time before I took Notice of it; when on a ſudden I ſtarted up and drew my Curtains, to look if any one was near me, but ſaw no Body, and cannot tell to this Moment whether it was my good Genius or a Dream that left me.

The TATLER. [N° 120.

——Velut Silvis, ubi passim
Palantes Error certo de Tramite pellit;
Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit. Hor.

From *Thursd. Jan.* 12. to *Saturd. Jan.* 14. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, January 13.

INstead of considering any particular Passion or Character in any one Set of Men, my Thoughts were last Night employed on the Contemplation of Humane Life in general; and truly it appears to me, that the whole Species are hurried on by the same Desires, and engaged in the same Pursuits, according to the different Stages and Divisions of Life. Youth is devoted to Lust, middle Age to Ambition, old Age to Avarice. These are the Three general Motives and Principles of Action both in good and bad Men; though it must be acknowledged, that they change their Names, and refine their Natures, according to the Temper of the Person whom they direct and animate. For with the Good, Lust becomes Virtuous Love; Ambition, True Honour; and Avarice, the Care of Posterity. This Scheme of Thought amused me very agreeably till I retired to Rest, and afterwards formed it self into a pleasing and regular Vision, which I shall describe in all its Circumstances, as the Objects presented themselves, whether in a serious or ridiculous Manner.

I dreamed that I was in a Wood, of so prodigious an Extent, and cut into such a Variety of Walks and Allies, that all Mankind were lost and bewildered in it. After having wandered up and down

down ſome Time, I came into the Centre of it, which opened into a wide Plain, that was filled with Multitudes of both Sexes. I here diſcovered Three great Roads, very wide and long, that led into Three different Parts of the Forreſt. On a ſudden, the whole Multitude broke into Three Parts, according to their different Ages, and marched in their reſpective Bodies into the Three great Roads that lay before them. As I had a Mind to know how each of theſe Roads terminated, and whither it would lead thoſe who paſſed through them, I joined my ſelf with the Aſſembly that were in the Flower and Vigour of their Age, and called themſelves, *The Band of Lovers.* I found to my great Surpriſe, that ſeveral old Men beſides my ſelf had intruded into this agreeable Company; as I had before obſerved, there where ſome young Men who had united themſelves to the Band of Miſers, and were walking up the Path of Avarice; tho' both made a very ridiculous Figure, and were as much laughed at by thoſe they joined, as by thoſe they forſook. The Walk which we marched up, for Thickneſs of Shades, Embroidery of Flowers, and Melody of Birds, with the diſtant Purling of Streams, and Falls of Water, was ſo wonderfully delightful, that it charmed our Senſes, and intoxicated our Minds with Pleaſure. We had not been long here, before every Man ſingled out ſome Woman to whom he offered his Addreſſes, and profeſſed himſelf a Lover; when on a ſudden we perceived this delicious Walk to grow more narrow as we advanced in it, till it ended in many intricate Thickets, Mazes and Labyrinths, that were ſo mixed with Roſes and Brambles, Brakes of Thorns, and Beds of Flowers, rocky Paths and pleaſing Grotto's, that it was hard to ſay, whether it gave greater Delight or Perplexity to thoſe who travelled in it.

It was here that the Lovers began to be eager in their Pursuits. Some of their Mistresses, who only seemed to retire for the Sake of Form and Decency, led them into Plantations that were disposed into regular Walks; where, after they had wheeled about in some Turns and Windings, they suffered themselves to be overtaken, and gave their Hands to those who pursued them. Others withdrew from their Followers into little Wildernesses, where there were so many Paths interwoven with each other in so much Confusion and Irregularity, that several of the Lovers quitted the Pursuit, or broke their Hearts in the Chace. It was sometimes very odd to see a Man pursuing a fine Woman that was following another, whose Eye was fixed upon a Fourth, that had her own Game in View in some other Quarter of the Wilderness. I could not but observe Two Things in this Place which I thought very particular, That several Persons who stood only at the End of the Avenues, and cast a careless Eye upon the Nymphs during their whole Flight, often catched them, when those who pressed them the most warmly through all their Turns and Doubles, were wholly unsuccessful: And that some of my own Age, who were at first looked upon with Aversion and Contempt, by being well acquainted with the Wilderness, and by lodging their Women in the particular Corners and Allies of it, catched them in their Arms, and took them from those whom they really loved and admired. There was a particular Grove, which was called, *The Labyrinths of Coquets*; where many were enticed to the Chase, but few returned with Purchase. It was pleasant enough to see a celebrated Beauty, by smiling upon one, Casting a Glance upon another, beckoning to a third, and adapting her Charms and Graces to the several Follies of those that admired her, drawing into the Labyrinth a whole Pack of Lovers, that lost themselves

ſelves in the Maze, and never could find their Way out of it. However, it was ſome Satisfaction to me, to ſee many of the Fair Ones who had thus deluded their Followers, and left them among the Intricacies of the Labyrinth, obliged when they came out of it, to ſurrender to the firſt Partner that offered himſelf. I now had croſſed over all the difficult and perplexed Paſſages that ſeemed to bound our Walk, when on the other Side of them, I ſaw the ſame great Road running on a little Way, till it was terminated by two beautiful Temples. I ſtood here for ſome Time, and ſaw moſt of the Multitude who had been diſperſed amongſt the Thickets, coming out Two by Two, and marching up in Pairs towards the Temples that ſtood before us. The Structure on the Right Hand was (as I afterwads found) conſecrated to Virtuous Love, and could not be entered but by ſuch as received a Ring, or ſome other Token, from a Perſon who was placed as a Guard at the Gate of it. He wore a Garland of Roſes and Myrtles on his Head, and on his Shoulders a Robe like an Imperial Mantle, white and unſpotted all over excepting only, that where it was claſped at his Breaſt, there were Two golden Turtle-Doves that buttoned it by their Bills, which were wrought in Rubies. He was called by the Name of *Hymen*, and was ſeated near the Entrance of the Temple, in a delicious Bower, made up of ſeveral Trees, that were embraced by Woodbines, Jeſſamines, and Amaranths, which were as ſo many Emblems of Marriage, and Ornaments to the Trunks that ſupported them. As I was ſingle and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the Temple, and for that Reaſon am a Stranger to all the Myſteries that were performed in it. I had however the Curioſity to obſerve how the ſeveral Couples that entered were diſpoſed of; which was after the following Manner. There were two great Gates on the Back

ſide of the Edifice, at which the whole Crowd was let out. At one of theſe Gates were Two Women, extremely beautiful, tho' in a different Kind, the one having a very careful and compoſed Air, the other a Sort of Smile and ineffable Sweetneſs in her Countenance. The Name of the firſt was *Diſcretion*, and of the other *Complacency*. All who came out of this Gate, and put themſelves under the Direction of theſe Two Siſters, were immediately conducted by them into Gardens, Groves, and Meadows, which abounded in Delights, and were furniſhed with every Thing that could make them the proper Seats of Happineſs. The Second Gate of this Temple let out all the Couples that were unhappily Married, who came out linked together with Chains, which each of them ſtrove to break, but could not. Several of theſe were ſuch as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great Walk, or had been too well acquainted in the Thicket. The Entrance to this Gate was poſſeſſed by three Siſters, who joined themſelves with theſe Wretches, and occaſioned moſt of their Miſeries. The youngeſt of the Siſters was known by the Name of *Levity*, who with the Innocence of a Virgin, had the Dreſs and Behaviour of a Harlot. The Name of the Second was *Contention*, who bore on her Right Arm a Muff made of the Skin of a Porcupine; and on her Left carried a little Lap-Dog, that barked and ſnapped at every one that paſſed by her.

The eldeſt of the Siſters, who ſeem'd to have an haughty and imperious Air, was always accompanied with a tawny *Cupid*, who generally marched before her with a little Mace on his Shoulder, the End of which was faſhioned into the Horns of a Stag. Her Garments were yellow and her Complexion pale. Her Eyes were piercing, but had odd Caſts in them, and that particular Diſtemper, which makes Perſons who are

are troubled with it, see Objects double. Upon Enquiry, I was informed that her Name was *Jealousy.*

Having finished my Observations upon this Temple, and its Votaries, I repaired to that which stood on the Left Hand, and was called, *The Temple of Lust.* The Front of it was raised on *Corinthian* Pillars, with all the meretricious Ornaments that accompany that Order; whereas that of the other was composed of the chast and matron-like *Ionic.* The Sides of it were adorned with several grotesque Figures of Goats, Sparrows, Heathen Gods, Satyrs, and Monsters made up of half Man half Beast. The Gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a Mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the Windows were blinded, and let in only a Kind of Twilight, that served to discover a prodigious Number of dark Corners and Apartments, into which the whole Temple was divided. I was here stunned with a mixed Noise of Clamour and Jollity: On one Side of me, I heard Singing and Dancing; on the other, Brawls and Clashing of Swords. In short, I was so little pleased with the Place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the Gate where I entered, which was barred against all that were come in, with Bolts of Iron, and Locks of Adamant. There was no going back from this Temple through the Paths of Pleasure which led to it: All who passed thro' the Ceremonies of the Place, went out at an Iron Wicket, which was kept by a dreadful Giant call'd *Remorse*, that held a Scourge of Scorpions in his Hand, and drove them into the only Outlet from that Temple. This was a Passage so rugged, so uneven, and choaked with so many Thorns and Briars, that it was a melancholy Spectacle to behold the Pains and Difficulties which both Sexes suffered who walked through it. The Men, tho' in the Prime of their Youth, appeared weak and infee-

 bled

bled with old Age: The Women rung their Hands, and tore their Hair; and several lost their Limbs before they could extricate themselves out of the Perplexities of the Path in which they were engaged. The remaining Part of this Vision, and the Adventures I met with in the Two great Roads of Ambition and Avarice, must be the Subject of another Paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I have this Morning received the following Letter from the Famous Mr. Thomas Dogget.

SIR,

ON Monday *next will be acted for my Benefit, the Comedy of* Love for Love: *If you will do me the Honour to appear there, I will publish on the Bills, That it is to be performed at the Request of* Isaac Bickerstaff *Esq; and question not but it will bring me as great an Audience, as ever was at the House since the* Morocco *Ambassador was there.* I am,

(With the greatest Respect)

Your most Obedient, and

Most Humble Servant,

Thomas Dogget.

Being naturally an Encourager of Wit, as well as bound to it in the Quality of Censor, I returned the following Answer.

Mr. Dogget,

I *AM very well pleased with the Choice you have made of so excellent a Play, and have always looked upon you as the best of Comedians; I shall therefore come in between the First and Second Act, and remain in the Right Hand Box over the Pit till the End of the Fourth, provided you take Care that every Thing be rightly prepared for my Reception.*

The

The TATLER. [Nº 121.

— *Similis tibi, Cynthia, vel tibi cujus*
Turbavit nitidos extinctus Passer Ocellos. Juv.

Fom *Saturd. Jan.* 14. to *Tuesd. Jan.* 17. 1709.

From my own Apartment, Jan. 16.

I Was recollecting the Remainder of my Vision, when my Maid came to me, and told me, there was a Gentlewoman below who seemed to be in great Trouble, and pressed very much to see me. When it lay in my Power to remove the Distress of an unhappy Person, I thought I should very ill employ my Time in attending Matters of Speculation, and therefore desired the Lady would walk in. When she entered I saw her Eyes full of Tears. However, her Grief was not so great as to make her omit Rules; for she was very long and exact in her Civilities, which gave me Time to view and consider her. Her Clothes were very rich, but tarnished; and her Words were fine, but ill applied. These Distinctions made me without Hesitation (tho' I had never seen her before) ask her if her Lady had any Commands for me? She then began to weep afresh, and with many broken Sighs told me, That their Family was in very great Affliction--- I beseeched her to compose her self, for that I might possibly be capable of assisting them---- She then cast her Eye upon my little Dog, and was again transported with too much Passion to proceed; but with much ado, she at last gave me to understand, That *Cupid*, her Lady's Lap-Dog, was dangerously ill, and in so bad a Condition, that her Lady neither saw Company, nor went abroad, for which Rea-

ſon ſhe did not come her ſelf to conſult me; that as I had mentioned with great Affection my own Dog, (here ſhe courtſied, and looking firſt at the Cur, and then on me, ſaid, indeed I had Reaſon, for he was very pretty) her Lady ſent to me rather than to any other Doctor, and hoped I would not laugh at her Sorrow, but ſend her my Advice. I muſt confeſs, I had ſome Indignation to find my ſelf treated like ſomething below a Farrier; yet well knowing, that the beſt, as well as moſt tender Way, of dealing with a Woman, is to fall in with her Humours, and by that Means to let her ſee the Abſurdity of them. I proceeded accordingly: Pray, Madam, ſaid I, can you give me any methodical Account of this Illneſs, and how *Cupid* was firſt taken? Sir (ſaid ſhe) we have a little ignorant Country Girl who is kept to tend him: She was recommended to our Family by one, that my Lady never ſaw but once, at a Viſit; and you know, Perſons of Quality are always inclined to Strangers; for I could have helped her to a Couſin of my own, but-- Good Madam (ſaid I) you neglect the Account of the ſick Body, while you are complaining of this Girl. No, no, Sir (ſaid ſhe), begging your Pardon: But it is the General Fault of Phyſicians, they are ſo in haſte, that they never hear out the Caſe. I ſay, this ſilly Girl, after waſhing *Cupid*, let him ſtand half an Hour in the Window without his Collar, where he catched Cold, and in an Hour after began to bark very hoarſe. He had however a pretty good Night, and we hoped the Danger was over; but for theſe Two Nights laſt paſt, neither he nor my Lady have ſlept a Wink. Has he (ſaid I) taken any Thing? No (ſaid ſhe), but my Lady ſays, he ſhall take any Thing that you preſcribe, provided you do not make Uſe of Jeſuits Powder, or the Cold Bath. Poor *Cupid* (continued ſhe) has always been Phthiſical, and as he lies under ſomething like a Chin-Cough, we

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are afraid it will end in a Consumption. I then asked her if she had brought any of his Water to show me. Upon this, she stared me in the Face, and said, I am afraid, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, you are not serious; but if you have any Receipt that is proper on this Occasion, pray let us have it; for my Mistress is not to be comforted. Upon this, I paused a little without returning any Answer, and after some short Silence, I proceeded in the following Manner: I have considered the Nature of the Distemper, and the Constitution of the Patient, and by the best Observation that I can make on both, I think it is safest to put him into a Course of Kitchen Physick. In the mean time, to remove his Hoarseness, it will be the most natural Way to make *Cupid* his own Druggist; for which Reason, I shall prescribe to him, Three Mornings successively, as much Powder as will lie on a Groat, of that noble Remedy which the Apothecaries call *Album Græcum*. Upon hearing this Advice, the young Woman smiled, as if she knew how ridiculous an Errand she had been employed in; and indeed I found by the Sequel of her Discourse, That she was an arch Baggage, and of a Character that is frequent enough in Persons of her Employment, who are so used to conform themselves in every Thing to the Humours and Passions of their Mistresses, that they sacrifice Superiority of Sense to Superiority of Condition, and are insensibly betrayed into the Passions and Prejudices of those whom they serve, without giving themselves Leave to consider, that they are extravagant and ridiculous. However I thought it very natural, when her Eyes were thus open, to see her give a new Turn to her Discourse, and from sympathizing with her Mistress in her Follies, to fall a-railing at her. You cannot imagine, said she, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, what a Life she makes us lead for the Sake of this little ugly Cur: If he dies, we are the most unhap-

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py Family in Town. She chanced to lose a Parrat last Year, which, to tell you truly, brought me into her Service; for she turned off her Woman upon it, who had lived with her Ten Years, because she neglected to give him Water, tho' every one of the Family says, she was as innocent of the Bird's Death, as the Babe that is unborn. Nay, she told me this very Morning, That if *Cupid* should die, she would send the poor innocent Wench I was telling you of, to *Bridewell*, and have the Milk-Woman tried for her Life at the *Old-Baily*, for putting Water into his Milk. In short, she talks like any distracted Creature.

Since it is so, young Woman (said I), I will by no Means let you offend her, by staying on this Message longer than is absolutely necessary, and so forced her out.

While I am studying to cure those Evils and Distresses that are necessary or natural to Humane Life, I find my Task growing upon me, since by these accidental Cares, and acquired Calamities, (if I may so call them) my Patients contract Distempers to which their Constitution is of it self a Stranger. But this is an Evil I have for many Years remarked in the fair Sex; and as they are by Nature very much formed for Affection and Dalliance, I have observed, That when by too obstinate a Cruelty, or any other Means, they have disappointed themselves of the proper Objects of Love, as Husbands, or Children, such Virgins have exactly at such a Year grown fond of Lap-dogs, Parrats, or other Animals. I know at this Time a celebrated Toast, whom I allow to be one of the most agreeable of her Sex, that in the Presence of her Admirers, will give a Torrent of Kisses to her Cat, any one of which a Christian would be glad of. I do not at the same Time deny, but there are as great Enormities of this kind committed by our Sex as theirs. A *Roman* Emperor had so very great an Esteem for an Horse

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of his, that he had Thoughts of making him a Conful; and feveral Moderns of that Rank of Men whom we call Country 'Squires, won't fcruple to kifs their Hounds before all the World, and declare in the Prefence of their Wives, that they had rather falute a Favourite of the Pack, than the fineft Woman in *England*. Thefe voluntary Friendfhips between Animals of different Species, feem to arife from Inftinct; for which Reafon, I have always looked upon the mutual good Will between the 'Squire and the Hound, to be of the fame Nature with that between the Lion and the Jackall.

The only Extravagance of this Kind which appears to me excufable, is one that grew out of an Excefs of Gratitude, which I have fomewhere met with in the Life of a *Turkifh* Emperor. His Horfe had brought him fafe out of a Field of Battle, and from the Purfuit of a victorious Enemy. As a Reward for fuch his good and faithful Service, his Mafter built him a Stable of Marble, fhod him with Gold, fed him in an Ivory Manger, and made him a Rack of Silver. He annex'd to the Stable feveral Fields and Meadows, Lakes, and running Streams. At the fame time he provided for him a Seraglio of Mares, the moft beautiful that could be found in the whole *Ottoman* Empire. To thefe were added a fuitable Train of Domefticks, confifting of Grooms, Farriers, Rubbers, *&c.* accommodated with proper Liveries and Penfions. In fhort, nothing was omitted that could contribute to the Eafe and Happinefs of his Life who had preferved the Emperor's.

By reafon of the extreme Cold, *and the Changeablenefs of the Weather, I have been prevailed upon to allow the free Ufe of the Fardingal, till the 20th of* February *next enfuing.*

The TATLER. [N° 122.

Cur in Theatrum Cato severe venisti? Mart.

From *Tuesd. Jan.* 17. to *Thursd. Jan.* 19. 1709.

From my own Apartment, Jan. 18.

I Find it is thought necessary, that I (who have taken upon me to censure the Irregularities of the Age) should give an Account of my own Actions when they appear doubtful, or subject to Misconstruction. My appearing at the Play on *Monday* last, is looked upon as a Step in my Conduct, which I ought to explain, that others may not be misled by my Example. It is true in Matter of Fact, I was present at the ingenious Entertainment of that Day, and placed my self in a Box which was prepared for me with great Civility and Distinction. It is said of *Virgil*, when he enter'd a *Roman* Theatre, where there were many Thousands of Spectators present, That the whole Assembly rose up to do him Honour; a Respect which was never before paid to any but the Emperor. I must confess, That universal Clap, and other Testimonies of Applause, with which I was received at my first Appearance in the Theatre of *Great Britain*, gave me as sensible a Delight, as the above-mentioned Reception could give to that Immortal Poet. I should be ungrateful at the same Time, if I did not take this Opportunity of acknowledging the great Civilities that were shown me by Mr. *Thomas Dogget*, who made his Compliments to me between the Acts, after a most ingenuous and discreet Manner; and at the same Time communicated to me, that the Company of Upholders desired to receive me at their Door at the End of the *Haymarket*,

market, and to light me home to my Lodgings. That Part of the Ceremony I forbad, and took particular Care during the whole Play to observe the Conduct of the *Drama*, and give no Offence by my own Behaviour. Here I think it will not be foreign to my Character, to lay down the proper Duties of an Audience, and what is incumbent upon each individual Spectator in publick Diversions of this Nature. Every one should on these Occasions show his Attention, Understanding and Virtue. I would undertake to find out all the Persons of Sense and Breeding by the Effect of a single Sentence, and to distinguish a Gentleman as much by his Laugh, as his Bow. When we see the Footman and his Lord diverted by the same Jest, it very much turns to the Diminution of the one, or the Honour of the other. But tho' a Man's Quality may appear in his Understanding and Tast, the Regard to Virtue ought to be the same in all Ranks and Conditions of Men, however they make a Profession of it under the Name of Honour, Religion, or Morality. When threrefore we see any Thing divert an Audience, either in Tragedy or Comedy, that strikes at the Duties of Civil Life, or exposes what the best Men in all Ages have looked upon as sacred and inviolable, it is the certain Sign of a profligate Race of Men, who are fallen from the Virtue of their Forefathers, and will be contemptible in the Eyes of their Posterity. For this Reason I took great Delight in seeing the generous and disinterested Passion of the Lovers in this Comedy (which stood so many Trials, and was proved by such a Variety of diverting Incidents) received with an universal Approbation. This brings to my Mind a Passage in *Cicero*, which I could never read without being in Love with the Virtue of a *Roman* Audience. He there describes the Shouts and Applauses which the People gave to the Persons who acted the

Parts

Parts of *Pilades* and *Orestes*, in the noblest Occasion that a Poet could invent to show Friendship in Perfection. One of them had forfeited his Life by an Action which he had committed; and as they stood in Judgment before the Tyrant, each of them strove who should be the Criminal, that he might save the Life of his Friend. Amidst the Vehemence of each asserting himself to be the Offender, the *Roman* Audience gave a Thunder of Applause, and by that Means, as the Author hints, approved in others what they would have done themselves on the like Occasion. Methinks, a People of so much Virtue were deservedly placed at the Head of Mankind: But alas! Pleasures of this Nature are not frequently to be met with on the *English* Stage.

The *Athenians*, at a Time when they were the most polite, as well as the most powerful, Government in the World, made the Care of the Stage one of the chief Parts of the Administration: And I must confess, I am astonished at the Spirit of Virtue which appeared in that People upon some Expressions in a Scene of a famous Tragedy; an Account of which we have in one of *Seneca*'s Epistles. A covetous Person is represented speaking the common Sentiments of all who are possessed with that Vice in the following Soliloquy, which I have translated literally.

Let me be called a base Man, so I am called a rich one. If a Man is rich, who asks if he is good? The Question is, How much we have; not from whence, or by what Means, we have it. Every one has so much Merit as he has Wealth. For my own Part, let me be rich. Oh ye Gods! or let me die. The Man dies happily, who dies increasing his Treasure. There is more Pleasure in the Possession of Wealth,

Wealth, than in that of Parents, Children, Wife, or Friends.

The Audience were very much provoked by the first Words of this Speech; but when the Actor came to the Close of it, they could bear no longer. In short, the whole Assembly rose up at once in the greatest Fury, with a Design to pluck him off the Stage, and brand the Work it self with Infamy. In the Midst of the Tumult, the Author came out from behind the Scenes, begging the Audience to be composed for a little while, and they should see the Tragical End which this Wretch should come to immediately. The Promise of Punishment appeased the People, who sat with great Attention and Pleasure to see an Example made of so odious a Criminal. It is with Shame and Concern that I speak it; but I very much question, whether it is possible to make a Speech so Impious, as to raise such a laudable Horror and Indignation in a Modern Audience. It is very natural for an Author to make Ostentation of his Reading, as it is for an old Man to tell Stories; for which Reason I must beg the Reader will excuse me, if I for once indulge my self in both these Inclinations. We see the Attention, Judgment, and Virtue of a whole Audience, in the foregoing Instances. If we would imitate the Behaviour of a single Spectator, let us reflect upon that of *Socrates*, in a Particular which gives me as great an Idea of that extraordinary Man, as any Circumstance of his Life; or what is more, of his Death. This venerable Person often frequented the Theatre, which brought a great many thither, out of a Desire to see him. On which Occasions it is recorded of him, That he sometimes stood to make himself the more conspicuous, and to satisfie the Curiosity of the Beholders. He was one Day present at the first Representation of a Tragedy

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gedy of *Euripides*, who was his intimate Friend, and whom he is said to have assisted in several of his Plays. In the Midst of the Tragedy, which had met with very great Success, there chanc'd to be a Line that seemed to encourage Vice and Immorality.

This was no sooner spoken, but *Socrates* rose from his Seat, and without any Regard to his Affection for his Friend, or to the Success of the Play, showed himself displeased at what was said, and walked out of the Assembly. I question not but the Reader will be curious to know what the Line was that gave this Divine Heathen so much Offence. If my Memory fails me not, it was in the Part of *Hippolitus*, who when he is pressed by an Oath, which he had taken to keep Silence, returned for Answer, That he had taken the Oath with his Tongue, but not with his Heart. Had a Person of a vicious Character made such a Speech, it might have been allowed as a proper Representation of the Baseness of his Thoughts: But such an Expression out of the Mouth of the virtuous *Hippolitus*, was giving a Sanction to Falshood, and establishing Perjury by a Maxim.

Having got over all Interruptions, I have set apart to Morrow for the closing of my Vision.

The

The TATLER. Nº 123.

Audire atque Togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut Argenti pallet Amore. Hor.

From *Thursd. Jan.* 19. to *Saturd. Jan.* 21. 1709.

From my own Apartment, January 20.

A Continuation of the Vision.

WITH much Labour and Difficulty I passed through the first Part of my Vision, and recovered the Centre of the Wood, from whence I had the Prospect of the Three great Roads. I here joined my self to the middle-aged Party of Mankind, who marched behind the Standard of Ambition. The great Road lay in a direct Line, and was terminated by the *Temple of Virtue*. It was planted on each Side with Lawrels, which were intermixed with Marble Trophies, Carved Pillars, and Statues of Lawgivers, Heroes, Statesmen, Philosophers, and Poets. The Persons who travelled up this great Path, were such whose Thoughts were bent upon doing eminent Services to Mankind, or promoting the Good of their Country. On each Side of this great Road were several Paths, that were also laid out in straight Lines, and ran parallel with it. These were most of them covered Walks, and received into them Men of retired Virtue, who proposed to themselves the same End of their Journey, tho' they chose to make it in Shade and Obscurity. The Edifices at the Extremity of the Walk were so contrived, that we could not see the *Temple of Honour* by reason of the *Temple of Virtue*, which stood before it.

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At the Gates of this Temple we were met by the Goddeſs of it, who conducted us into that of *Honour*, which was joined to the other Edifice by a beautiful Triumphal Arch, and had no other Entrance into it. When the Deity of the Inner Structure had received us, ſhe preſented us in a Body to a Figure that was placed over the high Altar, and was the Emblem of Eternity. She ſat on a Globe in the midſt of a Golden Zodiac holding the Figure of a Sun in one Hand, and a Moon in the other. Her Head was veiled, and her Feet covered. Our Hearts glowed within us as we ſtood amidſt the Sphere of Light which this Image caſt on every Side of it.

Having ſeen all that happened to this Band of Adventurers, I repaired to another Pile of Building that ſtood within View of the *Temple of Honour*, and was raiſed in Imitation of it, upon the very ſame Model; but at my Approach to it, I found, that the Stones were laid together without Mortar, and that the whole Fabrick ſtood upon ſo weak a Foundation, that it ſhook with every Wind that blew. This was called the *Temple of Vanity*. The Goddeſs of it ſat in the midſt of a great many Tapers, that burned Day and Night, and made her appear much better than ſhe would have done in open Day-light. Her whole Art, was to ſhow her ſelf more beautiful and Majeſtick than ſhe really was. For which Reaſon, ſhe had painted her Face, and wore a Cluſter of falſe Jewels upon her Breaſt: But what I more particularly obſerved, was, the Breadth of her Petticoat, which was made altogether in the Faſhion of a modern Fardingal. This Place was filled with Hypocrites, Pedants, Free-Thinkers, and prating Politicians; with a Rabble of thoſe who have only Titles to make them great Men. Female Votaries crowded the Temple, choaked up the Avenues of it, and were

were more in Number than the Sand upon the Sea-ſhore. I made it my Buſineſs in my Return towards that Part of the Wood from whence I firſt ſet out, to obſerve the Walks which led to this Temple; for I met in it ſeveral who had begun their Journey with the Band of virtuous Perſons, and travelled ſome Time in their Company: But upon Examination I found, that there were ſeveral Paths which led them out of the great Road into the Sides of the Wood, and ran into ſo many crooked Turns and Windings, that thoſe who travelled thro' them often turned their Backs upon the *Temple of Virtue*, then croſſed the ſtraight Road, and ſometimes marched in it for a little Space, till the crooked Path which they were engaged in again led them into the Wood. The ſeveral Alleys of theſe Wanderers had their particular Ornaments: One of them I could not but take Notice of, in the Walk of the miſchievous Pretenders to Politicks, which had at every Turn the Figure of a Perſon, whom by the Inſcription I found to be *Machiavel*, pointing out the Way with an extended Finger like a *Mercury*.

I was now returned in the ſame Manner as before, with a Deſign to obſerve carefully every Thing that paſſed in the Region of *Avarice*, and the Occurrences in that Aſſembly, which was made up of Perſons of my own Age. This Body of Travellers had not gone far in the Third great Road, before it led them inſenſibly into a deep Valley, in which they journied ſeveral Days with great Toil and Uneaſineſs, and without the neceſſary Refreſhments of Food and Sleep. The only Relief they met with, was in a River that ran through the Bottom of the Valley on a Bed of Golden Sand: They often drank of this Stream, which had ſuch a particular Quality in it, that tho' it refreſhed them for a Time, it rather

rather inflamed than quenched their Thirst. On each Side of the River was a Range of Hills full of precious Ore; for where the Rains had washed off the Earth, one might see in several Parts of them long Veins of Gold, and Rocks that looked like pure Silver. We were told, That the Deity of the Place had forbad any of his Votaries to dig into the Bowels of these Hills, or convert the Treasures they contained to any Use, under Pain of Starving. At the End of the Valley stood *The Temple of Avarice*, made after the Manner of a Fortification, and surrounded with a thousand triple-headed Dogs, that were placed there to keep off Beggars. At our Approach they all fell a Barking, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old Woman who had called her self by the forged Name of *Competency* offered her self for our Guide. She carried under her Garment a Golden Bow, which she no sooner held up in her Hand, but the Dogs lay down, and the Gates flew open for our Reception. We were led through an Hundred Iron Doors, before we entered the Temple. At the upper End of it sat the God of *Avarice*, with a long filthy Beard, and a meagre starved Countenance, enclosed with Heaps of Ingots and Pyramids of Money, but half naked and shivering with Cold. On his Right Hand was a Fiend called *Rapine*, and on his Left a particular Favorite to whom he had given the Title of *Parsimony*. The First was his Collector, and the other his Cashier.

There were several long Tables placed on each Side of the Temple, with respective Officers attending behind them. Some of these I enquired into. At the first Table was kept the Office of *Corruption*. Seeing a Solicitor extremely busy, and whispering every Body that passed by, I kept my Eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often going up to a Person that had a Pen in his Hand, with a Multiplication Table and an A

manack before him, which as I afterwards heard, was all the Learning he was Maſter of. The Solicitor would often apply himſelf to his Ear, and at the ſame Time convey Money into his Hand, for which the other would give him out a Piece of Paper or Parchment, ſigned and ſealed in Form. The Name of this dextrous and ſucceſsful Solicitor was *Bribery*. At the next Table was the Office of *Extortion*. Behind it ſate a Perſon in a Bob-Wig, counting over a great Sum of Money. He gave out little Purſes to ſeveral, who after a ſhort Tour brought him, in Return, Sacks full of the ſame Kind of Coin. I ſaw at the ſame Time a Perſon called *Fraud*, who ſate behind a Counter with falſe Scales, light Weights, and ſcanty Meaſures; by the skilful Application of which Inſtruments, ſhe had got together an immenſe Heap of Wealth. It would be endleſs to name the ſeveral Officers, or deſcribe the Votaries that attended in this Temple. There were many old Men Panting and breathleſs, repoſing their Heads on Bags of Money; nay many of them actually dying, whoſe very Pangs and Convulſions (which rendered their Purſes uſeleſs to them) only made them graſp 'em the faſter. There were ſome tearing with one Hand all Things, even to the Garments and Fleſh of many miſerable Perſons who ſtood before them, and with the other Hand, throwing away what they had ſeized, to Harlots, Flatterers, and Panders, that ſtood behind them.

On a ſudden the whole Aſſembly fell a trembling, and upon Enquiry, I found, that the great Room we were in was haunted with a Spectre, that many Times a Day appeared to them, and terrified them to Diſtraction.

In the midſt of their Terror and Amazement the Apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be *Poverty*. Whether it were by my Acquaintance with this Phantom, which

had

had rendered the Sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, ſhe did not make ſo indigent or frightful a Figure in my Eye, as the God of this loathſome Temple. The miſerable Votaries of this Place, were, I found, of another Mind. Every one fancied himſelf threatned by the Apparition as ſhe ſtalked about the Room, and began to lock their Coffers, and tie their Bags, with the utmoſt Fear and Trembling.

I muſt confeſs, I look upon the Paſſion which I ſaw in this unhappy People to be of the ſame Nature with thoſe unaccountable Antipathies which ſome Perſons are born with, or rather as a kind of Phrenſy, not unlike that which throws a Man into Terrors and Agonies at the Sight of ſo uſeful and innocent a Thing as Water. The whole Aſſembly was ſurpriſed, when, inſtead of paying my Devotions to the Deity whom they all adored, they ſaw me addreſs my ſelf to the Phantom.

'Oh *Poverty!* (ſaid I) my firſt Petition to thee 'is, That thou wouldſt never appear to me 'hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, 'that thou wouldſt not bear a Form more terrible 'than that in which thou appeareſt to me at preſent. Let not thy Threats and Menaces betray 'me to any Thing that is ungrateful or unjuſt. 'Let me not ſhut my Ears to the Cries of the 'Needy. Let me not forget the Perſon that has 'deſerved well of me. Let me not, for any Fear 'of thee, deſert my Friend, my Principles, or my 'Honour. If Wealth is to viſit me, and to come 'with her uſual Attendants, *Vanity* and *Avarice*, 'do thou, Oh *Poverty!* haſten to my Reſcue; 'but bring along with thee the Two Siſters, in 'whoſe Company thou art always chearful, *Liberty* and *Innocence*.

The Concluſion of this Viſion muſt be defer'd to another Opportunity.

The TATLER. [N° 124.

—— *Ex humili summa ad Fastigia Rerum*
Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna jocari. Juv.

Fom *Saturday Jan.* 21. to *Tuesday Jan.* 24. 1709.

From my own Apartment, January 23.

I Went on *Saturday* last to make a Visit in the City; and as I passed through *Cheapside*, I saw Crowds of People turning down towards the *Bank*, and struggling who should first get their Money into the new-erected Lottery. It gave me a great Notion of the Credit of our present Government and Administration, to find People press as eagerly to pay Money, as they would to receive it; and at the same Time a due Respect for that Body of Men who have found out so pleasing an Expedient for carrying on the Common Cause, that they have turned a Tax into a Diversion. The Chearfulness of Spirit, and the Hopes of Success, which this Project has occasioned in this great City, lightens the Burden of the War, and puts me in Mind of some Games which they say were invented by wise Men who were Lovers of their Country, to make their Fellow-Citizens undergo the Tediousness and Fatigues of a long Siege. I think there is a Kind of Homage due to Fortune, (if I may call it so) and that I should be wanting to my self if I did not lay in my Pretences to her Favour, and pay my Compliments to her by Recommending a Ticket to her Disposal. For this Reason, upon my Return to my Lodgings, I sold off a Couple of Globes and a Telescope, which, with the Cash I had by me, raised

raiſed the Sum that was requiſite for that Purpoſe. I find by my Calculations, that it is but an Hundred and Fifty Thouſand to One againſt my being worth a Thouſand Pounds *per Annum* for Thirty two Years; and if any Plumb in the City will lay me an Hundred and Fifty Thouſand Pounds to Twenty Shillings (which is an even Bett) that I am not this fortunate Man, I will take the Wager, and ſhall look upon him as a Man of ſingular Courage and Fair-dealing, having given Orders to Mr. *Morphew* to ſubſcribe ſuch a Policy in my Behalf, if any Perſon accepts of the Offer. I muſt confeſs, I have had ſuch private Intimations from the Twinkling of a certain Star in ſome of my Aſtronomical Obſervations, that I ſhould be unwilling to take Fifty Pounds a Year for my Chance, unleſs it were to oblige a particular Friend. My chief Buſineſs at preſent is, to prepare my Mind for this Change of Fortune: For as *Seneca*, who was a greater Moraliſt, and a much richer Man than I ſhall be with this Addition to my preſent Income, ſays, *Munera iſta Fortunæ putatis? Inſidiæ ſunt. What we look upon as Gifts and Preſents of Fortune, are Traps and Snares which ſhe lays for the Unwary.* I am arming my ſelf againſt her Favours with all my Philoſophy; and that I may not loſe my ſelf in ſuch a Redundance of unneceſſary and ſuperfluous Wealth, I have determined to ſettle an Annual Penſion out of it upon a Family of *Palatines*, and by that Means give theſe unhappy Strangers a Taſt of *Britiſh* Property. At the ſame Time, as I have an excellent Servant Maid, whoſe Diligence in attending me has increaſed in Proportion to my Infirmities, I ſhall ſettle upon her the Revenue ariſing out of the Ten Pounds, and amounting to Fourteen Shillings *per Annum*, with which ſhe may retire into *Wales*, where ſhe was born a Gentlewoman, and paſs the remaining Part of her Days in a Condition ſuitable to her Birth and

Quality,

Quality. It was impoſſible for me to make an Inſpection into my own Fortune on this Occaſion, without ſeeing at the ſame Time the Fate of others who are embarked in the ſame Adventure. And indeed it was a great Pleaſure to me to obſerve, That the War, which generally impoveriſhes thoſe who furniſh out the Expence of it, will by this Means give Eſtates to ſome, without making others the poorer for it. I have lately ſeen ſeveral in Liveries, who will give as good of their own very ſuddenly; and took a particular Satisfaction in the Sight of a young Country Wench, whom I this Morning paſſed by as ſhe was whirling her Mop, with her Petticoats tucked up very agreeably, who, if there is any Truth in my Art, is within Ten Months of being the handſomeſt great Fortune in Town. I muſt confeſs, I was ſo ſtruck with the Foreſight of what ſhe is to be, that I treated her accordingly, and ſaid to her, Pray, young Lady, permit me to paſs by. I would for this Reaſon adviſe all Maſters and Miſtreſſes to carry it with great Moderation and Condeſcention towards their Servants till next *Michaelmas*, leſt the Superiority at that Time ſhould be inverted. I muſt likewiſe admoniſh all my Brethren and Fellow-Adventurers, to fill their Minds with proper Arguments for their Support and Conſolation in caſe of ill Succeſs. It ſo happens in this Particular, that though the Gainers will have Reaſon to rejoice, the Loſers will have no Reaſon to Complain. I remember, the Day after the Thouſand Pound Prize was drawn in the Penny Lottery, I went to viſit a ſplenatick Acquaintance of mine, who was under much Dejection, and ſeemed to me to have ſuffered ſome great Diſappointment. Upon Enquiry, I found he had put Two-pence for himſelf and his Son into the Lottery, and that neither of them had drawn the Thouſand Pound. Hereupon this unlucky Perſon took Occaſion to enumerate the

Misfortunes of his Life, and concluded with telling me, That he never was successful in any of his Undertakings. I was forced to comfort him with the common Reflection upon such Occasions, That Men of the greatest Merit are not always Men of the greatest Success, and that Persons of his Character must not expect to be as happy as Fools. I shall proceed in the like Manner with my Rivals and Competitors for the Thousand Pounds a Year which we are now in Pursuit of; and that I may give general Content to the whole Body of Candidates, I shall allow all that draw Prizes to be fortunate, and all that miss them to be wise.

I must not here omit to acknowledge, that I have received several Letters upon this Subject, but find one common Error running through them all, which is, That the Writers of them believe their Fate in these Cases depends upon the Astrologer, and not upon the Stars, as in the following Letter from one, who, I fear, flatters himself with Hopes of Success, which are altogether groundless, since he does not seem to me so great a Fool as he takes himself to be.

SIR,

'COming to Town, and finding my Friend 'Mr. *Partridge* dead and buried, and you 'the only Conjurer in Repute, I am under a Ne-'cessity of applying my self to you for a Favour, 'which Nevertheless I confess it would better be-'come a Friend to ask, than one who is, as I am, 'altogether a Stranger to you; but Poverty, you 'know is impudent; and as that gives me the 'Occasion, so that alone could give me the Con-'fidence to be thus importunate.

'I am, Sir, very poor, and very desirous to be 'otherwise: I have got Ten Pounds, which I de-'sign to venture in the Lottery now on foot. What 'I desire of you is, that by your Art, you will

 'choose

'choose such a Ticket for me as shall arise a Bene-
'fit sufficient to maintain me. I must beg Leave
'to inform you, That I am good for nothing, and
'must therefore insist upon a larger Lot than
'would satisfy those who are capable by their
'own Abilities of adding something to what you
'should assign 'em; whereas I must expect an
'absolute, independant Maintenance, because, as
'I said, I can do nothing. 'Tis possible, after
'this free Confession of mine, you may think I
'don't deserve to be rich; but I hope you'll like-
'wise observe, I can ill afford to be poor. My
'own Opinion is, I am well qualified for an
'Estate, and have a good Title to Luck in a Lot-
'tery; but I resign my self wholly to your
'Mercy, not without Hopes that you will consi-
'der, the less I deserve, the greater the Generosity
'in you. If you reject me, I have agreed with
'an Acquaintance of mine to bury me for my
'Ten Pounds. I once more recommend my self
'to your Favour, and bid you *Adieu.*

I cannot forbear publishing another Letter which I have received, because it redounds to my own Credit, as well as to that of a very honest Footman.

Mr. Bickerstaff, *Jan.* 23. 17$\frac{09}{10}$.

'I AM bound in Justice to acquaint you, That
'I put an Advertisement into your last Paper
'about a Watch which was lost, and was brought
'to me on the very Day your Paper came out by
'a Footman, who told me, That he would have
'brought it, if he had not read your Discourse of
'that Day against Avarice; but that since he had
'read it, he scorned to take a Reward for doing
'what in Justice he ought to do. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

John Hamond.

The TATLER. [N° 125.

Quem mala Stultitia, & quæcunq; Inscitia veri Cæcum agit, Insanum Chrysippi Porticus, & Grex Autumat. Hæc Populos, hæc magnos formula Reges, Excepto Sapiente, tenet. ———— Hor.

From *Tuesd. Jan.* 24. to *Thursd. Jan.* 26. 1709.

From my own Apartment, Jan. 25.

THere is a Sect of ancient Philosophers, who, I think, have left more Volumes behind them, and those better written, than any other of the Fraternities in Philosophy. It was a Maxim of this Sect, That all those who do not live up to the Principles of Reason and Virtue, are Madmen. Every one, who governs himself by these Rules, is allowed the Title of Wise, and reputed to be in his Senses; and every one in Proportion, as he deviates from them, is pronounced Frantick and Distracted. *Cicero* having chosen this Maxim for his Theme, takes Occasion to argue from it very agreeably with *Clodius*, his implacable Adversary, who had procured his Banishment. A City (says he) is an Assembly distinguished into Bodies of Men, who are in Possession of their respective Rights and Privileges, cast under proper Subordinations, and in all its Parts obedient to the Rules of Law and Equity. He then represents the Government from whence he was banished, at a Time when the Consul, Senate, and Laws, had lost their Authority, as a Commonwealth of Lunaticks. For this Reason, he regards his Expulsion from *Rome*, as a Man would being turned out of *Bedlam*, if the Inhabitants of it should drive him

him out of their Walls as a Person unfit for their Community. We are therefore to look upon every Man's Brain to be touched, however he may appear in the general Conduct of his Life, if he has an unjustifiable Singularity in any Part of his Conversation or Behaviour: Or if he swerves from right Reason, however common his Kind of Madness may be, we shall not excuse him for its being epidemical, it being our present Design to clap up all such as have the Marks of Madness upon them, who are now permitted to go about the Streets for no other Reason, but because they do no Mischief in their Fits. Abundance of imaginary great Men are put in Straw to bring them to a right Sense of themselves: And is it not altogether as reasonable, that an insignificant Man, who has an immoderate Opinion of his Merits, and a quite different Notion of his own Abilities from what the rest of the World entertain, should have the same Care taken of him, as a Beggar who fancies himself a Duke or a Prince? Or, Why should a Man, who starves in the midst of Plenty, be trusted with himself, more than he who fancies he is an Emperor in the midst of Poverty? I have several Women of Quality in my Thoughts, who set so exorbitant a Value upon themselves, that I have often most heartily pitied them, and wished them, for their Recovery, under the same Discipline with the Pewterer's Wife. I find by several Hints in ancient Authors, that when the *Romans* were in the Height of Power and Luxury, they assigned out of their vast Dominions an Island called *Anticyra*, as an Habitation for Madmen. This was the Bedlam of the *Roman* Empire, whither all Persons who had lost their Wits used to resort from all Parts of the World in Quest of them. Several of the *Roman* Emperors were advised to repair to this Island; but most of them, instead of listening to such sober Counsels, gave Way to their Distraction, till the People

knocked them in the Head as despairing of their Cure. In short, it was as usual for Men of distempered Brains to take a Voyage to *Anticyra* in those Days, as it is in ours for Persons who have a Disorder in their Lungs to go to *Montpellier*.

The prodigious Crops of Hellebore with which this whole Island abounded, did not only furnish them with incomparable Tea, Snuff, and *Hungary* Water, but impregnated the Air of the Country with such sober and salutiferous Steams, as very much comforted the Heads, and refreshed the Senses, of all that breathed in it. A discarded Statesman, that at his first Landing appeared stark staring mad, would become calm in a Week's Time; and upon his Return Home, live easy and satisfied in his Retirement. A moaping Lover would grow a pleasant Fellow by that Time he had rid thrice about the Island; and a hair-brained Rake, after a short Stay in the Country, go Home again a composed, grave, worthy Gentleman.

I have premised these Particulars before I enter on the main Design of this Paper, because I would not be thought altogether notional in what I have to say, and pass only for a Projector in Morality. I could quote *Horace*, and *Seneca*, and some other ancient Writers of good Repute, upon the same Occasion, and make out by their Testimony, that our Streets are filled with distracted Persons; that our Shops and Taverns, private and publick Houses, swarm with them; and that it is very hard to make up a tolerable Assembly without a Majority of them. But what I have already said, is, I hope, sufficient to justify the ensuing Project, which I shall therefore give some Account of without any further Preface.

1. It is humbly proposed, That a proper Receptacle or Habitation be forthwith erected for all such Persons as, upon due Trial and Examination, shall appear to be out of their Wits.

2. That

2. That to serve the present Exigency, the College in *Moor Fields* be very much extended at both Ends; and that it be converted into a Square, by adding three other Sides to it.

3. That no Body be admitted into these Three additional Sides, but such whose Phrensy can lay no Claim to an Apartment in that Row of Building which is already erected.

4. That the Architect, Physician, Apothecary, Surgeon, Keepers, Nurses, and Porters, be all and each of them crack'd, provided that their Phrensy does not lie in the Profession or Employment to which they shall severally and respectively be assigned.

N. B. *It is thought fit to give the foregoing Notice, that none may present himself here for any Post of Honour or Profit who is not duly qualified.*

5. That over all the Gates of the additional Buildings, there be Figures placed in the same Manner as over the Entrance of the Edifice already erected; provided, they represent such Distractions only as are proper for those additional Buildings; as, of an envious Man gnawing his own Flesh, a Gamester pulling himself by the Ears, and knocking his Head against a Marble Pillar, a covetous Man warming himself over a Heap of Gold, a Coward flying from his own Shadow, and the like.

Having laid down this general Scheme of my Design, I do hereby invite all Persons who are willing to encourage so publick-spirited a Project, to bring in their Contributions as soon as possible, and to apprehend forthwith any Politician whom they shall catch raving in a Coffee-house, or any Free-thinker whom they shall find publishing his Deliriums, or any other Person who shall give the like manifest Signs of a crazed Imagination: And I do at the same Time give this publick Notice

to all the Madmen about this great City, That they may return to their Senses with all imaginabel Expedition, left if they should come into my Hands, I should put them into a Regimen which they would not like: For if I find any one of them persist in his frantick Behaviour, I will make him in a Month's Time as famous as ever *Oliver's* Porter was.

The TATLER. [N° 126.

Anguillam Caudâ tenes. T. D'Urfey.

From *Thursd. Jan.* 26. to *Saturd. Jan.* 28, 1709.

From my own Apartment, Jan. 27.

THere is no Sort of Company so agreeable as that of Women who have good Sense without Affectation, and can converse with Men without any private Design of imposing Chains and Fetters. *Belvidera*, whom I Visited this Evening, is one of these. There is an invincible Prejudice in Favour of all she says, from her being a beautiful Woman, because she does not consider her self as such when she talks to you. This amiable Temper gives a certain Tincture to all her Discourse, and made it very agreeable to me, till we were interrupted by *Lydia*, a Creature who has all the Charms that can adorn a Woman. Her Attractions would indeed be irresistible, but that she thinks them so, and is always employing them in Stratagems and Conquests. When I turned my Eye upon her as she sat down, I saw she was a Person of that Character, which, for the further Information of my Country Correspondents, I had long wanted an Opportunity of explaining. *Lydia* is a finish'd *Coquet*, which is a

Sect

Sect among Women of all others the most mischievous, and makes the greatest Havock and Disorder in Society. I went on in the Discourse I was in with *Belvidera*, without showing that I had observed any Thing extraordinary in *Lydia*: Upon which, I immediately saw her look me over as some very ill-bred Fellow; and casting a scornful Glance on my Dress, gave a Shrug at *Belvidera*. But as much as she despised me, she wanted my Admiration, and made Twenty Offers to bring my Eyes her Way: But I reduced her to a Restlesness in her Seat, and impertinent playing of her Fan, and many other Motions and Gestures, before I took the least Notice of her. At last I looked at her with a Kind of Surprize, as if she had before been unobserved by reason of an ill Light where she sat. It is not to be expressed what a sudden Joy I saw rise in her Countenance, even at the Approbation of such a very old Fellow: But she did not long enjoy her Triumph without a Rival; for there immediately entred *Castabella*, a Lady of a quite contrary Character, that is to say, as eminent a *Prude* as *Lydia* is a *Coquet*. *Belvidera* gave me a Glance, which methought intimated, that they were both Curiosities in their Kind, and worth remarking. As soon as we were again seated, I stole Looks at each Lady, as if I was comparing their Perfections. *Belvedera* observed it, and began to lead me into a Discourse of them both to their Faces, which is to be done easily enough; for one Woman is generally so intent upon the Faults of another, that she has not Reflection enough to observe when her own are represented. I have taken Notice, Mr. *Bickerstaff* (said *Belvedera*), that you have in some Parts of your Writings drawn Characters of our Sex, in which you have not, to my Apprehension, been clear enough and distinct, particularly in those of a *Prude* and a *Coquet*. Upon the Mention of this, *Lydia* was rouzed with

the Expectation of seeing *Castabella*'s Picture, and *Castabella* with the Hopes of that of *Lydia*. Madam (said I to *Belvidera*), when we consider Nature, we shall often find very contrary Effects flow from the same Cause. The *Pride* and *Coquet* (as different as they appear in their Behaviour) are in Reality the same Kind of Women: The Motive of Action in both is the Affectation of pleasing Men. They are Sisters of the same Blood and Constitution, only one chuses a grave, the other a light, Dress. The *Prude* appears more virtuous, the *Coquet* more vicious, than she really is. The distant Behaviour of the *Prude*, tends to the same Purpose as the Advances of the *Coquet*; and you have as little Reason to fall into Despair from the Severity of the one, as to conceive Hope from the Familiarity of the latter. What leads you into a clear Sense of their Character is, That you may observe each of them has the Distinction of Sex in all her Thoughts, Words and Actions. You can never mention any Assembly you were lately in, but one asks you with a rigid, the other with a sprightly Air, Pray what Men were there? As for *Prudes*, it must be confessed, that there are several of them, who, like Hypocrites, by a long Practice of a false Part, become sincere; or at least delude themselves into a Belief that they are so.

For the Benefit of this Society of Ladies, I shall propose one Rule to them as a Test of their Virtue. I find in a very celebrated modern Author, That the great Foundress of the Pietists, *Madam de Bourignon*, who was no less famous for the Sanctity of her Life than for the Singularity of some of her Opinions, was used to boast, That she had not only the Spirit of Continency in her self, but that she had also the Power of communicating it to all who beheld her. This the Scoffers of those Days called, *The Gift of Infrigidation*, and took Occasion from it to rally her Face, rather

ther than admire her Virtue. I would therefore advise the *Prude*, who has a Mind to know the Integrity of her own Heart, to lay her Hand seriously upon it, and to examine her self whether she could sincerely rejoice in such a Gift of conveying chast Thoughts to all her Male Beholders. If she has any Aversion to the Power of Inspiring so great a Virtue, whatever Notion she may have of her Perfection, she deceives her own Heart, and is still in the State of *Prudery*. Some perhaps will look upon the Boast of *Madam de Bourignon* as the utmost Ostentation of a *Prude*.

If you would see the Humour of a *Coquet* pushed to the last Excess, you may find an Instance of it in the following Story, which I will set down at length, because it pleased me when I read it, though I cannot recollect in what Author.

A young *Coquet* Widow in *France* having been followed by a *Gascon* of Quality, who had boasted among his Companions of some Favours which he had never received, to be revenged of him, sent for him one Evening, and told him, It was in his Power to do her a very particular Service. The *Gascon*, with much Profession of his Readiness to obey her Commands, begged to hear in what Manner she designed to employ him. You know (said the Widow) my Friend *Belinda*, and must often have heard of the Jealousy of that impotent Wretch her Husband. Now it is absolutely necessary, for the carrying on a certain Affair, That his Wife and I should be together a whole Night. What I have to ask of you is, to dress your self in her Night Clothes, and lie by him a whole Night in her Place, that he may not miss her while she is with me. The *Gascon* (though of a very lively and undertaking Complexion) began to startle at the Proposal. Nay, says the Widow, if you have not the Courage to go through what I ask of you, I must employ

employ fome Body elfe that will. Madam, (fays the *Gafcon*) I'll kill him for you if you pleafe; but for lying with him! --- How is it poffible to do it without being difcovered? If you do not difcover your felf, (fays the Widow) you will lie fafe enough, for he is paft all Curiofity. He comes in at Night while fhe is afleep, and goes out in a Morning before fhe awakes, and is in Pain for nothing, fo he knows fhe is there. Madam, (replied the *Gafcon*) How can you reward me for paffing a Night with this old Fellow? The Widow anfwered with a Laugh, Perhaps by admitting you to pafs a Night with one you think more agreeable. He took the Hint, put on his Night-Clothes, and had not been a-bed above an Hour before he heard a Knocking at the Door, and the Treading of one who approach'd the other Side of the Bed, and who he did not queftion was the good Man of the Houfe. I do not know, whether the Story would be better by telling you in this Place, or at the End of it, That the Perfon who went to Bed to him, was our young *Coquet* Widow. The *Gafcon* was in a terrible Fright every Time fhe moved in the Bed, or turned towards him, and did not fail to fhrink from her till he had conveyed himfelf to the very Ridge of the Bed. I will not dwell upon the Perplexity he was in the whole Night, which was augmented, when he obferved that it was now broad Day, and that the Husband did not yet offer to get up and go about his Bufinefs. All that the *Gafcon* had for it, was to keep his Face turned from him, and to feign himfelf afleep, when, to his utter Confufion, the Widow at laft puts out her Arm, and pulls the Bell at her Bed's Head. In came her Friend, and Two or Three Companions to whom the *Gafcon* had boafted of her Favours. The Widow jumped into a Wrapping-Gown, and joined with the reft in laughing at this Man of Intrigue.

The

The TATLER. [N° 127.

Nimirum Insanus paucis videatur, eo quod
Maxima Pars Hominum Morbo jactatur eodem. Hor.

From *Saturd. Jan.* 28. to *Tuesd. Jan.* 31. 1709.

From my own Apartment, Jan. 30.

THere is no Affection of the Mind so much blended in humane Nature, and wrought into our very Constitution, as Pride. It appears under a Multitude of Disguises, and break out in Ten Thousand different Symptoms. Every one feels it in himself, and yet wonders to see it in his Neighbour. I must confess, I met with an Instance of it the other Day where I should very little, have expected it. Who would believe the proud Person I am going to speak of, is a Cobler upon *Ludgate-Hill*? This Artist being naturally a Lover of Respect, and considering that his Circumstances are such that no Man living will give it him, has contrived the Figure of a Beau in Wood, who stands before him in a bending Posture, with his Hat under his Left Arm, and his Right Hand extended in such a Manner as to hold a Thread, a Piece of Wax, or an Awl, according to the particular Service in which his Master thinks fit to employ him. When I saw him, he held a Candle in this obsequious Posture. I was very well pleased with the Cobler's Invention, that had so ingeniously contrived an inferior, and stood a little while contemplating this inverted Idolatry, wherein the Image did Homage to the Man. When we meet with such a fantastick Vanity in one of this Order, it is no Wonder if we may trace it through all Degrees above it, and

and particularly through all the Steps of Greatneſs. We eaſily ſee the Abſurdity of Pride when it enters into the Heart of a Cobler; though in Reality it is altogether as ridiculous and unreaſonable wherever it takes Poſſeſſion of an Humane Creature. There is no Temptation to it from the Reflection upon our Being in general, or upon any Comparative Perfection, whereby one Man may excel another. The greater a Man's Knowledge is, the greater Motive he may ſeem to have for Pride; but in the ſame Proportion as the one riſes, the other ſinks, it being the chief Office of Wiſdom to diſcover to us our Weakneſſes and Imperfections.

As Folly is the Foundation of Pride, the natural Superſtructure of it is Madneſs. If there was an Occaſion for the Experiment, I would not queſtion to make a proud Man a Lunatick in Three Weeks Time, provided I had it in my Power to ripen his Phrenſy with proper Applications. It is an admirable Reflection in *Terence*, where it is ſaid of a Paraſite, *Hic Homines ex Stultis facit Inſanos. This Fellow* (ſays he) *has an Art of converting Fools into Madmen.* When I was in *France*, (the Region of Complaiſance and Vanity) I have often obſerved, that a great Man who has entered a Levy of Flatterers humble and temperate, has grown ſo inſenſibly heated by the Court, which was paid him on all Sides, that he has been quite diſtracted before he could get into his Coach.

If we conſult the Collegiates of *Moorfields*, we ſhall find moſt of them are beholden to their Pride for their Introduction into that magnificent Palace. I had ſome Years ago the Curioſity to enquire into the particular Circumſtances of theſe whimſical Freeholders, and learned from their own Mouths the Condition and Character of each of them. Indeed I found, that all I ſpoke to were Perſons of Quality. There were at that

Time

Time Five Dutchesses, Three Earls, Two Heathen Gods, an Emperor, and a Prophet. There were also a great Number of such as were locked up from their Estates, and others who concealed their Titles. A Leather-seller of *Taunton* whisper'd me in my Ear, That he was the Duke of *Monmouth*; but begged me not to betray him. At a little Distance from him sat a Taylor's Wife, who asked me as I went by, if I had seen the Sword-bearer? Upon which I presumed to ask her, Who she was? And was answered, *My Lady Mayoress*.

I was very sensibly touched with Compassion towards these miserable People; and indeed, extremely mortified to see Humane Nature capable of being thus disfigured. However, I reaped this Benefit from it, That I was resolved to guard my self against a Passion which makes such Havock in the Brain, and produces so much Disorder in the Imagination. For this Reason, I have endeavoured to keep down the secret Swellings of Resentment, and stifle the very first Suggestions of Self-esteem; to establish my Mind in Tranquillity, and over-value nothing in my own, or in another's Possession.

For the Benefit of such whose Heads are a little turned, though not to so great a Degree as to qualify them for the Place of which I have been now speaking, I shall assign one of the Sides of the College which I am erecting, for the Cure of this dangerous Distemper.

The most remarkable of the Persons whose Disturbance arises from Pride, and whom I shall use all possible Diligence to cure, are such as are hidden in the Appearance of quite contrary Habits and Dispositions. Among such, I shall in the first Place take Care of one, who is under the most subtle Species of Pride that I have observed in my whole Experience.

This

This Patient is a Perſon for whom I have a great Reſpect, as being an old Courtier, and a Friend of mine in my Youth. The Man has but a bare Subſiſtence, juſt enough to pay his Reckoning with us at the *Trumpet*: But by having ſpent the Beginning of his Life in the Hearing of great Men and Perſons of Power, he is always promiſing to do good Offices, to introduce every Man he converſes with into the World; will deſire one of ten Times his Subſtance to let him ſee him ſometimes, and hints to him, that he does not forget him. He anſwers to Matters of no Conſequence with great Circumſpection; but however, maintains a general Civility in his Words and Actions, and an inſolent Benevolence to all whom he has to do with: This he practiſes with a grave Tone and Air; and tho' I am his Senior by Twelve Years, and richer by Forty Pounds *per Annum*, he had Yeſterday the Impudence to commend me to my Face, and tell me, He ſhould be always ready to encourage me. In a Word, he is a very inſignificant Fellow, but exceeding Gracious. The beſt Return I can make him for his Favours, is, to carry him my ſelf to *Bedlam*, and ſee him well taken Care of.

The next Perſon I ſhall provide for, is of a quite contrary Character; that has in him all the Stiffneſs and Inſolence of Quality, without a Grain of Senſe or Good Nature to make it either reſpected or belov'd. His Pride has infected every Muſcle of his Face; and yet, after all his Endeavours to ſhow Mankind that he contemns them, he is only neglected by all that ſee him, as not of Conſequence enough to be hated.

For the Cure of this particular Sort of Madneſs, it will be neceſſary to break through all Forms with him, and familiarize his Carriage by the Uſe of a good Cudgel. It may likewiſe be of great

great Benefit to make him jump over a Stick half a Dozen Times every Morning.

A Third whom I have in my Eye is a young Fellow, whofe Lunacy is fuch, that he boafts of nothing but what he ought to be afhamed of. He is vain of being rotten, and talks publickly of having committed Crimes, which he ought to be hanged for by the Laws of his Country.

There are feveral others whofe Brains are hurt with Pride, and whom I may hereafter attempt to recover; but fhall conclude my prefent Lift with an old Woman, who is juft dropping into her Grave, that talks of nothing but her Birth. Tho' fhe has not a Tooth in her Head, fhe expects to be valued for the Blood in her Veins, which fhe fancies is much better than that which glows in the Cheeks of *Belinda*, and fets half the Town on Fire.

The TATLER. [N° 128.

—— *Veniunt a Dote Sagittæ*, Juv.

From *Tuefd. Jan.* 31. to *Thurfd. Febr.* 2. 1709.

From my own Apartment, February 1.

THis Morning I received a Letter from a Fortune Hunter, which being better in its Kind than Men of that Character ufually write, I have thought fit to communicate to the Publick.

To Ifaac Bickerftaff *Efq*;

SIR,

'I Take the Boldnefs to recommend to your 'Care the inclos'd Letter, not knowing how to 'communicate it but by your Means to the 'agreeable Country Maid you mention with fo

'much

'much Honour in your Discourse concerning the 'Lottery.

'I should be asham'd to give you this Trouble 'without offering at some small Requital: I shall 'therefore direct a new Pair of Globes and a 'Telescope of the best Maker, to be left for you 'at Mr. *Morphew*'s, as a Testimony of the great 'Respect with which I am

Your most humble Servant, &c.

To Mopsa *in* Sheer-Lane.

Fairest Unknown,

'IT being discovered by the Stars, that about 'Ten Months hence, you will run the Hazard 'of being persecuted by many worthless Preten-'ders to your Person, unless timely prevented, I 'now offer my Service for your Security against 'the Persecution that threatens you. This is 'therefore to let you know, That I have con-'ceived a most extraordinary Passion for you; and 'that for several Days I have been perpetually 'haunted with the Vision of a Person I have ne-'ver yet seen. To satisfy you that I am in my 'Senses, and that I do not mistake you for any 'one of higher Rank, I assure you, that in your 'daily Employment, you appear to my Imagina-'tion more agreeable in a short scanty Petticoat, 'than the finest Woman of Quality in her spread-'ing Fardingal; and that the dextrous Twirl of 'your Mop has more native Charms, than the 'studied Airs of a Lady's Fan. In a Word, I 'am captivated with your Menial Qualifications: 'The Domestick Virtues adorn you like Atten-'dant *Cupids*; Cleanliness and healthful Industry 'wait on all your Motions; and Dust and Cob-'webs fly your Approach.

'Now, to give you an honest Account of my 'self, and that you may see my Designs are ho-'nourable, I am an Esquire of an ancient Family, 'born to about Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year,

'half

'half of which I have spent in discovering my 'self to be a Fool, and with the rest am resolv'd 'to retire with some plain honest Partner, and 'study to be wiser. I had my Education in a 'Lac'd Coat, and a *French* Dancing-School; 'and by my Travel into Foreign Parts, have just 'as much Breeding to spare, as you may think 'you want, which I intend to exchange as fast 'as I can for old *English* Honesty and good 'Sense. I will not impose on you by a false Re-'commendation of my Person, which (to shew 'you my Sincerity) is none of the handsomest, 'being of a Figure somewhat short; but what I 'want in Length, I make out in Breadth. But in 'Amends for that and all other Defects, if you can 'like me when you see me, I shall continue to you, 'whether I find you Fair, Black or Brown,

27 Jan. 17$\frac{0}{1}\frac{9}{0}$. *The most constant of Lovers.*

This Letter seems to be written by a Wag, and for that Reason I am not much concern'd for what Reception *Mopsa* shall think fit to give it; but the following certainly proceeds from a poor Heart, that languishes under the most deplorable Misfortune that possibly can befal a Woman. A Man that is treacherously dealt with in Love, may have Recourse to many Consolations. He may gracefully break through all Opposition to his Mistress, or explain with his Rival; urge his own Constancy, or aggravate the Falshood by which it is repay'd. But a Woman that is ill treated, has no Refuge in her Griefs but in Silence and Secrecy. The World is so unjust, that a Female Heart which has been once touched, is thought for ever blemished. The very Grief in this Case is looked upon as a Reproach, and a Complaint almost a breach of Chastity. For these Reasons, we see Treachery and Falshood are become as it were Male-Vices, and are seldom found, never acknowledged, in the other

Sex.

Sex. This may serve to introduce *Statira's* Letter, which, without any Turn or Art, has something so pathetical and moving in it, that I verily believe it to be true, and therefore heartily pity the injured Creature that writ it.

To Isaac Bickerstaff *Esq*;

SIR,

'YOU seem in many of your Writings to be 'a Man of a very compassionate Temper, 'and well acquainted with the Passion of Love. 'This encourages me to apply my self to you 'in my present Distress, which I believe you will 'look upon to be very great, and treat with Tenderness, notwithstanding it wholly arises from 'Love, and that it is a Woman that makes this 'Confession. I am now in the Twenty third 'Year of my Age, and have for a great while 'entertained the Addresses of a Man who I 'thought lov'd me more than Life. I am sure I 'did him; and must own to you, not without 'some Confusion, that I have thought on nothing else for these two long Years, but the 'happy Life we should lead together, and the 'Means I should use to make my self still dearer 'to him. My Fortune was indeed much beyond 'his; and as I was always in the Company of 'my Relations, he was forced to discover his Inclinations, and declare himself to me by Stories 'of other Persons, kind Looks, and many Ways, 'which he knew too well that I understood. 'Oh! Mr. *Bickerstaff*, it is impossible to tell you, 'how industrious I have been to make him appear lovely in my Thoughts. I made it a Point 'of Conscience to think well of him, and of no 'Man else: But he has since had an Estate fallen 'to him, and makes Love to another of a greater 'Fortune than mine. I could not believe the Report of this at first; but about a Fortnight ago 'I was convinced of the Truth of it by his own

'Be-

'Behaviour. He came to give our Family a 'formal Visit, when, as there were several in 'Company, and many Things talked of, the 'Discourse fell upon some unhappy Woman who 'was in my own Circumstances. It was said by 'one in the Room, That they cou'd not be-'lieve the Story could be true, because they did 'not believe any Man could be so false. Upon 'which, I stole a Look upon him with an Anguish 'not to be express'd. He saw my Eyes full of 'Tears; yet had the Cruelty to say, That he 'could see no Falshood in Alterations of this Na-'ture, where there had been no Contracts or 'Vows interchanged. Pray, do not make a Jest 'of Misery, but tell me seriously your Opinion 'of his Behaviour; and if you can have any 'Pity for my Condition, publish this in your 'next Paper, that being the only Way I have of 'complaining of his Unkindness, and showing 'him the Injustice he has done me. I am

Your humble Servant,

The unfortunate Statira.

The Name my Correspondent gives her self, puts me in Mind of my old reading in Romances, and brings into my Thoughts a Speech of the renowned *Don Bellianis,* who, upon a Complaint made him of a discourteous Knight, that had left his injur'd Paramour in the same Manner, dries up her Tears with a Promise of Relief. *Disconsolate Damsel,* (quoth he) *a foul Disgrace it were to all right worthy Professors of Chivalry, if such a Blot to Knighthood should pass unchastised. Give me to know the Abode of this recreant Lover, and I will give him as a Feast to the Fowls of the Air, or drag him bound before you at my Horse's Tail.*

I am not ashamed to own my self a Champion of distressed Damsels, and would venture as far

to

to relieve them as *Don Bellianis*; for which Reason, I do invite this Lady to let me know the Name of the Traitor who has deceived her; and do promise, not only her, but all the Fair Ones of *Great Britain*, who lie under the same Calamity, to employ my Right Hand for their Redress, and serve them to my last Drop of Ink.

The TATLER. [N° 129.

Ingenio Manus est & Cervix caesa. Juv.

From *Thursd. Febr.* 2. to *Saturd. Febr.* 4. 1709.

From my own Apartment, February 3.

WHen my Paper for to Morrow was prepared for the Press, there came in this Morning a Mail from *Holland*, which brought me several Advices from Foreign Parts, and took my Thoughts off Domestick Affairs. Among others, I have a Letter from a Burgher of *Amsterdam*, who makes me his Compliments, and tells me, he has sent me several Draughts of Humourous and Satyrical Pictures by the best Hands of the *Dutch* Nation. They are a trading People, and in their very Minds Mechanicks. They express their Wit in Manufacture, as we do in Manuscript. He informs me, That a very witty Hand has lately represented the present Posture of Publick Affairs in a Landskip, or rather Sea-piece, wherein the Potentates of the Alliance are figured as their Interests correspond with, or affect each other, under the Appearance of Commanders of Ships. These Vessels carry the Colours of the respective Nations concerned in the present War. The whole Design seems to tend

to one Point, which is, That ſeveral Squadrons of *Britiſh* and *Dutch* Ships are batterring a *French* Man of War, in order to make her deliver up a Long-Boat with *Spaniſh* Colours. My Correſpondent informs me, That a Man muſt underſtand the Compaſs perfectly well to be able to comprehend the Beauty and Invention of this Piece, which is ſo skilfully drawn, that the particular Views of every Prince in *Europe*, are ſeen according as the Ships lie to the main Figure in the Picture, and as that Figure may help or retard their Sailing. It ſeems this Curioſity is now on Board a Ship bound for *England*, and with other Rarities made a Preſent to me. As ſoon as it arrives, I deſign to expoſe it to publick View at my Secretary Mr. *Lillie*'s, who ſhall have an Explication of all the Terms of Art; and I doubt not but it will give as good Content as the moving Picture in *Fleet-ſtreet*.

But above all the Honours I have received from the Learned World abroad, I am moſt delighted with the following Epiſtle from *Rome*.

Paſquin *of* Rome, *to* Iſaac Bickerſtaff *of* Great Britain, *Greeting*.

SIR,

YOur Reputation has paſſed the *Alps*, and would have come to my Ears by this Time, if I had any. In ſhort, Sir, you are looked upon here as a *Northern* Drole, and the greateſt Vertuoſo among the *Tramontanes*. Some indeed ſay, That Mr. *Bickerſtaff* and *Paſqin* are only Names invented, to father Compoſitions which the natural Parent does not care for owning. But however that is, all agree, that there are ſeveral Perſons, who, if they durſt attack you, would endeavour to leave you no more Limbs than I have. I need not tell you that my Adverſaries have joined in a Confederacy with *Time* to demoliſh me,

'and that, if I were not a very great Wit, I 'ſhould make the worſt Figure in *Europe*, being 'abridged of my Legs, Arms, Noſe, and Ears. 'If you think fit to accept of the Correſpondence 'of ſo facetious a Cripple, I ſhall from Time 'to Time ſend you an Account of what happens 'at *Rome*. You have only heard of it from *Latin* 'and *Greek* Authors; may, perhaps, have read no 'Accounts from hence, but of a Triumph, Ovation, 'or Apotheoſis, and will, doubtleſs, be ſurprized 'to ſee the Deſcription of a Proceſſion, Jubilee, or 'Canonization. I ſhall however ſend you what 'the Place affords, in Return to what I ſhall re-'ceive from you. If you will acquaint me with 'your next Promotion of General Officers, I 'will ſend you an Account of our next Advance-'ment of Saints. If you will let me know who 'is reckoned the braveſt Warrior in *Great Bri-'tain*, I'll tell you who is the beſt Fiddler in '*Rome*. If you will favour me with an Inven-'tory of the Riches that were brought into your 'Nation by Admiral *Wager*, I will not fail gi-'ving you an Account of a Pot of Medals that 'has been lately dug up here, and are now 'under the Examination of our Miniſters of 'State.

'There is one Thing in which I deſire you 'would be very particular. What I mean, is 'an exact Liſt of all the Religions in *Great Bri-'tain*, as likewiſe the Habits, which are ſaid 'here to be the great Points of Conſcience in '*England*, whether they are made of Serge or 'Broad-Cloth, of Silk or Linen. I ſhould be 'glad to ſee a Model of the moſt conſcientious 'Dreſs amongſt you, and deſire you would ſend 'me a Hat of each Religion; as likewiſe, if 'it be not too much Trouble, a Cravat. It would 'alſo be very acceptable here to receive an Ac-'count of thoſe two Religious Orders which 'are lately ſprung up amongſt you, the *Whig*

'and

'and the *Tories*, with the Points of Doctrine, Se-
'verities in Discipline, Penances, Mortifications,
'and good Works, by which they differ one
'from another. It would be no less kind if
'you would explain to us a Word which they
'do not understand even at our *English* Mona-
'stery, *Toasts*, and let us know whether the La-
'dies so called are Nuns or Lay-Sisters.

'In Return, I will send you the Secret History
'of several Cardinals, which I have by me in
'Manuscript, with Gallantries, Amours, Poli-
'ticks, and Intrigues, by which they made their
'Way to the Holy Purple.

'But when I propose a Correspondence, I
'must not tell you what I intend to advise you
'of hereafter, and neglect to give you what I
'have at present. The Pope has been sick for
'this Fortnight of a violent Tooth-Ach, which
'has very much raised the *French* Faction, and
'put the Conclave into a great Ferment. Every
'one of the Pretenders to the Succession is
'grown Twenty Years older than he was a
'Fortnight ago. Each Candidate tries who shall
'cough and stoop most; for these are at pre-
'sent the great Gifts that recommend to the
'Apostolical Seat, which he stands the fairest
'for, who is likely to resign it the soonest. I
'have known the Time when it used to rain
'Louis-d'Ors on such Occasions; but whatever
'is the Matter, there are very few of them to
'be seen at present at *Rome*, insomuch that it is
'thought a Man might purchase Infallibility at
'a very reasonable Rate. It is nevertheless hoped,
'that his Holiness may recover, and bury these
'his imaginary Successors.

'There has lately been found an Humane
'Tooth in a Catacomb, which has engaged a
'Couple of Convents in a Law-Suit; each of
'them pretending, that it belong'd to the Jaw-
'Bone of a Saint who was of their Order. The

'College have sate upon it thrice, and I find 'there is a Disposition among them to take it 'out of the Possession of both the contending 'Parties, by reason of a Speech which was 'made by one of the Cardinals, who, by rea-'son of its being found out of the Company 'of any other Bones, asserted, That it might 'be one of the Teeth which was coughed out 'by *Ælia*, and old Woman, whose Loss is recorded 'in *Martial*.

'I have nothing remarkable to communicate to 'you of State-Affairs, excepting only, that the 'Pope has lately received an Horse from the *Ger-'man* Ambassador, as an Acknowledgment for 'the Kingdom of *Naples*, which is a Fief of the 'Church. His Holiness refused this Horse from 'the *Germans* ever since the Duke of *Anjou* has 'been possessed of *Spain*; but as they lately took 'Care to accompany it with a Body of Ten thou-'sand more, they have at last overcome his Ho-'liness's Modesty, and prevailed upon him to 'accept the Present. I am,

SIR,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

PASQUIN.

P. S. *Morforio* is very much Yours.

The

The TATLER. [N° 130.

——— At me
Cum magnis vixiſſe invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia——— ——— ——— Hor.

Fom *Saturd. Febr.* 4. to *Tueſday. Febr.* 7. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, Febuary 6.

I Find ſome of the moſt polite *Latin* Authors, who wrote at a Time when *Rome* was in its Glory, ſpeak with a certain noble Vanity of the Brightneſs and Splendour of the Age in which they lived. *Pliny* often compliments his Emperor *Trajan* upon this Head; and when he would animate him to any Thing great, or diſſwade him from any Thing that was improper, he inſinuates, that it is befitting or unbecoming (the *Claritas & Nitor Seculi)* that Period of Time which was made illuſtrious by his Reign. When we caſt our Eyes back on the Hiſtory of Mankind, and trace them through their ſeveral Succeſſions to their firſt Original, we ſometimes ſee them breaking out in great and memorable Actions, and towring up to the utmoſt Heights of Virtue and Knowledge; when, perhaps, if we carry our Obſervation to a little Diſtance, we ſee them ſunk into Sloth and Ignorance, and altogether loſt in Darkneſs and Obſcurity. Sometimes the whole Species is aſleep for Two or Three Generations, and then again awakens into Action, flouriſhes in Heroes, Philoſophers, and Poets, who do Honour to humane Nature, and leave ſuch Tracts of Glory behind them, as diſtinguiſh the Years, in

which they acted their Part, from the ordinary Course of Time.

Methinks a Man cannot, without a ſecret Satisfaction, conſider the Glory of the preſent Age, which will ſhine as bright as any other in the Hiſtory of Mankind. It is ſtill big with great Events, and has already produced Changes and Revolutions which will be as much admired by Poſterity, as any that have happen'd in the Days of our Fathers, or in the old Times before them. We have ſeen Kingdoms divided and united, Monarchs erected and depoſed, Nations transferr'd from one Sovereign to another; Conquerors raiſed to ſuch a Greatneſs as has given a Terror to *Europe*, and thrown down by ſuch a Fall, as has moved their Pity.

But it is ſtill a more pleaſing View to an *Engliſhman*, to ſee his own Country give the chief Influence to ſo illuſtrious an Age, and ſtand in the ſtrongeſt Point of Light amidſt the diffuſed Glory that ſurrounds it.

If we begin with Learned Men, we may obſerve, to the Honour of our Country, That thoſe who make the greateſt Figure in moſt Arts and Sciences, are univerſally allowed to be of the *Britiſh* Nation; and what is more remarkable, That Men of the greateſt Learning are among the Men of the greateſt Quality.

A Nation may indeed abound with Perſons of ſuch uncommon Parts and Worth, as may make them rather a Misfortune than a Bleſſing to the Publick. Thoſe who ſingly might have been of infinite Advantage to the Age they live in, may, by riſing up together in the ſame Criſis of Time, and by interfering in their Purſuits of Honour, rather interrupt than promote the Service of their Country. Of this we have a famous Inſtance in the Republick of *Rome*, when *Cæſar*, *Pompey*, *Cato*, *Cicero*, and *Brutus*, endeavoured to recommend

mend themselves at the same Time to the Admiration of their Contemporaries. Mankind was not able to provide for so many extraordinary Persons at once, or find out Posts suitable to their Ambition and Abilities. For this Reason, they were all as miserable in their Deaths, as they were famous in their Lives, and occasioned, not only the Ruin of each other, but also that of the Commonwealth.

It is therefore a particular Happiness to a People, when the Men of superior Genius and Character are so justly disposed in the high Places of Honour, that each of them moves in a Sphere which is proper to him, and requires those particular Qualities in which he excels.

If I see a General commanding the Forces of his Country, whose Victories are not to be parallel'd in Story, and who is as famous for his Negotiations as his Victories; and at the same Time see the Management of a Nation's Treasury in the Hands of one who has always distinguish'd himself by a generous Contempt of his own private Wealth, and an exact Frugality of that which belongs to the Publick; I cannot but think a People under such an Administration may promise themselves Conquest abroad, and Plenty at home. If I were to wish for a proper Person to preside over the Publick Councils, it should certainly be one as much admired for his universal Knowledge of Men and Things, as for his Eloquence, Courage and Integrity, in the exerting of such extraordinary Talents.

Who is not pleased to see a Person in the highest Station in the Law, who was the most eminent in his Profession, and the most accomplished Orator at the Bar? Or at the Head of the Fleet a Commander, under whose Conduct the Common Enemy received such a Blow, as he has never been able to recover?

Were we to form to our selves the Idea of one whom we should think proper to govern a distant Kingdom, consisting chiefly of those who differ from us in Religion, and are influenced by foreign Politicks, would it not be such a one as had signalized himself by an uniform and unshaken Zeal for the Protestant Interest, and by his Dexterity in defeating the Skill and Artifice of its Enemies. In short, if we find a great Man popular for his Honesty and Humanity, as well as famed for his Learning and great Skill in all the Languages of *Europe*; or a Person eminent for those Qualifications which make Men shine in publick Assemblies, or for that Steadiness, Constancy, and good Sense, which carry a Man to the desired Point through all the Opposition of Tumult and Prejudice, we have the Happiness to behold them all in Posts suitable to their Characters.

Such a Constellation of great Persons, if I may so speak, while they shine out in their own distinct Capacities, reflect a Lustre upon each other, but in a more particular Manner on their Sovereign, who has placed them in those proper Situations, by which their Virtues become so beneficial to all Her Subjects. It is the Anniversary of the Birth-day of this Glorious Queen, which naturally led me into this Field of Contemplation, and instead of joining in the publick Exultations that are made on such Occasions, to entertain my Thoughts with the more serious Pleasure of ruminating upon the Glories of Her Reign.

While I behold Her surrounded with Triumphs, and adorned with all the Prosperity and Success which Heaven ever shed on a Mortal, and still considering Her self as such, tho' the Person appears to me exceeding great that has these just Honours paid to Her; yet I must confess, She appears much greater in that She receives them with such a glorious Humility, and shows She has no further Regard for them, than as they arise from these great

Events

Events which have made her Subjects happy. For my own Part, I must confess, when I see private Virtues in so high a Degree of Perfection, I am not astonished at any extraordinary Success that attends them, but look upon publick Triumphs as the natural Consequences of religious Retirements.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Finding some Persons have mistaken Pasquin *who was mentioned in my last, for one who has been pilloried at* Rome; *I must here advertise them, That it is only a maimed Statue so called, on which the private Scandal of that City is generally pasted.* Morforio *is a Person of the same Quality, who is usually made to answer whatever is published by the other: The Wits of that Place, like too many of our own Country, taking Pleasure in setting innocent People together by the Ears. The Mentioning of this Person, who is a great Wit, and a great Cripple, put me in Mind of Mr.* Eastcourt, *who is under the same Circumstances. He was formerly my Apothecary, and being at present disabled by the Gout and Stone, I must recommend him to the Publick on* Thursday *next, that admirable Play of* Ben. Johnson's, *called,* The silent Woman, *being appointed to be acted for his Benefit. It would be indecent for me to appear twice in a Season at these ludicrous Diversions; but as I always give my Man and my Maid one Day in the Year, I shall allow them this, and am promised by Mr.* Eastcourt, *my ingenious Apothecary, that they shall have a Place kept for them in the first Row of the Middle Gallery.*

The TATLER. [Nº 131.

——— *Scelus est jugulare Falernum,*
Et dare Campano toxica seva Mero. Mart.

From *Tuesd. Febuary* 7. to *Thursd. Febuary* 9. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, February 8.

THere is in this City a certain Fraternity of Chimical Operators, who work under Ground in Holes, Caverns, and dark Retirements, to conceal their Mysteries from the Eyes and Observation of Mankind. These Subterraneous Philosophers are daily employed in the Transmutation of Liquors, and, by the Power of Magical Drugs and Incantations, raising under the Streets of *London* the choicest Products of the Hills and Valleys of *France*, They can squeeze *Bourdeaux* out of the *Sloe*, and draw *Champagne* from an *Apple*. *Virgil* in that remarkable Prophecy,

Incultisque rubens pendebit Sentibus Uva.

* The ripening Grape shall hang on every Thorn.

Seems to have hinted at this Art, which can turn a Plantation of *Northern* Hedges into a Vineyard. These Adepts are known among one another by the Name of Wine-Brewers, and I am afraid do great Injury, not only to Her Majesty's Customs, but to the Bodies of many of Her good Subjects.

Having received sundry Complaints against these invisible Workmen, I ordered the proper Officer of my Court to ferret them out of their respective Caves, and bring them before me, which was Yesterday executed accordingly.

The

The Person who appeared against them was a Merchant, who had by him a great Magazine of Wines that he had lain in before the War: But these Gentlemen (as he said) had so vitiated the Nation's Palate, that no Man could believe his to be *French*, because it did not tast like what they sold for such. As a Man never pleads better than where his own Personal Interest is concern'd, he exhibited to the Court with great Eloquence, That this new Corporation of Druggists had inflamed the Bills of Mortality, and puzzled the College of Physicians with Diseases, for which they neither knew a Name or Cure. He accused some of giving all their Customers Colicks and Megrims; and mentioned one who had boasted, he had a Tun of Claret by him, that in a Fortnight's Time should give the Gout to a Dozen of the healthfullest Men in the City, provided that their Constitutions were prepared for it by Wealth and Idleness. He then enlarged, with a great Show of Reason, upon the Prejudice which these Mixtures and Compositions had done to the Brains of the *English* Nation; as is too visible (said he) from many late Pamphlets, Speeches and Sermons, as well as from the ordinary Conversations of the Youth of this Age. He then quoted an ingenious Person, who would undertake to know by a Man's Writings, the Wine he most delighted in; and on that Occasion named a certain Satyrist, whom he had discovered to be the Author of a Lampoon, by the manifest Tast of the Sloe, which show'd it self in it by much Roughness, and little Spirit.

In the last Place, he ascribed to the unnatural Tumults and Fermentations which these Mixtures raise in our Blood; the Divisions, Heats and Animosities, that reign among us; and in particular, asserted most of the modern Enthusiasms and Agitations to be nothing else but the Effects of adulterated *Port*.

The Council for the Brewers had a Face fo extremely inflamed and illuminated with Carbuncles, that I did not wonder to fee him an Advocate for thefe Sophiftications. His Rhetorick was likewife fuch as I fhould have expected from the common Draught, which I found he often drank to a great Excefs. Indeed, I was fo furprifed at his Figure and Parts, that I ordered him to give me a Taft of his ufual Liquor; which I had no fooner drank, but I found a Pimple rifing in my Forehead; and felt fuch a fenfible Decay in my Underftanding, that I would not proceed in the Trial till the Fume of it was entirely diffipated.

This notable Advocate had little to fay in the Defence of his Clients, but that they were under a Neceffity of making Claret if they would keep open their Doors, it being the Nature of Man-Kind to love every Thing that is prohibited. He further pretended to reafon, That it might be as profitable to the Nation to make *French* Wine as *French* Hats; and concluded with the great Advantage that this had already brought to Part of the Kingdom. Upon which he informed the Court that the Lands in *Herefordfhire* were raifed Two Years Purchafe fince the Beginning of the War.

When I had fent out my Summons to thefe People, I gave at the fame Time Orders to each of them to bring the feveral Ingredients he made ufe of in diftinct Phials, which they had done accordingly, and ranged them into two Rows on each Side of the Court. The Workmen were drawn up in Ranks behind them. The Merchant informed me, That in one Row of Phials were the feveral Colours they dealt in, and in the other the Tafts. He then fhowed me on the Right Hand one who went by the Name of *Tom. Tintoret*, who (as he told me) was the greateft Mafter in his Colouring of any Vintner in *London*. To give me a Proof

a Proof of his Art, he took a Glaſs of fair Water; and by the Infuſion of Three Drops out of one of his Phials, converted it into a moſt beautiful pale *Burgundy.* Two more of the ſame Kind heightened it into a perfect *Languedoc*: From thence it paſſed into a florid *Hermitage*: And after having gone through Two or Three other Changes, by the Addition of a ſingle Drop, ended in a very deep *Pontack.* This ingenious Vertuoſo ſeeing me very much ſurpriſed at his Art, told me, That he had not an Opportunity of ſhowing it in Perfection, having only made uſe of Water for the Ground-Work of his Colouring: But that if I were to ſee an Operation upon Liquors of ſtronger Bodies, the Art would appear to a much greater Advantage. He added, That he doubted not but it would pleaſe my Curioſity to ſee the Cyder of one Apple take only a Vermilion, when another, with a leſs Quantity of the ſame Infuſion, would riſe into a dark Purple, according to the different Texture of Parts in the Liquor. He informed me alſo, That he could hit the different Shades and Degrees of Red, as they appear in the Pink and the Roſe, the Clove and the Carnation, as he had *Rheniſh* or *Moſelle*, *Perry* or *White Port*, to work in.

I was ſo ſatisfied with the Ingenuity of this Vertuoſo, that, after having adviſed him to quit ſo diſhoneſt a Profeſſion, I promiſed him, in Conſideration of his great Genius, to recommend him as a Partner to a Friend of mine, who has heaped up great Riches, and is a Scarlet Dyer.

The Artiſts on my other Hand were ordered in the Second Place to make ſome Experiments of their Skill before me: Upon which the famous *Harry Sippet* ſtept out, and asked me, What I would be pleaſed to drink? At the ſame Time he filled out Three or Four white Liquors in a Glaſs, and told me, That it ſhould be what I pleaſed to call for; adding very learnedly, That the Liquor

before him was as the naked Subſtance or firſt Matter of his Compound, to which he and his Friend, who ſtood over-againſt him, could give what Accidents or Form they pleaſed. Finding him ſo great a Philoſopher, I deſired he would convey into it the Qualities and Eſſence of right *Bourdeaux*. Coming, coming, Sir, (ſaid he) with the Air of a Drawer; and after having caſt his Eye on the ſeveral Taſts and Flavours that ſtood before him, he took up a little Cruit that was filled with a kind of inky Juice, and pouring ſome of it out into the Glaſs of White-Wine, preſented it to me, and told me, This was the Wine over which moſt of the Buſineſs of the laſt Term had been diſpatched. I muſt confeſs, I looked upon that ſooty Drug which he held up in his Cruit as the Quinteſſence of *Engliſh Bourdeaux*, and therefore deſired him to give me a Glaſs of it by my ſelf, which he did with great Unwillingneſs. My Cat at that Time ſat by me upon the Elbow of my Chair; and as I did not care for making the Experiment upon my ſelf, I reached it to her to ſip of it, which had like to have coſt her her Life; for notwithſtanding it flung her at firſt into freakiſh Tricks, quite contrary to her uſual Gravity, in leſs than a Quarter of an Hour ſhe fell into Convulſions; and had it not been a Creature more tenacious of Life than any other, would certainly have died under the Operation.

I was ſo incenſed by the Tortures of my innocent Domeſtick, and the unworthy Dealings of theſe Men, that I told them, if each of them had as many Lives as the injured Creature before them, they deſerved to forfeit them for the pernicious Arts which they uſed for their Profit. I therefore bid them look upon themſelves as no better than a Kind of Aſſaſſins and Murderers within the Law. However, ſince they had dealt ſo clearly with me, and laid before me their

whole

whole Practice, I dismissed them for that Time; with a particular Request, That they would not poison any of my Friends and Acquaintance, and take to some honest Livelihood without Loss of Time.

For my own Part, I have resolved hereafter to be very careful in my Liquors, and have agreed with a Friend of mine in the Army, upon their next March, to secure me Two Hogsheads of the best Stomach Wine in the Cellars of *Versailles*, for the good of my Lucubrations, and the Comfort of my old Age.

The TATLER. [Nº 132.

Habeo Senectuti magnum Gratiam, quæ mihi Sermonis Aviditatem auxit, Potionis & Cibi sustulit. Tull. de Sen.

From *Thursd. Febr.* 9. to *Saturd. Feb.* 11. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, February 10.

AFter having applied my Mind with more than ordinary Attention to my Studies, it is my usual Custom to relax and unbend it in the Conversation of such as are rather easy than shining Companions. This I find particularly necessary for me before I retire to Rest, in order to draw my Slumbers upon me by Degrees, and fall asleep insensibly. This is the particular Use I make of a Set of heavy honest Men, with whom I have passed many Hours with much Indolence, though not with great Pleasure. Their Conversation is a kind of Preparative for Sleep: It takes the Mind down from its Abstractions, leads it into the familiar Traces of Thought, and lulls it into that

that State of Tranquillity, which is the Condition of a Thinking Man when he is but half awake. After this, my Reader will not be surprised to hear the Account which I am about to give of a Club of my own Contemporaries, among whom I pass Two or Three Hours every Evening. This I look upon as taking my first Nap before I go to Bed. The Truth of it is, I should think my self unjust to Posterity, as well as to the Society at the *Trumpet*, of which I am a Member, did not I in some Part of my Writings give an Account of the Persons among whom I have passed almost a Sixth Part of my Time for these last Forty Years. Our Club consisted originally of Fifteen; but partly by the Severity of the Law in arbitrary Times, and partly by the natural Effects of old Age, we are at present reduced to a Third Part of that Number: In which however we have this Consolation, That the best Company is said to consist of Five Persons. I must confess, besides the aforementioned Benefit which I meet with in the Conversation of this select Society, I am not the less pleased with the Company, in that I find my self the greatest Wit among them, and am heard as their Oracle in all Points of Learning and Difficulty.

Sir *Jeoffry Notch*, who is the oldest of the Club, has been in Possession of the Right Hand Chair Time out of Mind, and is the only Man among us that has the Liberty of stirring the Fire. This our Foreman is a Gentleman of an Ancient Family, that came to a great Estate some Years before he had Discretion, and run it out in Hounds, Horses, and Cock-fighting; for which Reason he looks upon himself as an honest worthy Gentleman who has had Misfortunes in the World, and calls every thriving Man a pitiful Upstart.

Major *Matchlock* is the next Senior, who served in the last Civil Wars, and has all the Battles by Heart. He does not think any Action in *Europe* worth

worth talking of ſince the Fight of *Marſton-Moor*; and every Night tells us of his having been knock'd off his Horſe at the Riſing of the *London* 'Prentices; for which he is in great Eſteem amongſt us.

Honeſt old *Dick Reptile* is the Third of our Society: He is a good natured indolent Man, who ſpeaks little himſelf, but laughs at our Jokes, and brings his young Nephew along with him, a Youth of Eighteen Years old, to ſhow him good Company, and give him a Taſt of the World. This young Fellow ſits generally ſilent; but whenever he opens his Mouth, or laughs at any Thing that paſſes, he is conſtantly told by his Uncle, after a jocular Manner, "Ay, ay, *Jack*, you 'young Men think us Fools; but we old Men 'know you are.

The greateſt Wit of our Company, next to my ſelf, is a Bencher of the neighbouring Inn, who in his Youth frequented the Ordinaries about *Charing Croſs*, and pretends to have been intimate with *Jack Ogle*. He has about Ten Diſtichs of *Hudibras* without Book, and never leaves the Club till he has applied them all. If any modern Wit be mentioned, or any Town Frolick ſpoken of, he ſhakes his Head at the Dulneſs of the preſent Age, and tells us a Story of *Jack Ogle*.

For my own Part, I am eſteemed among them, becauſe they ſee I am ſomething reſpected by others; though at the ſame Time I underſtand by their Behaviour, that I am conſidered by them as a Man of a great deal of Learning, but no Knowledge of the World; inſomuch that the Major ſometimes, in the Height of his Military Pride, calls me the Philoſopher: And Sir *Jeoffrey* no longer ago than laſt Night, upon a Diſpute what Day of the Month it was then in *Holland*, pulled his Pipe out of his Mouth, and cried, What does the Scholar ſay to it?

Our Club meets precisely at Six a Clock in the Evening; but I did not come last Night till half an Hour after Seven, by which Means I escaped the Battle of *Naseby*, which the Major usually begins at about three Quarters after Six: I found also, that my good Friend, the Bencher, had already spent three of his Distichs, and only waiting an Opportunity to hear a Sermon spoken of, that he might introduce the Couplet where *a Stick* rhimes to *Ecclesiastick*. At my Entrance into the Room, they were naming a red Petticoat and a Cloak, by which I found that the Bencher had been diverting them with a Story of *Jack Ogle*.

I had no sooner taken my Seat, but Sir *Jeoffrey*, to show his good Will towards me, gave me a Pipe of his own Tobacco, and stirred up the Fire. I look upon it as a Point of Morality, to be obliged by those who endeavour to oblige me; and therefore in Requital for his Kindness, and to set the Conversation a going, I took the best Occasion I could to put him upon telling us the Story of old *Gantlett*, which he always does with very particular Concern. He traced up his Descent on both Sides for several Generations, describing his Diet and Manner of Life, with his several Battles, and particularly that in which he fell. This *Gantlett* was a Game-Cock, upon whose Head the Knight in his Youth had won Five hundred Pounds, and lost Two thousand. This naturally set the Major upon the Account of *Edge-hill* Fight, and ended in a Duel of *Jack Ogle*'s.

Old *Reptile* was extremely attentive to all that was said, tho' it was the same he had heard every Night for these twenty Years, and upon all Occasions, winked upon his Nephew to mind what passed.

This may suffice to give the World a Tast of our innocent Conversation, which we spun out till about Ten of the Clock, when my Maid came

with

with a Lanthorn to light me Home. I could not but reflect with my ſelf as I was going out upon the talkative Humour of old Men, and the little Figure which that Part of Life makes in one who cannot employ this natural Propenſity in Diſcourſes which would make him venerable. I muſt own, it makes me very melancholy in Company, when I hear a young Man begin a Story; and have often obſerved, That one of a Quarter of an Hour long in a Man of Five and twenty, gathers Circumſtances every Time he tells it, till it grows into a long *Canterbury* Tale of two Hours by that Time he is Threeſcore.

The only Way of avoiding ſuch a trifling and frivolous old Age, is, to lay up in our Way to it ſuch Stores of Knowledge and Obſervation as may make us uſeful and agreeable in our declining Years. The Mind of Man in a long Life will become a Magazine of Wiſdom or Folly, and will conſequently diſcharge it ſelf in ſomething impertinent or improving. For which Reaſon, as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old trifling Story Teller, ſo there is nothing more venerable than one who has turned his Experience to the Entertainment and Advantage of Mankind.

In ſhort, we who are in the laſt Stage of Life, and are apt to indulge our ſelves in Talk, ought to conſider, if what we ſpeak be worth being heard, and endeavour to make our Diſcourſe like that of *Neſtor*, which *Homer* compares to the Flowing of Honey for its Sweetneſs.

I am afraid I ſhall be thought guilty of this Exceſs I am ſpeaking of, when I cannot conclude without obſerving, that *Milton* certainly thought of this Paſſage in *Homer*, when, in his Deſcription of an eloquent Spirit, he ſays, *His Tongue drop'd Manna.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 133.

Deum tacent, Clamant. Tull.

From *Saturd. Feb.* 11. to *Tuesd. Feb.* 14. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, Febuary 13.

SIlence is sometimes more significant and sublime than the most noble and most expressive Eloquence, and is on many Occasions the Indication, of a great Mind. Several Authors have treated of Silence as a Part of Duty and Discretion, but none of them have considered it in this Light. *Homer* compares the Noise and Clamour of the *Trojans* advancing towards the Enemy, to the Cackling of Cranes when they invade an Army of Pigmies. On the contrary, he makes his Countrymen and Favorites, the *Greeks*, move forward in a regular determined March, and in the Depth of Silence. I find in the Accounts which are given us of some of the more *Eastern* Nations, where the Inhabitants are disposed by their Constitutions and Climates to higher Strains of Thought, and more elevated Raptures than what we feel in the *Northern* Regions of the World, That Silence is a Religious Exercise among them. For When their publick Devotions are in the greatest Fervour, and their Hearts lifted up as high as Words can raise them, there are certain Suspensions of Sound and Motion for a Time, in which the Mind is left to it self, and supposed to swell with such secret Conceptions as are too big for Utterance. I have my self been wonderfully delighted with a Master-piece of Musick, when in the very Tumult and Ferment of their Harmony, all the Voices and Instruments have

stopped

ſtopped ſhort on a ſudden, and after a little Pauſe recovered themſelves again as it were, and renewed the Concert in all its Parts. Methoughts this ſhort Interval of Silence has had more Muſick in it than any of the ſame Space of Time before or after it. There are Two Inſtances of Silence in the Two greateſt Poets that ever wrote, which have ſomething in them as ſublime as any of the Speeches in their whole Works. The Firſt is that of *Ajax*, in the Eleventh Book of the *Odyſſy*. *Ulyſſes*, who had been the Rival of this great Man in his Life, as well as the Occaſion of his Death, upon meeting his Shade in the Region of departed Heroes, makes his Submiſſion to him with an Humility next to Adoration, which the other paſſes over with dumb ſullen Majeſty, and ſuch a Silence, as (to uſe the Words of *Longinus*) had more Greatneſs in it than any Thing he could have ſpoken.

The next Inſtance I ſhall mention is in *Virgil*, where the Poet, doubtleſs, imitates this Silence of *Ajax* in that of *Dido*; though I do not know that any of his Commentators have taken Notice of it. *Æneas* finding among the Shades of deſpairing Lovers, the Ghoſt of her who had lately died for him, with the Wound ſtill freſh upon her, addreſſes himſelf to her with expanded Arms, Floods of Tears, and the moſt paſſionate Profeſſions of his own Innocence as to what had happen'd; all which *Dido* receives with the Dignity and Diſdain of a reſenting Lover, and an injured Queen; and is ſo far from vouchſafing him an Anſwer, that ſhe does not give him a ſingle Look. The Poet repreſents her as turning away her Face from him while he ſpoke to her; and after having kept her Eyes for ſome Time upon the Ground, as one that heard and contemned his Proteſtations, flying from him into the Grove of Myrtle, and into the Arms of another, whoſe Fidelity had deſerved her Love.

I have

I have often thought our Writers of Tragedy have been very defective in this Particular, and that they might have given great Beauty to their Works, by certain Stops and Pauses in the Representation of such Passions, as it is not in the Power of Language to express. There is something like this in the last Act of *Venice Preserv'd*, where *Pierre* is brought to an infamous Execution, and begs of his Friend, as a Reparation for past Injuries, and the only Favour he could do him, to rescue him from the Ignominy of the Wheel by stabbing him. As he is going to make this dreadful Request, he is not able to communicate it, but withdraws his Face from his Friend's Ear, and bursts into Tears. The melancholy Silence that follows hereupon, and continues till he has recovered himself enough to reveal his Mind to his Friend, raises in the Spectators a Grief that is inexpressible, and an Idea of such a complicated Distress in the Actor, as Words cannot utter. It would look as ridiculous to many Readers to give Rules and Directions for proper Silences, as for *Penning a Whisper*: But it is certain, that in the Extremity of most Passions, particularly Surprize, Admiration, Astonishment, nay, Rage it self; there is nothing more graceful than to see the Play stand still for a few Moments, and the Audience fixed in an agreeable Suspence, during the Silence of a skilful Actor.

But Silence never shows it self to so great an Advantage, as when it is made the Reply to Calumny and Defamation, provided that we give no just Occasion for them. We might produce an Example of it in the Behaviour of one in whom it appeared in all its Majesty, and one, whose Silence, as well as his Person, was altogether Divine. When one considers this Subject only in its Sublimity, this great Instance could not but occur to me; and since I only make use of it to show the highest Example of it, I hope I do not offend

in it. To forbear replying to an unjuſt Reproach, and overlook it with a generous, or (if poſſible) with an entire Neglect of it, is one of the moſt heroick Acts of a great Mind: And I muſt confeſs, when I reflect upon the Behaviour of ſome of the greateſt Men in Antiquity, I do not ſo much admire them that they deſerved the Praiſe of the whole Age they lived in, as becauſe they contemned the Envy and Detraction of it.

All that is incumbent on a Man of Worth, who ſuffers under ſo ill a Treatment, is to lie by for ſome Time in Silence and Obſcurity, till the Prejudice of the Times be over, and his Reputation cleared. I have often read with a great deal of Pleaſure a Legacy of the famous Lord *Bacon*, one of the greateſt Genius's that our own or any Country has produced. After having bequeathed his Soul, Body, and Eſtate, in the uſual Form, he adds, ‘ My Name and Memory I leave to Foreign ‘ Nations, and to my Countrymen, after ſome ‘ Time be paſſed over.

At the ſame Time that I recommend this Philoſophy to others, I muſt confeſs, I am ſo poor a Proficient in it my ſelf, that if in the Courſe of my Lucubrations it happens, as it has done more than once, that my Paper is duller than in Conſcience it ought to be, I think the Time an Age till I have an Opportunity of putting out another, and growing famous again for two Days.

I muſt not cloſe my Diſcourſe upon Silence, without informing my Reader, That I have by me an elaborate Treatiſe on the *Apoſiopeſis* called an *Et cætera*, it being a Figure much uſed by ſome learned Authors, and particularly by the great *Littleton*, who, as my Lord Chief Juſtice *Coke* obſerves, had a moſt admirable Talent at an *&c.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

To oblige the Pretty Fellows, and my Fair Readers, I have thought fit to inſert the whole Paſſage

above-mentioned relating to *Dido*, as it is translated by Mr. *Dryden*.

Not far from thence, the mournful Fields appear;
So call'd, from Lovers that inhabit there.
The Souls, whom that unhappy Flame invades,
In Secret Solitude, and Myrtle Shades,
Make endless Moans, and pining with Desire,
Lament too late their unextinguish'd Fire.
Here Procris, Eryphile *here, he found*
Baring her Breast, yet bleeding with the Wound
Made by her Son. He saw Pasiphae *there,*
With Phedra's *Ghost, a foul incestuous Pair;*
There Laodamia *with* Evadne *moves:*
Unhappy both, but loyal in their Loves.
Cæneus, *a Woman once, and once a Man;*
But ending in the Sex she first began.
Not far from these Phœnician Dido *stood;*
Fresh from her Wound, her Bosom bath'd in Blood.
Whom, when the Trojan *Hero hardly knew,*
Obscure in Shades, and with a doubtful View,
(Doubtful as he who runs thro' dusky Night,
Or thinks he sees the Moon's uncertain Light:)
With Tears he first approach'd the sullen Shade,
And, as his Love inspired him, thus he said:
Unhappy Queen! Then is the common Breath
Of Rumour true, in your reported Death;
And I, alas, the Cause! By Heav'n, I vow,
And all the Powers that rule the Realms below,
Unwilling I forsook your friendly State,
Commanded by the Gods, and forc'd by Fate.
Those Gods, that Fate, whose unresisted Might,
Have sent me to these Regions, void of Light,
Thro' the vast Empire of eternal Night.
Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with Grief,
My Flight should urge you to this dire Relief.
Stay, stay your Steps, and listen to my Vows;
'Tis the last Interview that Fate allows!
In vain he thus attempts her Mind to move,
Whith Tears and Pray'rs, and late repenting Love.

Disdain-

Disdainfully she look'd, then turning round;
But fix'd her Eyes unmov'd upon the Ground;
And, what he says, and swears, regards no more
Than the deaf Rocks, when the loud Billows roar.
But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful Sight,
Hid in the Forrest, and the Shades of Night.
Then sought Sicheus *thro' the shady Grove,*
Who answer'd all her Cares, and equal'd all her Love.

The TATLER. [N° 134.

——— ——— Quis Talia fando,
Myrmidonum Dolopumve, aut duri Miles Ulyssei,
Temperet a Lacrymis. Virg.

From *Tuesd. Febr.* 14. to *Thursd. Febr.* 16. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, February 15.

I WAS awakened very early this Morning by the distant Crowing of a Cock, which I thought had the finest Pipe I ever heard. He seemed to me to strain his Voice more than ordinary, as if he designed to make himself heard to the remotest Corner of this Lane. Having entertained my self a little before I went to Bed with a Discourse on the Transmigration of Men into other Animals, I could not but fancy that this was the Soul of some drowsy Bell-man who used to sleep upon his Post, for which he was condemned to do Penance in Feathers, and distinguish the several Watches of the Night under the Outside of a Cock. While I was thinking of the Condition of this poor Bell-man in Masquerade, I heard a great Knocking at my Door, and was soon after told by my Maid, That my worthy Friend the tall black Gentleman, who frequents the Coffee-houses hereabouts, desired

to ſpeak with me. This ancient *Pythagorean*, who has as much Honeſty as any Man living, but good Nature to an Exceſs, brought me the following Petition, which I am apt to believe he penned himſelf, the Petitioner not being able to expreſs his Mind in Paper under his preſent Form, however famous he might have been for writing Verſes when he was in his original Shape.

To Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq*; *Cenſor of* Great Britain.

The humble Petition of *Job Chanticleer*, in Behalf of himſelf, and many other poor Sufferers in the ſame Condition;

Sheweth,

'THat whereas your Petitioner is truly deſcended of the ancient Family of the *Chanticleers*, at *Cock-Hall* near *Rumford* in *Eſſex*, it has been his Misfortune to come into the mercenary Hands of a certain ill-diſpoſed Perſon, commonly called an Higler, who, under the cloſe Confinement of a Pannier, has conveyed him and many others up to *London*; but hearing by Chance of your Worſhip's great Humanity towards Robin-Redbreſts and Tom-Tits, he is embolden'd to beſeech you to take his deplorable Condition into your tender Conſideration, who otherwiſe muſt ſuffer (with many Thouſands more as innocent as himſelf) that inhumane Barbarity of a *Shrove-Tueſday* Perſecution. We humbly hope, that our Courage and Vigilance may plead for us on this Occaſion.

'Your poor Petitioner moſt earneſtly implores your immediate Protection from the Inſolence of the Rabble, the Batteries of Catſticks, and a painful lingering Death.

And your Petitioner, &c.

From my Coup in Clare-Market, Febr. 13. 1709.

Upon

Upon Delivery of this Petition, the worthy Gentleman who presented it, told me the Customs of many wise Nations of the *East*, through which he had travelled; That nothing was more frequent than to see a Dervise lay out a whole Year's Income in the Redemption of Larks or Linets that had unhappily fallen into the Hands of Bird-Catchers: That it was also usual to run between a Dog and a Bull to keep them from hurting one another, or to lose the Use of a Limb in parting a Couple of furious Mastiffs. He then insisted upon the Ingratitude and Disingenuity of treating in this Manner a necessary and Domestick Animal, that has made the whole House keep good Hours, and call'd up the Cook-Maid for five Years together. What would a *Turk* say, continued he, should he hear, that it is a common Entertainment in a Nation which pretends to be one of the most civilized of *Europe*, to tie an innocent Animal to a Stake, and put him to an ignominious Death, who has perhaps been the Guardian and Proveditor of a poor Family as long as he was able to get Eggs for his Mistress.

I thought what this Gentleman said was very reasonable; and have often wondered, that we do not lay aside a Custom which makes us appear barbarous to Nations much more rude and unpolished than our selves. Some *French* Writers have represented this Diversion of the common People much to our Disadvantage, and imputed it to natural Fierceness and Cruelty of Temper; as they do some other Entertainments peculiar to our Nation: I mean those elegant Diversions of Bull-baiting and Prize-fighting, with the like ingenious Recreations of the Bear-Garden. I wish I knew how to answer this Reproach which is cast upon us, and excuse the Death of so many innocent Cocks, Bulls, Dogs, and

 Bears,

Bears, as have been ſet together by the Ears, or died untimely Deaths, only to make us Sport.

It will be ſaid, That theſe are the Entertainments of common People. It is true; but they are the Entertainments of no other common People. Beſides, I am afraid there is a Tincture of the ſame ſavage Spirit in the Diverſions of thoſe of higher Rank, and more refined Reliſh. *Rapine* obſerves, That the *Engliſh* Theatre very much delights in Bloodſhed, which he likewiſe repreſents as an Indication of our Tempers. I muſt own, there is ſomething very horrid in the publick Executions of an *Engliſh* Tragedy. Stabbing and Poiſoning, which are performed behind the Scenes in other Nations, muſt be done openly among us, to gratify the Audience.

When poor *Sandford* was upon the Stage, I have ſeen him groaning upon a Wheel, ſtuck with Daggers, impaled alive, calling his Executioners, with a dying Voice, Cruel Dogs and Villains! And all this to pleaſe his judicious Spectators, who were wonderfully delighted with ſeeing a Man in Torment ſo well acted. The Truth of it is, the Politeneſs of our *Engliſh* Stage, in Regard to *Decorum*, is very extraordinary. We act Murders to ſhow our Intrepidity, and Adulteries to ſhow our Gallantry: Both of them are frequent in our moſt taking Plays, with this Difference only, That the Firſt are done in the Sight of the Audience, and the other wrought up to ſuch an Height upon the Stage, that they are almoſt put in Execution before the Actors can get behind the Scenes.

I would not have it thought, that there is juſt Ground for thoſe Conſequences which our Enemies draw againſt us from theſe Practices; but methinks one would be ſorry for any Manner of Occaſion for ſuch Miſrepreſentations of us. The Virtues of Tenderneſs, Compaſſion, and Humanity, are thoſe by which Men are diſtinguiſh'd

from Brutes, as much as by Reaſon it ſelf; and it would be the greateſt Reproach to a Nation to diſtinguiſh it ſelf from all others by any Defect in theſe particular Virtues. For which Reaſons, I hope that my Dear Countrymen will no longer expoſe themſelves by an Effuſion of Blood, whether it be of Theatrical Heroes, Cocks, or any other innocent Animals, which we are not obliged to ſlaughter for our Safety, Convenience, or Nouriſhment. Where any of theſe Ends are not ſerv'd in the Deſtruction of a living Creature, I cannnot but pronounce it a great Piece of Cruelty, if not a kind of Murder.

The TATLER. N° 135.

Quod ſi in hoc erro, quod Animos Hominum immortales eſſe credam, libenter erro: Nec mihi hunc Errorem, quo delector, dum vivo extorqueri volo: Sin Mortuus (ut quidam Minuti Philoſophi cenſent) nihil ſentiam; non vereor, ne hunc Errorem meum mortui Philoſophi irrideant. Tull.

From *Thurſd. Febr.* 16. to *Saturd. Febr.* 18. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, February 17.

SEveral Letters which I have lately received give me Information, That ſome well-diſpoſed Perſons have taken Offence at my uſing the Word Free-Thinker as a Term of Reproach. To ſet therefore this Matter in a clear Light, I muſt declare, That no one can have a greater Veneration than my ſelf for the Free-Thinkers of Antiquity, who acted the ſame Part in thoſe Times, as the great Men of the Reformation did in ſeveral Nations of *Europe*, by exerting them-

ſelves againſt the Idolatry and Superſtition of the Times in which they lived. It was by this noble Impulſe that *Socrates* and his Diſciples, as well as all the Philoſophers of Note in *Greece*, and *Cicero*, *Seneca*, with all the Learned Men of *Rome*, endeavoured to enlighten their Contemporaries amidſt the Darkneſs and Ignorance in which the World was then ſunk and buried. The great Points which theſe Free-Thinkers endeavoured to eſtabliſh and inculcate into the Minds of Men, was, the Formation of the Univerſe, the Superintendency of Providence, the Perfection of the Divine Nature, the Immortality of the Soul, and the future State of Rewards and Puniſhments. They all complied with the Religion of their Country, as much as poſſible, in ſuch Particulars as did not contradict and pervert theſe great and fundamental Doctrines of Mankind. On the contrary, the Perſons who now ſet up for Free-Thinkers, are ſuch as endeavour by a little Traſh of Words and Sophiſtry, to weaken and deſtroy thoſe very Principles, for the Vindication of which, Freedom of Thought at firſt became laudable and heroick. Theſe Apoſtates, from Reaſon and good Senſe, can look at the glorious Frame of Nature, without paying an Adoration to him that raiſed it; can conſider the great Revolutions in the Univerſe, without lifting up their Minds to that Superior Power which hath the Direction of it; can preſume to cenſure the Deity in his Ways towards Men; can level Mankind with the Beaſts that periſh; can extinguiſh in their own Minds all the pleaſing Hopes of a future State, and lull themſelves into a ſtupid Security againſt the Terrors of it. If one were to take the Word Prieſtcraft out of the Mouths of theſe ſhallow Monſters, they would be immediately ſtruck dumb. It is by the Help of this ſingle Term that they endeavour to diſappoint the good

Works of the most Learned and Venerable Order of Men, and harden the Hearts of the Ignorant against the very Light of Nature, and the common received Notions of Mankind. We ought not to treat such Miscreants as these upon the Foot of fair Disputants, but to pour out Contempt upon them, and speak of them with Scorn and Infamy, as the Pests of Society, the Revilers of Humane Nature, and the Blasphemers of a Being, whom a good Man would rather die than hear dishonoured. *Cicero*, after having mentioned the great Heroes of Knowledge that recommended this Divine Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul, calls those small Pretenders to Wisdom who declared against it, certain *Minute* Philosophers, using a Diminitive even of the Word Little, to express the despicable Opinion he had of them. The Contempt he throws upon them in another Passage is yet more remarkable, where, to show the mean Thoughts he entertains of them, he declares, he would rather be in the Wrong with *Plato*, than in the Right with such Company. There is indeed nothing in the World so ridiculous as one of these grave Philosophical Free-Thinkers, that hath neither Passions nor Appetites to gratify, no Heats of Blood nor Vigour of Constitution that can turn his Systems of Infidelity to his Advantage, or raise Pleasures out of them which are inconsistent with the Belief of an Hereafter. One that has neither Wit, Gallantry, Mirth, or Youth to indulge by these Notions, but only a poor, joyless uncomfortable Vanity of distinguishing himself from the rest of Mankind, is rather to be regarded as a Mischievous Lunatick, than a mistaken Philosopher. A chast Infidel, a speculative Libertine, is an Animal that I should not believe to be in Nature, did I not sometimes meet with this Species of Men, that plead for the Indulgence of their Passions in the

F 4 midst

midst of a severe studious Life, and talk against the Immortality of the Soul over a Dish of Coffee.

I would fain ask a *Minute* Philosopher, What Good he proposes to Mankind by the publishing of his Doctrines? Will they make a Man a better Citizen, or Father of a Family; a more endearing Husband, Friend, or Son? Will they enlarge his publick or private Virtues, or correct any of his Frailties or Vices? What is there either joyful or glorious in such Opinions? Do they either refresh or enlarge our Thoughts? Do they contribute to the Happiness, or raise the Dignity of Humane Nature? The only Good that I have ever heard pretended to, is, That they banish Terrors, and set the Mind at Ease. But whose Terrors do they banish? It is certain, if there were any Strength in their Arguments, they would give great Disturbance to Minds that are influenc'd by Virtue, Honour, and Morality, and take from us the only Comforts and Supports of Affliction, Sickness, and Old Age. The Minds therefore which they set at Ease, are only those of impenitent Criminals and Malefactors, and which, to the Good of Mankind, should be in perpetual Terror and Alarm.

I must confess, nothing is more usual than for a Free-Thinker, in Proportion as the Insolence of Scepticism is abated in him by Years and Knowledge, or humbled and beaten down by Sorrow or Sickness, to reconcile himself to the general Conceptions of reasonable Creatures; so that we frequently see the Apostates turning from the Revolt toward the End of their Lives, and employing the Refuse of their Parts in promoting those Truths which they had before endeavoured to invalidate.

The History of a Gentleman in *France* is very well known, who was so zealous a Promoter of Infidelity,

Infidelity, that he had got together a ſelect Company of Diſciples, and travelled into all Parts of the Kingdom to make Converts. In the Midſt of his fantaſtical Succeſs he fell ſick, and was reclaimed to ſuch a Senſe of his Condition, that after he had paſſed ſome Time in great Agonies and Horrors of Mind, he begged thoſe who had the Care of burying him, to dreſs his Body in the Habit of a Capuchin, that the Devil might not run away with it. And to do further Juſtice upon himſelf, deſired 'em to tie an Halter about his Neck, as a Mark of that ignominious Puniſhment, which in his own Thoughts he had ſo juſtly deſerved.

I would not have Perſecution ſo far diſgraced, as to wiſh theſe Vermin might be animadverted on by any Legal Penalties; tho' I think it would be highly reaſonable, that thoſe few of them who die in the Profeſſions of their Infidelity, ſhould have ſuch Tokens of Infamy fixed upon them, as might diſtinguiſh thoſe Bodies which are given up by the Owners to Oblivion and Putrefaction, from thoſe which reſt in Hope, and ſhall riſe in Glory. But at the ſame Time that I am againſt doing them the Honour of the Notice of our Laws, which ought not to ſuppoſe there are ſuch Criminals in Being, I have often wondered, how they can be tolerated in any mixed Converſations while they are venting theſe abſurd Opinions; and ſhould think, that if on any ſuch Occaſion, half a Dozen of the moſt robuſt Chriſtians in the Company would lead one of theſe Gentlemen to a Pump, or convey him into a Blanket, they would do very good Service both to Church and State. I do not know how the Laws ſtand in this Particular; but I hope, whatever Knocks, Bangs or Thumps, might be given with ſuch an honeſt Intention, would not be conſtrued as a Breach of the Peace. I dare ſay, they would not be

returned by the Perſon who receives them; for whatever theſe Fools may ſay in the Vanity of their Hearts, they are too wiſe to riſque their Lives upon the Uncertainty of their Opinions.

When I was a young Man about this Town, I frequented the Ordinary of the *Black-Horſe* in *Holbourn*, where the Perſon that uſually preſided at the Table was a rough old-faſhioned Gentleman, who, according to the Cuſtom of thoſe Times, had been the Major and Preacher of a Regiment. It happened one Day that a noiſy young Officer, bred in *France*, was venting ſome new-fangled Notions, and ſpeaking, in the Gaiety of his Humour, againſt the Diſpenſations of Providence. The Major at firſt only deſired him to talk more reſpectfully of one for whom all the Company had an Honour; but finding him run on in his Extravagance, began to reprimand him after a more ſerious Manner. Young Man, ſaid he, do not abuſe your Benefactor whilſt you are eating his Bread. Conſider whoſe Air you breathe, whoſe Preſence you are in, and who it is that gave you the Power of that very Speech which you make uſe of to his Diſhonour. The young Fellow, who thought to turn Matters into a Jeſt, asked him, if he was going to preach? But at the ſame Time deſired him to take Care what he ſaid when he ſpoke to a Man of Honour. A Man of Honour, ſays the Major, Thou art an Infidel and a Blaſphemer, and I ſhall uſe thee as ſuch. In ſhort, the Quarrel ran ſo high, that the Major was deſired to walk out. Upon their coming into the Garden, the old Fellow adviſed his Antagoniſt to conſider the Place into which one Paſs might drive him; but finding him grow upon him to a Degree of Scurrility, as believing the Advice proceeded from Fear; Sirrah, ſays he, If a Thunderbolt does not ſtrike thee dead before I come at thee, I ſhall not fail to chaſtiſe thee for thy Profaneneſs

nefs to thy Maker, and thy Sawcinefs to his Servant. Upon this he drew his Sword, and cried out with a loud Voice, *The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon*; which fo terrified his Antagonift, that he was immediately difarmed, and thrown upon his Knees. In this Pofture he begged his Life; but the Major refufed to grant it, before he had asked Pardon for his Offence in a fhort extemporary Prayer which the old Gentleman dictated to him upon the Spot, and which his Profelyte repeated after him in the Prefence of the whole Ordinary, that were now gathered about him in the Garden.

The TATLER. [N° 136.

Deprendi miferum eft: Fabio vel judice vincam. Hor.

From *Saturday Febr.* 18. to *Tuefday Febr.* 21. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houfe, February 18.

The Hiftory of Tom. Varnifh.

BECAUSE I have a profeffed Averfion to long Beginnings of Stories, I will go into this at once, by telling you, That there dwells near the *Royal-Exchange* as happy a Couple as ever enter'd into Wedlock. Thefe live in that mutual Confidence of each other, which renders the Satisfactions of Marriage even greater than thofe of Friendfhip, and makes Wife and Hufband the deareft Appellations of Humane Life. Mr. *Ballance* is a Merchant of good Confideration, and underftands the World not from Speculation, but Practice. His Wife is the Daughter of an honeft Houfe, ever bred in a Family-Way; and has, from a natural good Underftanding, and great Innocence, a Freedom which

Men

Men of Sense know to be the certain Sign of Virtue, and Fools take to be an Encouragement to Vice.

Tom. Varnish, a young Gentleman of the *Middle-Temple*, by the Bounty of a good Father who was so obliging as to die, and leave him in his Twenty fourth Year, besides a good Estate, a large Sum, which lay in the Hands of Mr. *Ballance*, had by this Means an Intimacy at his House; and being one of those hard Students who read Plays for Improvement in the Law, took his Rules of Life from thence. Upon mature Deliberation, he conceived it very proper, that he, as a Man of Wit and Pleasure of the Town, should have an Intrigue with his Merchant's Wife. He no sooner thought of this Adventure, but he began it by an amorous Epistle to the Lady, and a faithful Promise to wait upon her, at a certain Hour the next Evening, when he knew her Husband was to be absent.

The Letter was no sooner received, but it was communicated to the Husband, and produced no other Effect in him, than that he joined with his Wife to raise all the Mirth they could out of this fantastical Piece of Gallantry. They were so little concerned at this dangerous Man of Mode, that they plotted Ways to perplex him without hurting him. *Varnish* comes exactly at his Hour; and the Lady's well acted Confusion at his Entrance, gave him Opportunity to repeat some Couplets very fit for the Occasion with very much Grace and Spirit. His Theatrical Manner of making Love was interrupted by an Alarm of the Husband's coming; and the Wife, in a personated Terror, beseeched him. If he had any Value for the Honour of a Woman that loved him, he would jump out of the Window. He did so, and fell upon Feather-Beds placed on purpose to receive him.

It is not to be conceived how great the Joy of an amorous Man is when he has suffered for his Mistress, and is never the worse for it. *Varnish* the next Day writ a most excellent Billet, wherein he said all that Imagination could form upon the Occasion. He violently protested, going out of the Window was no Way terrible, but as it was going from her; with several other kind Expressions, which procured him a Second Assignation. Upon his second Visit, he was conveyed by a faithful Maid into her Bed-Chamber, and left there to expect the Arrival of her Mistress. But the Wench, according to her Instructions, ran in again to him, and locked the Door after her to keep out her Master. She had just Time enough to convey the Lover into a Chest before she admitted the Husband and his Wife into the Room.

You may be sure that Trunk was absolutely necessary to be open'd; but upon her Husband's ordering it, she assured him, she had taken all the Care imaginable in packing up the Things with her own Hand, and he might send the Trunk aboard as soon as he thought fit. The easie Husband believed his Wife, and the good Couple went to Bed; *Varnish* having the Happiness to pass the Night in his Mistress's Bed-Chamber without Molestation. The Morning arose, but our Lover was not well situated to observe her Blushes; so that all we know of his Sentiments on this Occasion, is, That he heard *Ballance* ask for the Key, and say, he would himself go with this Chest, and have it opened before the Captain of the Ship, for the greater Safety of so valuable a Lading.

The Goods were hoisted away, and Mr. *Ballance* marching by his Chest with great Care and Diligence, omitted nothing that might give his Passenger Perplexity. But to consummate all, he delivered the Chest, with strict Charge,

in case they were in Danger of being taken, to throw it over-board, for there were Letters in it, the Matter of which might be of great Service to the Enemy.

N. B. It is not thought advisable to proceed further in this Account, Mr. *Varnish* being just returned from his Travels, and willing to conceal the Occasion of his first applying himself to the Languages.

St. James's Coffee-house, Febr. 20.

This Day came in a Mail from *Holland*, with a Confirmation of our late Advices, That a Treaty of Peace would very suddenly be set on Foot, and that Yachts were appointed by the States to convey the Ministers of *France* from *Moerdyke* to *Gertruydenburgh*, which is appointed for the Place wherein this important Negotiation is to be transacted. It is said, This Affair has been in Agitation ever since the Close of the last Campaign; Monsieur *Petticum* having been appointed to receive from Time to Time the Overtures of the Enemy. During the whole Winter, the Ministers of *France* have used their utmost Skill in forming such Answers as might amuse the Allies, in Hopes of a favourable Event; either in the *North*, or some other Part of *Europe*, which might affect some Part of the Alliance too nearly to leave it in a Capacity of adhering firmly to the Interest of the whole. In all this Transaction, the *French* King's own Name has been as little made use of as possible: But the Season of the Year advancing too fast to admit of much longer Delays in the present Condition of *France*, Monsieur *Torci*, in the Name of the King, sent a Letter to Monsieur *Petticum*, wherein he says, *That the King is willing all the Preliminary Articles shall rest as they are during the Treaty for the* 37*th*.

Upon the Receipt of this Advice, Passports were sent to the *French* Court, and their Mini-

ſters are expected at *Moerdyke* on the 5th of the next Month.

Sheer-Lane, February 20.

I have been earneſtly ſolicited for a further Term, for wearing the Fardingal by ſeveral of the Fair Sex, but more eſpecially by the following Petitioners.

The humble Petition of Deborah Hark, Sarah Threadpaper, *and* Rachel Thimble, *Spinſters, and ſingle Women, commonly called Waiting-Maids, in Behalf of themſelves and their Siſterhood;*

Sheweth,

'THat your Worſhip hath been pleaſed to 'order and command, That no Perſon or 'Perſons ſhall preſume to wear quilted Petti-'coats, on Forfeiture of the ſaid Petticoats, or 'Penalty of wearing Ruffs, after the 17th In-'ſtant now expired.

'That your Petitioners have Time out of 'Mind been entitled to wear their Ladies Clothes, 'or to ſell the ſame.

'That the Sale of the ſaid Clothes is ſpoiled 'by your Worſhip's ſaid Prohibition.

'Your Petitioners therefore moſt humbly 'pray, That your Worſhip would pleaſe to al-'low, That all Gentlewomen's Gentlewomen 'may be allowed to wear the ſaid Dreſs, or 'to repair the Loſs of ſuch a Perquiſite in ſuch 'Manner as your Worſhip ſhall think fit.

And your Petitioner, &c.

I do allow the Allegations of this Petition to be juſt, and forbid all Perſons but the Petitioners, or thoſe who ſhall purchaſe from them, to wear the ſaid Garment after the Date hereof.

The

The TATLER. [Nº 137.

Ter Centum tonat Ore Deos Erebumq; Chaosq;
Tergeminamq; Hecaten. ——— Virg.

From *Tuesd. Febr.* 21. to *Thursd. Febr.* 23. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, February 22.

DICK *Reptile* and I sat this Evening later than the rest of the Club; and as some Men are better Company when only with one Friend, others when there is a large Number, I found *Dick* to be of the former Kind. He was bewailing to me in very just Terms, the Offences which he frequently met with in the Abuse of Speech: Some use Ten Times more Words than they need, some put in Words quite foreign to their Purpose, and others adorn their Discourses with Oaths and Blasphemies by Way of Tropes and Figures.. What my good Friend started, dwelt upon me after I came Home this Evening, and led me into an Enquiry with my self, Whence should arise such strange Excrescencies in Discourse? Whereas it must be obvious to all reasonable Beings, That the sooner a Man speaks his Mind, the more complaisant he is to the Man with whom he talks: But upon mature Deliberation, I am come to this Resolution, That for One Man who speaks to be understood, there are Ten who talk only to be admired.

The ancient *Greeks* had little independent Syllables called Expletives, which they brought into their Discourses both in Verse and Prose, for no other Purpose but for the better Grace and Sound of their Sentences and Periods. I know no Example but this which can authorise the Use of

more

more Words than are necessary. But whether it be from this Freedom taken by that wise Nation, or however it arises, *Dick Reptile* hit upon a very just and common Cause of Offence in the Generality of the People of all Orders. We have one here in our Lane who speaks nothing without quoting an Authority; for it is always with him, So and so, *as the Man said*. He asked me this Morning, How I did? *as the Man said*; and hoped I would come now and then to see him, *as the Man said*. I am acquainted with another, who never delivers himself upon any Subject, but he cries, He only speaks his *poor Judgment*; this is his humble Opinion; or as for his Part, if he might presume to offer any Thing on that Subject. But of all the Persons who add Elegancies and Superfluities to their Discourses, those who deserve the foremost Rank, are the Swearers; and the Lump of these may, I think, be very aptly divided into the common Distinction of High and Low. Dulness and Barrenness of Thought is the Original of it in both these Sects, and they differ only in Constitution: The Low is generally a phlegmatick, and the High a cholerick Coxcomb. The Man of Phlegm is sensible of the Emptiness of his Discourse, and will tell you, That *I'fackings*, such a Thing is true: Or if you warm him a little, he may turn into Passion, and cry, *Odsbodikins*, you do not say right. But the High affects a Sublimity in Dulness, and invokes Hell and Damnation at the Breaking of a Glass, or the Slowness of a Drawer.

I was the other Day trudging along *Fleetstreet* on Foot, and an old Army-Friend came up with me. We were both going towards *Westminster*, and finding the Streets were so crowded that we could not keep together, we resolved to club for a Coach. This Gentleman I knew to be the First of the Order of the Cholerick. I must confess, (were there no Crime in it) nothing could

be

be more diverting than the Impertinence of the High Juror: For whether there is Remedy or not against what offends him, ſtill he is to ſhow he is offended; and he muſt ſure not omit to be magnificently paſſionate, by falling on all Things in his Way. We were ſtopp'd by a Train of Coaches at *Temple-Bar*. What the Devil! (ſays my Companion) cannot you drive on Coachman? D---n you all, for a Set of Sons of Whores, you will ſtop here to be paid by the Hour! There is not ſuch a Set of confounded Dogs as the Coachmen unhang'd! But theſe raſcally Cits--- 'Ounds, why ſhould not there be a Tax to make theſe Dogs widen their Gates? Oh! but the Hell-hounds move at laſt. Ay, ſaid I, I knew you wou'd make 'em whip on if once they heard you--- No, ſays he; but would it not fret a Man to the Devil, to pay for being carried ſlower than he can walk. Lookee, there is for ever a Stop at this Hole by St. *Clement's* Church. Blood, you Dog!--- Harkee, Sirrah, --- Why, and be d---n'd to you, do not you drive over that Fellow? ---- Thunder, Furies, and Damnation! I'll cut your Ears off, you Fellow before there.--- Come hither, you Dog you, and let me ring your Neck round your Shoulders. We had a Repetition of the ſame Eloquence at the *Cockpit*, and the Turning into *Palace Yard*.

This gave me a perfect Image of the Inſignificancy of the Creatures who practiſe this Enormity; and made me conclude, That it is ever Want of Senſe makes a Man guilty in this Kind. It was excellently well ſaid, That this Folly had no Temptation to excuſe it, no Man being born of a Swearing Conſtitution. In a Word, a few rumbling Words and Conſonants clapped together, without any Senſe, will make an accompliſhed Swearer: And it is needleſs to dwell long upon this Bluſtring Impertinence, which is already baniſhed out of the Society of well-bred Men,

Men, and can be useful only to Bullies and ill Tragick Writers, who would have Sound and Noise pass for Courage and Sense.

St. James's Coffee house, Feb. 22.

There arrived a Messenger last Night from *Harwich*, who left that Place just as the Duke of *Marlborough* was going on Board. The Character of this important General going out by the Command of his Queen, and at the Request of his Country, put me in Mind of that noble Figure which *Shakespear* gives *Harry* the Fifth upon his Expedition against *France*. The Poet wishes for Abilities to represent so great an Hero.

Oh for a Muse of Fire! [says he]
Then should the Warlike Harry, *like himself,*
Assume the Port of Mars; *and at his Heels,*
Leash'd in, like Hounds, should Famine, Sword [*and Fire,*
Crouch for Employments.

A Conqueror drawn like the God of Battle, with such a dreadful Leash of Hell-hounds at his Command, makes a Picture of as much Majesty and Terror, as it is to be met with in any Poet.

Shakespear understood the Force of this particular Allegory so well, that he had it in his Thoughts in another Passage, which is altogether as Daring and Sublime as the former. What I mean, is in the Tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*, where *Antony*, after having foretold the Bloodshed and Destruction that should be brought upon the Earth by the Death of that great Man; to fill up the Horror of his Description, adds the following Verses:

And Cæsar's *Spirit ranging for Revenge,*
With Ate *by his Side, come hot from Hell,*
Shall in these Confines, with a Monarch's Voice,
Cry Havock; *and let slip the Dogs of War.*

I do not question but these Quotations will call to Mind in my Readers of Learning and Tast,

that imaginary Person described by *Virgil* with the same Spirit. He mentions it upon the Occasion of a Peace which was restored to the *Roman* Empire, and which we may now hope for from the Departure of that great Man who has given Occasion to these Reflections. The Temple of *Janus* (says he) shall be shut, and in the Midst of it Military Fury shall sit upon a Pile of broken Arms, loaded with an Hundred Chains, bellowing with Madness, and grinding his Teeth in Blood.

Claudentur Belli Portæ, Furor impius intus
Sæva sedens super Arma, & Centum vinctus ahenis
Post Tergum nodis, fremit horridus Ore cruento.

' *Janus* himself before his Fane shall wait,
' And keep the dreadful Issues of his Gate,
' With Bolts and Iron Bars. Within remains
' Imprison'd Fury bound in Brazen Chains;
' High on a Trophy rais'd of useless Arms,
' He sits, and threats the World with vain Alarms.
Dryden.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Tickets which were delivered out for the Benefit of Senior Nicolini Grimaldi *on the 24th Instant, will be taken on* Thursday *the 2d of* March, *his Benefit being deferred till that Day.*

N. B. *In all Opera's for the future, where it thunders and lightens in proper Time and in Tune, the Matter of the said Lightning is to be of the finest Rosin; and, for the Sake of Harmony, the same which is used to the best* Cremona *Fiddles.*

Note also, That the True Perfumed Lightning is only prepared and sold by Mr. Charles Lillie, *at the Corner of* Beauford-Buildings.

The Lady who has chosen Mr. Bickerstaff *for her Valentine, and is at a Loss what to present him with, is desired to make him, with her own Hands, a warm Nightcap.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 138.

Secretosq; Pios, his dantem Jura Catonem. Virg.

From *Thursd. Febr.* 23. to *Saturd. Febr.* 25. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, February 24.

IT is an Argument of a clear and worthy Spirit in a Man to be able to disengage himself from the Opinions of others, so far as not to let the Deference due to the Sense of Mankind insnare him to act against the Dictates of his own Reason. But the Generality of the World are so far from walking by any such Maxim, that it is almost a standing Rule to do as others do, or be ridiculous. I have heard my old Friend Mr. *Hart* speak it as an Observation among the Players, That it is impossible to act with Grace, except the Actor has forgot that he is before an Audience. Till he has arrived at that, his Motion, his Air, his every Step and Gesture, has something in them which discovers he is under a Restraint for Fear of being ill received; or if he considers himself as in the Presence of those who approve his Behaviour, you see an Affectation of that Pleasure run through his whole Carriage. It is as common in Life, as upon the Stage, to behold a Man in the most indifferent Action betray a Sense he has of doing what he is about gracefully. Some have such an immoderate Relish for Applause, that they expect it for Things, which in themselves are so frivolous, that it is impossible, without this Affectation, to make them appear worthy either of Blame or Praise. There is *Will Glare*, so passionately intent upon being admired, that

that when you fee him in publick Places, every Mufcle of his Face difcovers his Thoughts are fixed upon the Confideration of what Figure he makes. He will often fall into a mufing Pofture to attract Obfervation, and is then obtruding himfelf upon the Company when he pretends to be withdrawn from it. Such little Arts are the certain and infallible Tokens of a fuperficial Mind, as the avoiding Obfervation is the Sign of a great and fublime one. It is therefore extremely difficult for a Man to judge even of his own Actions, without forming to himfelf an Idea of what he fhould act, were it in his Power to execute all his Defires without the Obfervation of the reft of the World. There is an Allegorical Fable in *Plato*, which feems to admonifh us, That we are very little acquainted with our felves, while we know our Actions are to pafs the Cenfures of others; but had we the Power to accomplifh all our Wifhes unobferved, we fhould then eafily inform our felves how far we are poffeffed of Real and Intrinfick Virtue. The Fable I was going to mention, is that of *Gyges*, who is faid to have had an inchanted Ring, which had in it a miraculous Quality, making him who wore it vifible or invifible, as he turned it to or from his Body. The Ufe *Gyges* made of his occafional Invifibility, was, by the Advantage of it, to violate a Queen, and murder a King. *Tully* takes Notice of this Allegory, and fays very handfomly, That a Man of Honour who had fuch a Ring, would act juft in the fame Manner as he would do without it. It is indeed no fmall Pitch of Virtue under the Temptation of Impunity, and the Hopes of accomplifhing all a Man's Defires, not to tranfgrefs the Rules of Juftice and Virtue; but this rather not being an ill Man, than being pofitively a good one; and it feems wonderful, that fo great a Soul as that of *Tully*, fhould not form to himfelf a Thoufand worthy Actions

4 which

which a virtuous Mind would be prompted to by the Possession of such a Secret. There are certainly some Part of Mankind who are Guardian Beings to the other. *Sallust* could say of *Cato*, *That he had rather be than appear good*; but indeed, this Eulogium rose no higher than (as I just now hinted) to an Inoffensiveness, rather than an active Virtue. Had it occurred to the noble Orator to represent, in his Language, the glorious Pleasures of a Man secretly employed in Beneficence and Generosity, it would certainly have made a more charming Page than any he has now left behind him. How might a Man, furnished with *Gyges*'s Secret, employ it in bringing together distant Friends, laying Snares for creating Good-will in the room of groundless Hatred; in removing the Pangs of an unjust Jealousy, the Shyness of an imperfect Reconciliation, and the Tremor of an awful Love? Such a one could give Confidence to bashful Merit, and Confusion to over-bearing Impudence.

Certain it is, That secret Kindnesses done to Mankind, are as beautiful as secret Injuries are detestable. To be invisibly good, is as God-like, as to be invisibly ill, Diabolical. As degenerate as we are apt to say the Age we live in is, there are still amongst us Men of illustrious Minds, who enjoy all the Pleasures of good Actions, except that of being commended for them. There happens among others very worthy Instances of a publick Spirit, one of which I am obliged to discover, because I know not otherwise how to obey the Commands of the Benefactor. A Citizen of *London* has given Directions to Mr. *Rainer*, the Writing Master of *Paul*'s School, to educate at his Charge Ten Boys (who shall be nominated by me) in Writing and Accompts, till they shall be fit for any Trade. I desire therefore such as know any proper Objects for receiving this Bounty, to give Notice thereof to Mr. *Mor-*

Mr. *Morphew*, or Mr. *Lillie*, and they ſhall, if properly qualified, have Inſtructions accordingly.

Actions of this Kind have in them ſomething ſo tranſcendent, that it is an Injury to applaud them, and a Diminution of that Merit which conſiſts in ſhunning our Approbation. We ſhall therefore leave them to enjoy that glorious Obſcurity, and ſilently admire their Virtue, who can contemn the moſt delicious of Humane Pleaſures, that of receiving due Praiſe. Such Celeſtial Diſpoſitions very juſtly ſuſpend the Diſcovery of their Benefactions, till they come where their Actions cannot be miſinterpreted, and receive their firſt Congratulations in the Company of Angels.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Mr. Bickerſtaff, *by a Letter bearing Date this 24th of* February, *has received Information, That there are in and about the* Royal-Exchange *a Sort of Perſons commonly known by the Name of* Whetters, *who drink themſelves into an intermediate State of being neither drunk or ſober before the Hours of 'Change, or Buſineſs, and in that Condition buy and ſell Stocks, diſcount Notes, and do many other Acts of well-diſpoſed Citizens; This is to give Notice, That from this Day forward, no* Whetter *ſhall be able to give or endorſe any Note, or execute any other Point of Commerce, after the 3d half Pint, before the Hour of One: And whoever ſhall tranſact any Matter or Matters with a* Whetter, *(not being himſelf of that Order) ſhall be conducted to* Moorfields *upon the firſt Application of his next a kin.*

N. B. *No Tavern near the* 'Change *ſhall deliver Wine to ſuch as drink at the Bar ſtanding, except the ſame ſhall be three Parts of the beſt Cyder; and the Maſter of the Houſe ſhall produce a Certificate of the ſame from Mr.* Tintoret, *or ſome other credible Wine-Painter.*

Whereas

Whereas the Model of the intended Bedlam *is now finiſhed, and that the Edifice it ſelf will be very ſuddenly begun; it is deſired, That all ſuch as have Relations, whom they would recommend to our Care, would bring in their Proofs with all ſpeed, none being to be admitted of courſe but Lovers, who are put into an immediate* Regimen. *Young Politicians alſo are received without Fees or Examination.*

The TATLER. [N° 139.

—— *Nihil eſt quod credere de ſe*
Non poſſit, cum laudatur Diis æqua Poteſtas. Juv.

From *Saturd. Febr.* 25. to *Tueſday. Febr.* 28. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, Febuary 27.

WHEN I reflect upon the many Nights I have ſat up for ſome Months laſt paſt in the greateſt Anxiety for the Good of my Neighbours and Contemporaries, it is no ſmall Diſcouragement to me, to ſee how ſlow a Progreſs I make in the Reformation of the World. But indeed I muſt do my Female Readers the Juſtice to own, that their tender Hearts are much more ſuſceptible of good Impreſſions, than the Minds of the other Sex. Buſineſs and Ambition take up Mens Thoughts too much to leave Room for Philoſophy: But if you ſpeak to Women in a Style and Manner proper to approach them, they never fail to improve by your Counſel. I ſhall therefore for the Future turn my Thoughts more particularly to their Service, and ſtudy the beſt Methods to adorn their Perſons, and inform their Minds in the juſteſt Methods to make them what

Nature designed them, the most beauteous Objects of our Eyes, and the most agreeable Companions of our Lives. But when I say this, I must not omit at the same Time to look into their Errors and Mistakes, that being the readiest Way to the intended End of adorning and instructing them. It must be acknowledged, That the very Inadvertencies of this Sex are owing to the other; for if Men were not Flatterers, Women could not fall into that general Cause of all their Follies, and our Misfortunes, their Love of Flattery. Were the Commendation of these agreeable Creatures built upon its proper Foundation, the higher we rais'd their Opinion of themselves, the greater would be the Advantage to our Sex; but all the Topick of Praise is drawn from very senseless and extravagant Idea's we pretend we have of their Beauty and Perfection. Thus when a young Man falls in Love with a young Woman, from that Moment she is no more Mrs. *Alice* such a one, born of such a Father, and educated by such a Mother; but from the first Minute that he cast his Eye upon her with Desire, he conceives a Doubt in his Mind, What Heavenly Power gave so unexpected a Blow to an Heart that was ever before untouched. But who can resist Fate and Destiny, which are lodged in Mrs. *Alice*'s Eyes? After which he desires Orders accordingly, Whether he is to live or breathe; the Smile or Frown of his Goddess is the only Thing that can now either save or destroy him. By this Means, the well-humoured Girl, that would have romped with him before she received this Declaration, assumes a State suitable to the Majesty he has given her, and treats him as the Vassal he calls himself. The Girl's Head is immediately turned by having the Power of Life and Death, and takes care to suit every Motion and Air to her new Sovereignty. After he has placed himself at this Distance, he

must

must never hope to recover his former Familiarity, 'till she has had the Addresses of another, and found them less sincere.

If the Application to Women were justly turned, the Address of Flattery, tho' it implied at the same Time an Admonition, would be much more likely to succeed. Should a captivated Lover, in a Billet, let his Mistress know, That her Piety to her Parents, her Gentleness of Behaviour, her prudent Oeconomy with respect to her own little Affairs in a Virgin Condition, had improved the Passion which her Beauty had inspired him with, into so settled an Esteem for her, that of all Women breathing he wished her his Wife; tho' his commending her for Qualities she knew she had as a Virgin, would make her believe he expected from her an answerable Conduct in the Character of a Matron: I will answer for it, his Suit would be carried on with less Perplexity.

Instead of this, the Generality of our young Women, taking all their Notions of Life from gay Writings, or Letters of Love, consider themselves as Goddesses, Nymphs, and Shepherdesses.

By this Romantick Sense of Things, all the natural Relations and Duties of Life are forgotten, and our Female Part of Mankind are bred and treated, as if they were designed to inhabit the happy Fields of *Arcadia*, rather than be Wives and Mothers in old *England*. It is indeed long since I had the Happiness to converse familiarly with this Sex, and therefore have been fearful of falling into the Error which recluse Men are very subject to, that of giving false Representations of the World from which they have retired, by imaginary Schemes drawn from their own Reflections. An old Man cannot easily gain Admittance into the Dressing-room of Ladies; I therefore thought it Time well spent, to turn over *Agrippa*, and use all my occult Art, to give my old Cor-

nelian Ring the ſame Force with that of *Gyges*, which I have lately ſpoken of. By the Help of this, I went unobſerved to a Friend's Houſe of mine, and followed the Chamber-maid inviſibly about Twelve of the Clock into the Bed-chamber of the beauteous *Flavia*, his fine Daughter, juſt before ſhe got up.

I drew the Curtains, and being wrapped up in the Safety of my old Age, could with much Pleaſure, without Paſſion, behold her ſleeping with *Waller's* Poems, and a Letter fixed in that Part of him, where every Woman thinks her ſelf deſcribed. The Light flaſhing upon her Face, awakened her: She opened her Eyes, and her Lips too, repeating that Piece of falſe Wit in that admired Poet;

Such Helen *was, And who can blame the Boy,*
That in ſo bright a Flame conſum'd his Troy?

This ſhe pronounced with a moſt bewitching Sweetneſs; but after it fetched a Sigh, that methought had more Deſire than Languiſhment, then took out her Letter, and read aloud, for the Pleaſure, I ſuppoſe, of hearing ſoft Words in Praiſe of her ſelf, the following Epiſtle.

Madam,

I *Sat near you at the* Opera *laſt Night; but knew no Entertainment from the vain Show and Noiſe about me, while I waited wholly intent upon the Motion of your bright Eyes, in Hopes of a Glance, that might reſtore me to the Pleaſure of Sight and Hearing in the Midſt of Beauty and Harmony. It is ſaid, the Hell of the Accurſed in the next Life ariſes from an Incapacity to partake the Joys of the Bleſſed, though they were to be admitted to them. Such I am ſure was my Condition all this Evening; and if you, my Deity, cannot have ſo much Mercy as to make me by your Influence capable of taſtin[g]*
th

the Satisfactions of Life, my Being is ended, which consisted only in your Favour.

The Letter was hardly read over, when she rush'd out of Bed in her Wrapping-Gown, and consulted her Glass for the Truth of his Passion. She raised her Head, and turned it to a Profile, repeating the last Lines, *My Being is ended, which consisted only in your Favour.* The Goddess immediately called her Maid, and fell to dressing that mischievous Face of hers, without any Manner of Consideration for the Mortal who had offered up his Petition. Nay, it was so far otherwise, that the whole Time of her Woman's combing her Hair was spent in Discourse of the Impertinence of his Passion, and ended, in declaring a Resolution, if she ever had him, to make him wait. She also frankly told the Favorite Gypsy that was prating to her, that her passionate Lover had put it out of her Power to be civil to him, if she were inclined to it; for (said she) if I am thus Cælestial to my Lover, he will certainly so far think himself disappointed, as I grow into the Familiarity and Form of a mortal Woman.

I came away as I went in, without staying for other Remarks than what confirmed me in the Opinion, That it is from the Notions the Men inspire them with, that the Women are so fantastical in the Value of themselves. This imaginary Pre-eminence which is given to the Fair Sex, is not only form'd from the Addresses of People of Condition; but it is the Fashion and Humour of all Orders to go regularly out of their Wits, as soon as they begin to make Love. I know at this Time Three Goddesses in the *New-Exchange*; and there are Two Shepherdesses that sell Gloves in *Westminster-Hall.*

The TATLER. [Nº 140.

—— *Aliena Negotia centum*
Per Caput & circumsaliunt latus. Hor.

From *Tuesd. Febr.* 28. to *Thursd. March* 2, 1709.

Sheer-Lane, March 1.

HAVING the Honour to be by my Great Grandmother a *Welshman*, I have been among some choice Spirits of that Part of *Great Britain*, where we solaced our selves in Celebration of the Day of St. *David*. I am, I confess, elevated above that State of Mind which is proper for Lucubration: But I am the less concerned at this, because I have for this Day or two last past observed, that we Novelists have been condemned wholly to the Pastry-Cooks, the Eyes of the Nation being Turned upon greater Matters. This therefore being a Time when none but my immediate Correspondents will read me, I shall speak to them chiefly at this present Writing. It is the Fate of us who pretend to joke, to be frequently understood to be only upon the Drole when we are speaking the most seriously, as appears by the following Letter to *Charles Lillie*.

Mr. *Lillie*, *London*, 8 *Feb.* 17$\frac{09}{10}$

'IT being professed by 'Squire *Bickerstaff*, that 'his Intention is to expose the Vices and Fol- 'lies of the Age, and to promote Virtue and Good- 'will amongst Mankind; it must be a Comfort 'to a Person labouring under great Straits and 'Difficulties, to read any Thing that has the 'Appearance of Succour. I should be glad to 'know therefore, whether the Intelligence given 'in his *Tatler* of *Saturday* last, of the intended

'Cha-

'Charity of a certain Citizen of *London*, to 'maintain the Education of Ten Boys in Writing 'and Accompts till they be fit for Trade, be 'given only to encourage and recommend Per'sons to the Practice of such noble and chari'table Designs, or whether there be a Person 'who really intends to do so.' If the latter, I 'humbly beg 'Squire *Bickerstaff*'s Pardon for ma'king a Doubt, and impute it to my Ignorance; 'and most humbly crave, That he would be 'pleased to give Notice in his *Tatler*, when 'he thinks fit, whether his Nomination of Ten 'Boys be disposed of, or whether there be Room 'for Two Boys to be recommended to him; and 'that he will permit the Writer of this to pre'sent him with Two Boys, who, it is humbly 'presumed, will be judged to be very remarkable 'Objects of such Charity.

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

I am to tell this Gentleman in sober Sadness, and without Jest, That there really is so good and charitable a Man as the Benefactor enquired for in his Letter, and that there are but Two Boys yet named. The Father of one of them was killed at *Blenheim*, the Father of the other at *Almanza*. I do not here give the Names of the Children, because I should take it to be an Insolence in me to publish them, in a Charity which I have only the Direction of as a Servant, to that worthy and generous Spirit who bestows upon them this Bounty, without laying the Bondage of an Obligation. What I have to do is to tell them, they are beholden only to their Maker, to kill in them as they grow up the false Shame of Poverty; and let them know, That their present Fortune, which is come upon them by the Loss of their poor Fathers on so glorious Occasions, is much more honourable, than the Inheritance of the most ample ill-gotten Wealth.

The next Letter which lies before me is from a Man of Senſe, who ſtrengthens his own Authority with that of *Tully*, in perſwading me to what he very juſtly believes one cannot be averſe.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, *London*, 27 *Feb.* 1709.

'I am ſo confident of your Inclination to promote any Thing that is for the Advancement of liberal Arts, that I lay before you the following Tranſlation of a Paragraph in *Cicero's* Oration in Defence of *Archias* the Poet, as an Incentive to the agreeable and inſtructive Reading of the Writings of the *Auguſtan* Age. Moſt Vices and Follies proceed from a Man's Incapacity of entertaining himſelf, and we are generally Fools in Company, becauſe we dare not be wiſe alone. I hope on ſome future Occaſions, you will find this no barren Hint. *Tully*, after having ſaid very handſome Things of his Client, commends the Arts of which he was Maſter as follows:

'*If ſo much Profit be not reaped in the Study of Letters, and if Pleaſure only be found; yet, in my Opinion, this Relaxation of the Mind ſhould be eſteemed moſt humane and ingenuous. Other Things are not for all Ages, Places and Seaſons. Theſe Studies from Youth, delight Old Age, adorn Proſperity, and ſoften, and even remove Adverſity, entertain at Home, and no Hindrance Abroad; don't leave us at Night, and keep us Company on the Road and in the Country.*

'*I am,*

Your Humble Servant.
STREPHON.

The folllowing Epiſtle ſeems to want the quickeſt Diſpatch, becauſe a Lady is every Moment offended till it is anſwered; which is beſt done by letting the Offender ſee in her own Letter how tender ſhe is of calling him ſo.

SIR,

SIR,

'THIS comes from a Relation of yours, 'tho' unknown to you, who, besides the 'Tie of Consanguinity, has some Value for you 'on the Account of your Lucubrations, those 'being designed to refine our Conversation, as 'well as cultivate our Minds. I humbly beg the 'Favour of you, in one of your *Tatlers*, (after 'what Manner you please) to correct a parti-'cular Friend of mine, for an Indecorum he is 'guilty of in Discourse, of calling his Acquain-'tance, when he speaks of them, Madam: As 'for Example, my Cousin *Jenny Distaff*, Madam '*Distaff*; which I am sure you are sensible is very 'unpolite, and 'tis what makes me often uneasy 'for him, though I cannot tell him of it my self, 'which makes me guilty of the Presumption, that 'I depend upon your Goodness to excuse; and I 'do assure you, the Gentleman will mind your 'Reprehension, for he is, as I am,

SIR,
Your most humble
Servant and Cousin,
Dorothy Drumstick.

I write this in a thin Under-Petticoat, and never did or will wear a Fardingal.

I had no sooner read the just Complaint of Mrs. *Drumstick*, but I received an urgent One from another of the Fair Sex, upon Faults of more pernicious Consequence.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*,

'OBserving that you are entered into a Cor-'respondence with *Pasquin*, who is, I sup-'pose, a Roman-Catholick, I beg of you to for-'bear giving him any Account of our Religion, 'or Manners, till you have rooted out certain 'Misbehaviours even in our Churches. Among 'others, that of Bowing, Saluting, taking Snuff

'and other Gestures. Lady *Autumn* made me 'a very low Courtesy the other Day from the 'next Pew, and, with the most courtly Air ima-'ginable, called her self, *Miserable Sinner.* Her 'Neece soon after, in saying, *Forgive us our 'Trespasses,* courtesy'd with a gloting Look at 'my Brother. He returned it, opening his Snuff-'box and repeating yet a more solemn Expression. 'I beg of you, good Mr. *Censor,* not to tell '*Pasquin* any Thing of this Kind, and to believe 'this does not come from one of a morose Tem-'per, mean Birth, rigid Education, narrow For-'tune, or Bigottry in Opinion, or from one in 'whom Time had worn out all Taste of Pleasure. 'I assure you, it is far otherwise, for I am pos-'sessed of all the contrary Advantages; and 'hope, Wealth, good Humour, and good Breed-'ing, may be best employed in the Service of 'Religion and Virtue; and desire you would, 'as soon as possible, remark upon the above-'mentioned Indecorums, that we may not longer 'transgress against the latter, to preserve our 'Reputation in the former.

Your Humble, Servant,

LIDIA.

The last Letter I shall insert is what follows. This is written by a very inquisitive Lady; and I think, such Interrogative Gentlewomen are to be answered no other Way than by Interrogation. Her Billet is this:

Dear Mr. Bickerstaff,

Are you quite as good as you seem to be?

Chloe.

To

'To which I can only anſwer;

Dear Chloe,

'Are you quite as ignorant as you ſeem to be?

I. B.

The TATLER. [N° 141.

From *Thurſd. March.* 2. to *Saturd. March.* 4. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, March 3.

WHILE the Attention of the Town is drawn aſide from the reading us Writers of News, we all ſave our ſelves againſt it is at more Leiſure. As for my own Part, I ſhall ſtill let the labouring Oar be managed by my Correſpondents, and fill my Paper with their Sentiments, rather than my own, 'till I find my Readers more diſengaged than they are at preſent. When I came Home this Evening, I found ſeveral Letters and Petitions, which I ſhall inſert with no other Order, than as I accidentally opened them, as follows:

SIR, *March* 1. 17$\frac{09}{10}$

'HAving a Daughter about Nine Years of 'Age, I would endeavour ſhe might have 'Education; I mean ſuch as may be uſeful, as 'working well, and a good Deportment. In 'order to it, I am perſuaded to place her at 'ſome Boarding-School, ſituate in a good Air. 'My Wife oppoſes it, and gives for her greateſt 'Reaſon, That ſhe is too much a Woman, 'and Underſtands the Formalities of Viſiting 'and a Tea-Table ſo very nicely, that none, 'tho' much older, can exceed her; and with all 'theſe Perfections, the Girl can ſcarce thread a

'Needle:

'Needle; But however, after several Arguments, we have agreed to be decided by your 'Judgment; and knowing your Abilities, shall 'manage our Daughter exactly as you shall 'please to direct. I am serious in my Request, 'and hope you will be so in your Answer, which 'will lay a deep Obligation upon,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

T. T.

Sir, pray answer it in your *Tatler*, that it may be serviceable to the Publick.

I am as serious on this Subject as my Correspondent can be, and am of Opinion, That the great Happiness or Misfortune of Mankind depends upon the Manner of Educating and Treating that Sex. I have lately said, I design to turn my Thoughts more particularly to them and their Service: I beg therefore a little Time to give my Opinion on so important a Subject, and desire the young Lady may fill Tea one Week longer, till I have considered whether she shall be removed or not.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*, *Chancery-Lane*, *Febr.* 27. 1709.

'YOUR Notice in the Advertisement in 'your *Tatler* of *Saturday* last about *Whetters* in and about the *Royal-Exchange*, is mightily taken Notice of by Gentlemen who use the 'Coffee-houses near the *Chancery-Office* in *Chancery-Lane*; and there being a particular certain Set of both young and old Gentlemen 'that belong to and near adjoining to the *Chancery-Office*, both in *Chancery-Lane* and *Bell-Yard*, 'that are not only *Whetters* all the Morning long, 'but very Musically given about Twelve at 'Night the same Days, and mightily taken with 'the Union of the Dulcimer, Violin, and Song; 'at which Recreation they rejoice together with

'perfect Harmony, however their Clients dis-
'agree: You are humbly desired by several
'Gentlemen to give some Regulation concerning
'them; in which you will contribute to the Re-
'pose of us, who are

Your very humble Servants,
L. T. N. F. T. W.

These *Whetters* are a People I have considered with much Pains, and find them to differ from a Sect I have heretofore spoken of, called *Snuff-Takers*, only in the Expedition they take in destroying their Brains: The *Whetter* is obliged to refresh himself every Moment with a Liquor, as the *Snuff-Taker* with a Powder. As for their Harmony in the Evening, I have nothing to object, provided they remove to *Wapping* or the *Bridge-Foot*, where it is not to be supposed that their Vociferations will annoy the Studious, the Busie, or the Contemplative. I once had Lodgings in *Gray*'s-*Inn*, where we had two hard Students, who learned to play upon the Hautboy; and I had a Couple of Chamber-Fellows over my Head not less diligent in the Practice of Back-Sword and Single-Rapier. I remember these Gentlemen were assigned by the Benchers the two Houses at the End of the Terras-Walk, as the only Places fit for their Meditations. Such Students as will let none improve but themselves, ought indeed to have their proper Distances from Societies.

The Gentlemen of loud Mirth above-mentioned I take to be, in the Quality of their Crime, the same as Eves-Droppers; for they who will be in your Company whether you will or no, are to as great a Degree Offenders, as they who hearken to what passes without being of your Company at all. The ancient Punishment for the latter, when I first came to

this

this Town, was the Blanket, which I humbly conceive may be as justly applied to him that bawls, as to him that listens. It is therefore provided for the future, That (except in the long Vacation) no Retainers to the Law, with Dulcimer, Violin, or any other Instrument, in any Tavern, within a Furlong of an Inn of Court, shall sing any Tune, or pretended Tune whatsoever, upon Pain of the Blanket, to be administred according to the Discretion of all such peaceable People as shall be within the Annoyance. And it is further directed, That all Clerks who shall offend in this kind shall forfeit their Indentures, and be turned over as Assistants to the Clerks of Parishes within the Bills of Mortality, who are hereby empowered to demand them accordingly.

I am not to omit the Receipt of the following Letter, with a Nightcap from my Valentine; which Nightcap, I find was finished in the Year 1588, and is too finely wrought to be of any modern Stitching. Its Antiquity will better appear by my Valentine's own Words.

SIR,

' SInce you are pleased to accept of so mean a ' Present as a Nightcap from your Valentine, ' I have sent you one, which I do assure you ' has been very much esteemed of in our Family; ' for my Great Grandmother's Daughter who ' worked it, was Maid of Honour to Queen *Elizabeth*, and had the Misfortune to lose her Life ' by pricking her Finger in the making of it, of ' which she bled to Death, as her Tomb now at ' *Westminster* will shew. For which Reason, my ' self, nor one of my Family, have loved Work ' ever since; otherwise you should have had one ' as you desired, made by the Hands of,

SIR,

Your affectionate Valentine.

To

To the Right Worshipful Isaac Bickerstaff *Esq*; *Censor of* Great Britain, *and Governor of the Hospital erected, or to be erected, in* Moorfields.

The Petition of the Inhabitants of the Parish of *Goatham* in the County of *Middlesex*;

Humbly sheweth,

'THAT whereas 'tis the undoubted Right ' of your said Petitioners to repair on every ' Lord's-Day to a Chapel of Ease in the said Pa- ' rish, there to be instructed in their Duties in ' the known or vulgar Tongue; yet so it is, ' (may it please your Worship) that the Preacher ' of the said Chapel has of late given himself ' wholly up to Matters of Controversy, in no ' wise tending to the Edification of your said ' Petitioners; and in handling (as he calls it) ' the same, has used divers hard and crabbed ' Words; such as, among many others, are *Or- ' thodox* and *Heterodox*, which are in no sort under- ' stood by your said Petitioners; and 'tis with Grief ' of Heart, that your Petitioners beg Leave to re- ' present to you, that in mentioning the aforesaid ' Words or Names, (the latter of which, as we ' have Reason to believe, is his deadly Enemy) ' he will fall into Ravings and Foamings, ill- ' becoming the Meekness of his Office, and ' tending to give Offence and Scandal to all good ' People.

' Your Petitioners further say, That they are ' ready to prove the aforesaid Allegations; and ' therefore humbly hope, that from a true Sense ' of their Condition, you will please to receive ' the said Preacher into the Hospital, 'till he ' shall recover a right Use of his Senses.

And your Petitioners, &c.

 The

The TATLER. [N° 142.

From *Saturd. March*. 4. to *Tuesd. March*. 7. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, March 6.

ALL Persons who employ themselves in Publick, are still interrupted in the Course of their Affairs: And it seems, the admired Cavalier *Nicolini* himself is commanded by the Ladies, who at present employ their Time with great Assiduity in the Care of the Nation, to put off his Day till he shall receive their Commands, and Notice that they are at Leisure for Diversions. In the mean Time it is not to be expressed, how many cold Chickens the Fair Ones have eaten since this Day Seven-night for the Good of their Country. This great Occasion has given Birth to many Discoveries of high Moment for the Conduct of Life. There is a Toast of my Acquaintance told me, She had now found out, that it was Day before Nine in the Morning; and I am very confident, if the Affair holds many Days longer, the Ancient Hours of Eating will be revived among us, many having by it been made acquainted with the Luxury of Hunger and Thirst.

There appears, methinks, something very venerable in all Assemblies: And I must confess, I envied all who had Youth and Health enough to make their Appearance there, that they had the Happiness of being a whole Day in the best Company in the World. During the Adjournments of that awful Court, a Neighbour of mine was telling me, That it give him a Notion of the ancient Grandeur of the *English* Hospitality,

lity, to see *Westminster-Hall* a Dining-Room. There is a Chearfulness at such Repasts, which is very delightful to Tempers which are so happy as to be clear of Spleen and Vapour; for to the Jovial to see others pleased, is the greatest of all Pleasures.

But since Age and Infirmities forbid my Appearance at such publick Places, the next Happiness is to make the best Use of Privacy, and acquit my self of the Demands of my Correspondents. The following Letter is what has given me no small Inquietude, it being an Accusation of Partiality, and Disregard to Merit, in the Person of a Vertuoso, who is the most eloquent of all Men upon small Occasions, and is the more to be admired for his prodigious Fertility of Invention, which never appears but upon Subjects which others would have thought barren. But in Consideration of his uncommon Talents, I am contented to let him be the Hero of my next Two Days, by inserting his Friend's Recommendation of him at large.

Dear Cousin, *Nando's, Febr.* 28. 1709.

'I Am just come out of the Country, and upon perusing your late Lucubrations; I find *Charles Lillie* to be the Darling of your Affections, that you have given him a Place, and taken no small Pains to establish him in the World; and at the same Time have passed by his Name-sake at this End of the Town, as if he was a Citizen defunct, and one of no Use in a Commonwealth. I must own, his Circumstances are so good, and so well known that he does not stand in Need of having his Fame published to the World; but being of an ambitious Spirit, and an aspiring Soul, he would be rather proud of the Honour, than desirous of the Profit, which might result from your Recommendation. He is a Person of a

'par-

' particular Genius, the first that brought Toys ' in Fashion, and Bawbles to Perfection. He is ' admirably well versed in Screws, Springs, and ' Hinges, and deeply read in Knives, Combs or ' Sciffars, Buttons or Buckles. He is a perfect ' Master of Words, which uttered with a smooth ' voluble Tongue, flow into a most perswasive ' Eloquence; insomuch that I have known a ' Gentleman of Distinction find several ingenious ' Faults with a Toy of his, and shew his utmost ' Dislike to it, as being either useless, or ill con-' trived; but when the Orator behind the ' Counter had harangued upon it for an Hour ' and a half, display'd its hidden Beauties, and ' revealed its secret Perfections, he has wondered ' how he had been able to spend so great a Part ' of his Life without so important an Utensil. I ' won't pretend to furnish out an Inventory of ' all the valuable Commodities that are to be ' found at his Shop.

' I shall content my self with giving an Ac-' count of what I think most curious. *Imprimis*, ' His Pocket-Books are very neat, and well con-' trived, not for keeping *Bank* Bills, or Gold-' smiths Notes, I confess; but they are admira-' ble for registring the Lodgings of *Madona's*, and ' for preserving Letters from Ladies of Quality: ' His Whips and Spurs are so nice, that they'll ' make one that buys them ride a Fox-hunting, ' though before he hated Noise and early Rising, ' and was afraid of breaking his Neck. His ' Seals are curiously fancied, and exquisitely ' well cut, and of great Use to encourage young ' Gentlemen to write a good Hand. *Ned Puzzle-' post* had been ill used by his Writing-Master, ' and writ a Sort of a *Chinese*, or downright ' *Scrawlian*: However, upon his buying a Seal ' of my Friend, he is so much improved by con-' tinual Writing, that it is believed in a short ' Time one may be able to read his Letters, and ' find

'find out his Meaning, whithout guessing. His 'Pistols and Fusees are so very good, that they 'are fit to be laid up among the finest *China*. 'Then his Tweezer-Cases are incomparable: 'You shall have one not much bigger than your 'Finger, with 17 several Instrumens in it, all 'necessary every Hour of the Day, during the 'whole Course of a Man's Life. But if this 'Vertuoso excels in one Thing more than ano-'ther, 'tis in Canes: He has spent his most se-'lect Hours in the Knowledge of them, and is 'arrived at that Perfection, that he is able 'to hold forth upon Canes longer than upon 'any one Subject in the World. Indeed his 'Canes are so finely clouded, and so well 'made up, either with Gold or Amber-Heads, 'that I am of the Opinion 'tis impossible for a 'Gentleman to walk, talk, sit, or stand as he 'should do, without one of them. He knows 'the Value of a Cane, by knowing the Value 'of the Buyer's Estate. Sir *Timothy Shallow* has 'Two Thousand Pounds *per Annum*, and *Tom. 'Empty* One, They both at several Times 'bought a Cane of *Charles*: Sir *Timothy*'s cost 'Ten Guinea's, and *Tom. Empty*'s Five. Upon 'comparing them, they were perfectly alike. 'Sir *Timothy* surprised there should be no Dif-'ference in the Canes, and so much in the 'Price comes to *Charles*. Damn, it, *Charles*, 'says he, you have sold me a Cane here for Ten 'Pieces, and the very same to *Tom Empty* for 'Five. Lord, Sir *Timothy*, says *Charles*, I am 'concerned that you, whom I took to under-'stand Canes better than any Baronet in Town, 'should be so overseen. Why, Sir *Timothy*, yours 'is a true *Jambee*, and Squire *Empty*'s only a 'plain Dragon.

'This Vertuoso has a Parcel of *Jambees* now 'growing in the *East-Indies*, where he keeps a 'Man on purpose to look after them, which will

'be

'be the fineft that ever landed in *Great-Britain*,
'and will be fit to cut about Two Years hence.
'Any Gentleman may fubfcribe for as many as
'he pleafes. Subfcrpitions will be taken in at
'his Shop at Ten Guinea's each Joint. They
'that fubfcribe for Six, fhall have a Dragon *gratis*.
'This is all I have to fay at prefent concerning
'*Charles's* Curiofities; and hope it may be fuf-
'ficient to prevail with you to take him into
'your Confideration, which if you comply with,
'you will oblige.

Your humble Servant.

'N. B. *Whereas there came out laft Term, feveral*
'*Gold Snuff-Boxes and others: This is to give No-*
'*tice, That* Charles *will put out a new Edition on*
'Saturday *next, which will be the only one in Fafhion*
'*till after* Eafter, *The Gentleman that gave Fifty*
'*Pounds for the Box fet with Diamonds, may fhew*
'*it till* Sunday *Night, provided he goes to Church;*
'*but not after that Time, there being one to be*
'*publifhed on* Monday *which will coft Fourfcore*
'*Guinea's*.

The TATLER. [N° 143.

From *Tuefd. March* 7. to *Thurfday. March* 9. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, March 8.

I Was this Afternoon furprifed with a Vifit from my Sifter *Jenny*, after an Abfence of fome Time. She had, methought in her Manner and Air, fomething that was a little below that of the Women of firft Breeding and Quality, but at the fame Time above the Simplicity and Familiarity of her ufual Deportment. As foon as fhe was feated, fhe began to talk to me of the odd Place

I lived

I lived in, and begged of me to remove out of the Lane where I have been ſo long acquainted; for (ſaid ſhe) it does ſo ſpoil one's Horſes, that I muſt beg your Pardon if you ſee me much ſeldomer, when I am to make ſo great a Journey with a ſingle Pair, and make Viſits and get Home the ſame Night. I underſtood her pretty well, but would not; therefore deſired her to pay off her Coach, for I had a great deal to talk to her. She very pertly told me, She came in her own Chariot. Why, ſaid I, is your Husband in Town? And has he ſet up an Equipage? No, anſwered ſhe, but I have received 500 *l.* by his Order; and his Letters, which came at the ſame Time, bad me want for nothing that was neceſſary. I was heartily concerned at her Folly, whoſe Affairs render her but juſt able to bear ſuch an Expence. However I conſidered, that according to the *Britiſh* Cuſtom of treating Women, there is no other Method to be uſed in removing any of their Faults and Errors, but conducting their Minds from one Humour to another, with as much Ceremony as we lead their Perſons from one Place to another. I therefore diſſembled my Concern, and in Compliance with her, as a Lady that was to uſe her Feet no more, I begged of her, after a ſhort Viſit, to let me perſuade her not to ſtay out till it was late, for fear of catching Cold as ſhe went into her Coach in the Dampneſs of the Evening. The *Malapert* knew well enough I laughed at her, but was not ill pleaſed with the Certainty of her Power over her Husband, who, ſhe knew, would ſupport her in any Humour he was able, rather than paſs through the Torment of an Expoſtulation, to gainſay any Thing ſhe had a Mind to. As ſoon as my fine Lady was gone, I writ the following Letter to my Brother.

Dear

Dear Brother,

'I Am at preſent under very much Concern at the ſplendid Appearance I ſaw my Siſter make in an Equipage which ſhe has ſet up in your Abſence. I beg of you not to indulge her in this Vanity; and deſire you to conſider, the World is ſo whimſical, that though it will value you for being happy, it will hate you for appearing ſo. The Poſſeſſion of Wiſdom and Virtue (the only ſolid Diſtinctions of Life) is allowed much more eaſily than that of Wealth and Quality. Beſides which, I muſt intreat you to weigh with your ſelf, What it is that People aim at in ſetting themſelves out to Show in gay Equipages, and moderate Fortunes? You are not by this Means a better Man than your Neighbour is; but your Horſes are better than his are. And will you ſuffer Care and Inquietude, to have it ſaid as you paſs by, Thoſe are very pretty punch Nags? Nay, when you have arrived at this, there are a Hundred worthleſs Fellows who are ſtill Four Horſes happier than you are. Remember, dear Brother, there is a certain Modeſty in the Enjoyment of moderate Wealth, which to tranſgreſs, expoſes Men to the utmoſt Deriſion; and as there is nothing but Meanneſs of Spirit can move a Man to value himſelf upon what can be purchaſed with Money, ſo he that ſhows an Ambition that Way, and cannot arrive at it, is more emphatically guilty of that Meanneſs. I give you only my firſt Thoughts on this Occaſion, but ſhall, as I am a Cenſor, entertain you in my next with my Sentiments in general upon the Subject of Equipage; and ſhow, that though there are no ſumptuary Laws amongſt us, Reaſon and good Senſe are equally binding, and will ever prevail in appointing Approbation or Diſlike in all Matters

'of

'of an indifferent Nature, when they are pursued 'with Earnestness. I am,

SIR, &c.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

To all Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, that delight in soft Lines.

These are to give Notice, That the proper Time of the Year for writing Pastorals now drawing near, there is a Stage Coach settled from the One-Bell *in the* Strand *to* Dorchester, *which sets out twice a Week, and passes through* Basingstoke, Sutton, Stockbridge, Salisbury, Blandford, *and so to* Dorchester, *over the finest Downs in* England. *At all which Places, there are Accommodations of Spreading Beeches, Beds of Flowers, Turf Seats, and Purling Streams, for happy Swains; and Thunder-struck Oaks, and Left-handed Ravens, to foretel Misfortunes to those that please to be wretched; with all other Necessaries for pensive Passion.*

And for the Conveniency of such whose Affairs will not permit 'em to leave this Town, at the same Place they may be furnished, during the Season, with Opening Buds, Flowring Thyme, Warbling Birds, Sporting Lambkins, and Fountain Water, right and good, and bottled on the Spot, by one sent down on Purpose.

N. B. *The Nymphs and Swains are farther given to understand, That in those happy Climes, they are so far from being troubled with Wolves, that for want of even Foxes, a considerable Pack of Hounds have been lately forced to eat Sheep.*

*Whereas on the 6th Instant at Midnight, several Persons of light Honour and loose Mirth, having taken upon them in the Shape of Men, but with the Voice of the Players belonging to M*r. Powell's *Company, to call up Surgeons at Midnight, and send Physicians to Persons in sound Sleep, and perfect Health:*

This

This is to certify, That Mr. Powell *had locked up the Legs of all his Company for Fear of Mischief that Night; and that Mr.* Powell *will not pay for any Damages done by the said Persons. It is also farther advised, that there were no Midwives wanted when those Persons call'd them up in the several Parts of* Westminster; *but that those Gentlewomen who were in the Company of the said Impostors, may take Care to call such useful Persons on the 6th of* December *next.*

The Censor having observed, That there are fine wrought Ladies Shoes and Slippers put out to View at a great Shoemake'rs Shop towards St. James's *End of* Pall-Mall, *which create irregular Thoughts and Desires in the Youth of this Nation; The said Shopkeeper is required to take in those Eye sores, or show Cause the next Court-Day why he continues to expose the same; and he is required to be prepared particularly to answer to the Slippers with green Lace and blue Heels.*

It is Impossible for me to return the obliging Things Mr. *Joshua Barnes* has said to me upon the Account of our mutual Friend *Homer*. He and I have read him now Forty Years with some Understanding, and great Admiration. A Work to be produced by one who has enjoyed so great an Intimacy with an Author, is certainly to be valued more than any Comment made by Persons of Yesterday: Therefore, according to my Friend *Joshua*'s Request, I recommend his * Work; and having used a little Magick in the Case, I give this Recommendation by Way of *Amulet or Charm, against the Malignity of envious Backbiters, who speak Evil of Performances whereof themselves were never capable.* If I may use my Friend *Joshua*'s own

* *Mr.* Joshua Barnes's *new and accurate Edition of all* Homer's *Works,* &c.

own Words, I ſhall at preſent ſay no more, but that we, *Homer*'s oldeſt Acquaintance now living, know beſt his Ways; and can inform the World, that they are often miſtaken when they think he is in Lethargick Fits, which we know he was never ſubject to; and ſhall make appear to be rank Scandal and Envy that of the *Latin* Poet:

——*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*

The TATLER. [N° 144.

From *Thurſd.* *March* 9. to *Saturd.* *March* 11. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, March 10.

IN a Nation of Liberty, there is hardly a Perſon in the whole Maſs of the People more abſolutely neceſſary than a Cenſor. It is allowed, that I have no Authority for aſſuming this important Appellation, and that I am Cenſor of theſe Nations, juſt as one is choſen King at the Game of Queſtions and Commands: But if, in the Execution of this fantaſtical Dignity, I obſerve upon Things which do not fall within the Cognizance of real Authority, I hope it will be granted, that an idle Man could not be more uſefully employed. Among all the Irregularities of which I have taken Notice, I know none ſo proper to be preſented to the World by a Cenſor, as that of the general Expence and Affectation in Equipage. I have lately hinted, that this Extravagance muſt neceſſarily get Footing where we have no ſumptuary Laws, and where every Man may be dreſſed, attended, and carried, in what Manner he pleaſes. But my Tenderneſs to my Fellow Subjects will not permit me to let this Enormity go unobſerved.

As the Matter now ſtands, every Man takes it in his Head, that he has a Liberty to ſpend his Money as he pleaſes. Thus, in Spight of all Order, Juſtice, and Decorum, we the greater Number of the Queen's loyal Subjects, for no Reaſon in the World but becauſe we want Money, do not ſhare alike in the Diviſion of Her Majeſty's High-Road. The Horſes and Slaves of the Rich take up the whole Street, while we Peripateticks are very glad to watch an Opportunity to whisk croſs a Paſſage, very thankful that we are not run over for interrupting the Machine, that carries in it a Perſon neither more handſome, wiſe, or valiant than the Meaneſt of us. For this Reaſon, were I to propoſe a Tax, it ſhould certainly be upon Coaches and Chairs: For no Man living can aſſign a Reaſon, why one Man ſhould have half a Street to carry him at his Eaſe, and perhaps only in Purſuit of Pleaſures, when as good a Man as himſelf wants Room for his own Perſon to paſs upon the moſt neceſſary and urgent Occaſion. Till ſuch an Acknowledgment is made to the Publick, I ſhall take upon me to veſt certain Rights in the Scavengers of the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, to take the Horſes and Servants of all ſuch as do not become or deſerve ſuch Diſtinctions into their peculiar Cuſtody. The Offenders themſelves I ſhall allow ſafe Conduct to their Places of Abode in the Carts of the ſaid Scavengers, but their Horſes ſhall be mounted by their Footmen, and ſent into the Service Abroad: And I take this Opportunity in the firſt Place to recruit the Regiment of my good old Friend the brave and honeſt *Sylvius*, that they be as well taught as they are fed. It is to me moſt miraculous, ſo unreaſonable an Uſurpation as this I am ſpeaking of ſhould ſo long have been tolerated. We hang a poor Fellow for taking any trifle from us on the Road, and bear with the Rich for robbing us of the Road it ſelf. Such a Tax as this would be of

great

great Satisfaction to us who walk on Foot; and since the Distinction of riding in a Coach is not to be appointed according to a Man's Merit or Service to their Country, nor their Liberty given as a Reward for some eminent Virtue, we should be highly contented to see them pay something for the Insult they do us in the State they take upon them while they are drawn by us.

'Till they have made us some Reparation of this Kind, we the Peripateticks of *Great-Britain* cannot think our selves well treated, while every one that is able is allowed to set up an Equipage.

As for my Part, I cannot but admire how Persons, conscious to themselves of no Manner of Superiority above others, can out of meer Pride or Laziness expose themselves at this Rate to publick View, and put us all upon pronouncing those Three terrible Syllables, Who is that? When it comes to that Question, our Method is to consider the Mien and Air of the Passenger, and comfort our selves for being dirty to the Ankles, by laughing at his Figure and Appearance who overlooks us. I must confess, were it not for the solid Injustice of the Thing, there is nothing could afford a discerning Eye greater Occasion for Mirth, than this licentious Huddle of Qualities and Characters in the Equipages about this Town. The Overseers of the Highway and Constables have so little Skill or Power to rectify this Matter, that you may often see the Equipage of a Fellow whom all the Town knows to deserve hanging, make a Stop that shall interrupt the Lord High Chancellor and all the Judges in their Way to *Westminster*.

For the better understanding of Things and Persons in this general Confusion, I have given Directions to all the Coach-Makers and Coach-Painters in Town, to bring me in Lists of their several Customers; and doubt not, but with comparing the Orders of each Man, in the placing his

Arms on the Doors of his Chariot, as well as the Words, Devices and Cyphers to be fix'd upon them, to make a Collection which shall let us into the Nature, if not the History, of Mankind, more usually than the Curiosities of any Medallist in *Europe*.

But this Evil of Vanity in our Figure, with many others, proceeds from a certain Gaiety of Heart, which has crept into Mens very Thoughts and Complexions. The Passions and Adventures of Hero's, when they enter the Lists for the Tournament in Romances, are not more easily distinguishable by their Palfreys and their Armour, than the secret Springs and Affections of the several Pretenders to Show amongst us are known by their Equipages in ordinary Life. The young Bridegroom with his gilded Cupids, and winged Angels, has some Excuse in the Joy of his Heart to launch out into something that may be significant of his present Happiness: But to see Men, for no Reason upon Earth but that they are rich, ascend Triumphant Chariots, and ride thro' the People, has at the Bottom nothing else in it but an insolent Transport, arising only from the Distinction of Fortune.

It is therefore high Time that I call in such Coaches as are in their Embellishments improper for the Character of their Owners. But if I find I am not obeyed herein, and that I cannot pull down these Equipages already erected, I shall take upon me to prevent the Growth of this Evil for the future, by enquiring into the Pretensions of the Persons who shall hereafter attempt to make publick Entries with Ornaments and Decorations of their own Appointment. If a Man, who believed he had the handsomest Leg in this Kingdom, should take a Fancy to adorn so deserving a Limb with a blue Garter, he would justly be punished for offending against the Most Noble Order: And, I think, the general Prostitution

of

of Equipage and Retinue is as destructive to all Distinction, as the Impertinence of one Man, if permitted, would certainly be to that illustrious Fraternity.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Censor having lately received Intelligence, that the ancient Simplicity in the Dress and Manners of that Part of this Island, called Scotland, *begins to decay; and that there are at this Time in the good Town of* Edinburgh, *Beaus, Fops, and Coxcombs: His late Correspondent from that Place is desired to send up their Names and Characters with all Expedition, that they may be proceeded against accordingly, and proper Officers named to take in their Canes, Snuff-boxes, and all other useless Necessaries commonly worn by such Offenders.*

The TATLER. [N° 145.

Nescio quis teneros Oculus mihi fascinet Agnos. Virg.

From *Saturd. March* 11. to *Tuesd. March* 14. 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, March 13.

THIS Evening was allotted for taking into Consideration a late Request of two indulgent Parents, touching the Care of a young Daughter, whom they design to send to a Boarding-School, or keep at Home, according to my Determination; but I am diverted from that Subject by Letters which I have received from several Ladies, complaining of a certain Sect of professed Enemies to the Repose of the Fair Sex, called Oglers. These are, it seems, Gentlemen who look with deep Attention on one Object at the

Play-houses, and are ever staring all round them in Churches. It is urged by my Correspondents, that they do all that is possible to keep their Eyes off these Insnarers; but that, by what Power they know not, both their Diversions and Devotions are interrupted by them in such a Manner, as that they cannot attend either, without stealing Looks at the Persons whose Eyes are fixed upon them. By this Means, my Petitioners say, they find themselves grow insensibly less offended, and in Time enamoured, of these their Enemies. What is required of me on this Occasion, is, That as I love and study to preserve the better Part of Mankind, the Females, I would give them some Account of this dangerous Way of Assault, against which there is so little Defence, that it lays Ambush for the Sight it self, and makes them seeingly, knowingly, willingly, and forcibly go on to their own Capacity.

This Representation of the present State of Affairs between the Two Sexes gave me very much Alarm; and I had no more to do, but to recollect what I had seen at any one Assembly for some Years last past, to be convinced of the Truth and Justice of this Remonstrance. If there be not a Stop put to this evil Art, all the Modes of Address, and the elegant Embellishments of Life, which arise out of the noble Passion of Love, will of Necessity decay. Who would be at the Trouble of Rhetorick, or study the *Bon Mien*, when his Introduction is so much easier obtained, by a sudden Reverence in a downcast Look at the meeting the Eye of a Fair Lady, and beginning again to ogle her as soon as she glances another Way? I remember very well, when I was last at an Opera, I could perceive the Eyes of the whole Audience last into particular cross Angles one upon another, without any Manner of Regard to the Stage, though King *Latinus* was himself present when I made that Observation. It was then very pleasant

ſant to look into the Hearts of the whole Company; for the Balls of Sight are ſo form'd, that one Man's Eyes are Spectacles to another to read his Heart with. The moſt ordinary Beholder can take Notice of any violent Agitation in the Mind, any pleaſing Tranſport, or any inward Grief, in the Perſon he looks at; but one of theſe Oglers can ſee a ſtudied Indifference, a concealed Love, or a ſmother'd Reſentment, in the very Glances that are made to hide thoſe Diſpoſitions of Thought. The Naturaliſts tell us, That the Rattle Snake will fix himſelf under a Tree where he ſees a Squirrel playing; and when he has once got the Exchange of a Glance from the pretty Wanton, will give it ſuch a ſudden Stroke on its Imagination, that though it may play from Bough to Bough, and ſtrive to avert its Eyes from it for ſome Time, yet it comes nearer and nearer by little Intervals of looking another Way, 'till it drops into the Jaws of the Animal, which it knew gazed at it for no other Reaſon but to ruin it. I did not believe this Piece of Philoſophy 'till that Night I was juſt now ſpeaking of; but I then ſaw the ſame Thing paſs between an Ogler and a Coquet. *Mirtillo*, the moſt learned of the former, had for ſome Time diſcontinued to viſit *Flavia*, no leſs eminent among the latter. They induſtriouſly avoided all Places where they might probably meet, but Chance brought them together to the Playhouſe, and ſeated them in a direct Line over-againſt each other, ſhe in a Front Box, he in the Pit next the Stage. As ſoon as *Flavia* had received the Looks of the whole Crowd below her with that Air of Inſenſibility, which is neceſſary at the firſt Entrance, ſhe began to look round her and ſaw the Vagabond *Mirtillo*, who had ſo long abſented himſelf from her Circle; and when ſhe firſt diſcover'd him, ſhe looked upon him with that Glance, which, in the Language of Oglers, is call'd the *Scornful*, but immediately turn'd her

Observation another Way, and returned upon him with the *Indifferent*. This gave *Mirtillo* no small Resentment; but he used her accordingly. He took Care to be ready for her next Glance. She found his Eyes full in the Indolent, with his Lips crumpled up in the Posture of one Whistling. Her Anger at this Usage immediately appeared in every Muscle of her Face; and after many Emotions, which glisten'd in her Eyes, she cast them round the whole House, and gave 'em Softnesses in the Face of every Man she had ever seen before. After she thought she had reduced all she saw to her Obedience, the Play began and ended their Dialogue. As soon as the first Act was over, she stood up with a Visage full of dissembled Alacrity and Pleasure, with which she overlooked the Audience, and at last came to him; He was then placed in a Side-way, with his Hat slouching over his Eyes, and gazing at a Wench in the Side-Box, as talking of that Gipsy to the Gentleman who sat by him. But as she was fixed upon him, he turned suddenly with a full Face upon her, and with all the Respect imaginable, made her the most obsequious Bow in the Presence of the whole Theatre. This gave her a Pleasure not to be concealed, and she made him the Recovering or Second Courtesy, with a Smile that spoke a perfect Reconciliation. Between the ensuing Acts, they talked to each other with Gestures and Glances so significant, that they ridiculed the whole House in this silent Speech, and made an Appointment that *Mirtillo* should lead her to her Coach.

The peculiar Language of one Eye, as it differs from another, as much as the Tone of one Voice from another, and the Fascination or Enchantment which is lodged in the Optick Nerves of the Persons concerned in these Dialogues, is, I must confess, too nice a Subject for one who is not an Adept in these Speculations; but I shall, for the Good and Safety of the Fair Sex, call my learned

learned Friend Sir *William Read* to my Aſſiſtance, and, by the Help of his Obſervations on this Organ, acquaint them when the Eye is to be believed, and when diſtruſted. On the contrary, I ſhall conceal the true Meaning of the Looks of Ladies, and indulge in them all the Art they can acquire in the Management of their Glances: All which is but too little againſt Creatures who triumph in Falſhood, and begin to forſwear with their Eyes, when their Tongue can be no longer believed.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A very clean, well behav'd young Gentleman, who is in a very good Way in Cornhil, *has writ to me the following Lines, and ſeems in ſome Paſſages of his Letter (which I omit) to lay it very much to Heart, that I have not ſpoken of a ſupernatural Beauty whom he ſighs for, and complains to in moſt elaborate Language. Alaſs! What can a Monitor do? All Mankind live in Romance.*

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, *Royal-Exchange, March* 11.

'SOme Time ſince you were pleaſed to mention the Beauties in the *New-Exchange* and *Weſtminſter Hall*, and in my Judgment were not very impartial; for if you were pleaſed to allow there was one Goddeſs in the *New-Exchange*, and two Shepherdeſſes in *Weſtminſter-Hall*; you very well might ſay, there was and is at preſent one Angel in the *Royal-Exchange*: And I humbly beg the Favour of you to let Juſtice be done her, by inſerting this in your next *Tatler*; which will make her my good Angel, and me your moſt humble Servant,

A. B.

The TATLER. [N° 146.

Permittes ipsis expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit Utile nostris,
Nam pro Jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Dii.
Charior est illis Homo, quam sibi. Nos animorum
Impulsu & cæca magnaq; cupidine ducti
Conjugium petimus, partumq; Uxoris; at illis
Notum, qui pueri, qualisq; futura sit Uxor. Juv.

From *Tuesday March* 14. to *Thursday March* 16. 1709.

From my own Apartment, March 15.

AMong the various Sets of Correspondents who apply to me for Advice, and send up their Cases from all Parts of *Great Britain*, there are none who are more importunate with me, and whom I am more inclined to answer, than the *Complainers*, One of them dates his Letter to me from the Banks of a purling Stream, where he used to ruminate in Solitude upon the Divine *Clarissa*, and where he is now looking about for a Convenient Leap, which he tells me he is resolved to take, unless I support him under the Loss of that charming perjured Woman. Poor *Lavinia* presses as much for Consolation on the other Side, and is reduced to such an Extremity of Despair by the Inconstancy of *Philander*, that she tells me she writes her Letter with her Pen in one Hand, and her Garter in the other. A Gentleman of an ancient Family in *Norfolk* is almost out of his Wits upon Account of a Greyhound, that after having been his inseparable Companion for Ten Years, is at last run mad. Another (who I believe is serious) complains to me, in a very moving Manner, of the Loss of a

Wife; and another, in Terms ſtill more moving, of a Purſe of Money that was taken from him on *Bagſhot* Heath, and which, he tells me, would not have troubled him if he had given it to the Poor. In ſhort, there is ſcarce a Calamity in humane Life that has not produced me a Letter.

It is indeed wonderful to conſider, how Men are able to raiſe Affliction to themſelves out of every Thing. Lands and Houſes, Sheep and Oxen, can convey Happineſs and Miſery into the Hearts of reaſonable Creatures. Nay, I have known a Muff, a Scarf, or a Tippet, become a ſolid Bleſſing or Misfortune. A Lap-Dog has broke the Hearts of Thouſands. *Flavia*, who had buried Five Children, and Two Husbands, was never able to get over the Loſs of her Parrat. How often has a Divine Creature been thrown into a Fit by a Neglect at a Ball or an Aſſembly? *Mopſa* has kept her Chamber ever ſince the laſt Maſquerade, and is in greater Danger of her Life upon being left out of it, than *Clarinda* from the violent Cold which ſhe caught at it. Nor are theſe dear Creatures the only Sufferers by ſuch imaginary Calamities: Many an Author has been dejected at the Cenſure of one whom he ever looked upon as an Idiot; and many a Hero caſt into a Fit of Melancholy, becauſe the Rabble have not hooted at him as he paſſed through the Streets. *Theron* places all his Happineſs in a Running Horſe, *Suffenus* in a Gilded Chariot, *Fulvius* in a Blue String, and *Florio* in a Tulip Root. It would be endleſs to enumerate the many fantaſtical Afflictions that diſturb Mankind; but as a Miſery is not to be meaſured from the Nature of the Evil, but from the Temper of the Sufferer, I ſhall preſent my Readers, who are unhappy either in Reality or Imagination, with an Allegory, for which I am indebted to the great Father and Prince of Poets.

As I was sitting after Dinner in my Elbow-Chair, I took up *Homer*, and dipped into that famous Speech of *Achilles* to *Priam*, in which he tells him, That *Jupiter* has by him Two great Vessels, the one filled with Blessings, and the other with Misfortunes; out of which he mingles a Composition for every Man that comes into the World. This Passage so exceedingly pleased me, that as I fell insensibly into my Afternoon's Slumber, it wrought my Imagination into the following Dream.

When *Jupiter* took into his Hands the Government of the World, the several Parts of Nature, with the presiding Deities, did Homage to him. One presented him with a Mountain of Winds, another with a Magazine of Hail, and a third with a Pile of Thunder-bolts. The Stars offer'd up their Influences; the Ocean gave in his Trident, the Earth her Fruits, and the Sun his Seasons. Among the several Deities who came to make their Court on this Occasion, the Destinies advanced with two great Tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the Right Hand of *Jupiter* as he sate upon his Throne, and the other on his Left. The first was filled with all the Blessings, and the other with all the Calamities of Humane Life. *Jupiter*, in the Beginning of his Reign, finding the World much more innocent than it is in this Iron Age, poured very plentifully out of the Tun that stood at his Right Hand; but as Mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his Blessings, he set abroach the other Vessel, that filled the World with Pain and Poverty, Battles and Distempers, Jealousy, and Falshood, intoxicating Pleasures and untimely Deaths.

He was at length so very much incensed at the great Depravation of Humane Nature, and the repeated Provocations which he received from all Parts of the Earth, that having resolved to de-

stroy

ſtroy the whole Species, except *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*, he commanded the Deſtinies to gather up the Bleſſings which he had thrown away upon the Sons of Men, and lay them up till the World ſhould be inhabited by a more virtuous and deſerving Race of Mortals.

The Three Siſters immediately repaired to the Earth, in Search of the ſeveral Bleſſings that had been ſcatter'd on it; but found the Task which was enjoined them, to be much more difficult than they had imagin'd. The firſt Places they reſorted to, as the moſt likely to ſucceed in, were Cities, Palaces, and Courts; but inſtead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but Envy, Repining, Uneaſineſs, and the like bitter Ingredients, of the Left-Hand Veſſel. Whereas, to their great Surprize, they diſcovered Content, Chearfulneſs, Health, Innocence, and other the moſt ſubſtantial Bleſſings of Life, in Cottages, Shades, and Solitudes.

There was another Circumſtance no leſs unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great Perplexity in the Diſcharge of the Truſt which *Jupiter* had committed to them. They obſerved, that ſeveral Bleſſings had degenerated into Calamities, and that ſeveral Calamities had improved into Bleſſings, according as they fell into the Poſſeſſion of wiſe or fooliſh Men. They often found Power, with ſo much Inſolence and Impatience cleaving to it, that it became a Misfortune to the Perſon on whom it was conferred. Youth had often Diſtempers growing about it, worſe than the Infirmities of old Age: Wealth was often united to ſuch a ſordid Avarice, as made it the moſt uncomfortable and painful Kind of Poverty. On the contrary, they often found Pain made glorious by Fortitude, Poverty loſt in Content, Deformity beautified with Virtue. In a Word, the Bleſſings were often like good Fruits planted in a bad Soil, that

by Degrees fall off from their natural Relish, into Tasts altogether insipid or unwholsome; and the Calamities, like harsh Fruits, cultivated in a good Soil, and enriched by proper Grafts and Inoculations, till they swell with generous and delightful Juices.

There was still a Third Circumstance that occasioned as great a Surprize to the Three Sisters as either of the foregoing, when they discovered several Blessings and Calamities which had never been in either of the Tuns that stood by the Throne of *Jupiter*, and were nevertheless as great Occasions of Happiness or Misery as any there. These were that spurious Crop of Blessings and Calamities which were never sown by the Hand of the Deity, but grow of themselves out of the Fancies and Dispositions of Humane Creatures. Such are Dress, Titles, Place, Equipage, false Shame and groundless Fear, with the like vain Imaginations that shoot up in trifling, weak, and irresolute Minds.

The Destinies finding themselves in so great a Perplexity, concluded, that it would be impossible for them to execute the Commands that had been given them according to their first Intention; for which Reason they agreed to throw all the Blessings and Calamities together into one large Vessel, and in that Manner offer them up at the Feet of *Jupiter*.

This was performed accordingly; the eldest Sister presenting her self before the Vessel, and introducing it with an Apology for what they had done.

'O *Jupiter*! (says she) we have gathered together all the Good and Evil, the Comforts and Distresses of Humane Life, which we thus present before thee in one promiscuous Heap. We beseech thee that thou thy self wilt sort them out for the future, as in thy Wisdom thou shalt

' think

'think fit. For we acknowledge, that there is 'none beside thee that can Judge what will occa-'sion Grief or Joy in the Heart of a Humane 'Creature, and what will prove a Blessing or a 'Calamity to the Person on whom it is be-'stowed.

The TATLER. [N° 147.

Ut ameris amabilis esto. Ovid.

From *Thursd. March* 16. to *Saturd. March* 18. 1709.

From my own Apartment, March 17.

Reading is to the Mind, what Exercise is to the Body. As by the one, Health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated; by the other, Virtue (which is the Health of the Mind) is kept alive, cherished and confirmed. But as Exercise becomes tedious and painful when we make use of it only as the Means of Health, so Reading is apt to grow uneasy and burdensome, when we apply our selves to it only for our Improvement in Virtue. For this Reason, the Virtue which we gather from a Fable, or an Allegory, is like the Health we get by Hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable Pursuit that draws us on with Pleasure, and makes us insensible of the Fatigues that accompany it.

After this Preface, I shall set down a very beautiful Allegorical Fable out of the great Poet whom I mentioned in my last Paper, and whom it is very difficult to lay aside when one is engaged in the reading of him. And this I particularly design for the Use of several of my Fair Correspondents, who in their Letters have complained to me,

me, that they have loſt the Affections of their Husbands, and deſire my Advice how to recover them.

Juno, ſays *Homer*, ſeeing her *Jupiter* ſeated on the Top of Mount *Ida*, and knowing that he had conceived an Averſion to her, began to ſtudy how ſhe ſhould regain his Affections, and make her ſelf amiable to him. With this Thought ſhe immediately retired into her Chamber, where ſhe bathed her ſelf in *Ambroſia*, which gave her Perſon all its Beauty, and diffuſed ſo divine an Odor, as refreſh'd all Nature, and ſweeten'd both Heaven and Earth. She let her immortal Treſſes flow in the moſt graceful Manner, and took a particular Care to dreſs her ſelf in ſeveral Ornaments, which the Poet deſcribes at length, and which the Goddeſs choſe out as the moſt proper to ſet off her Perſon to the beſt Advantage. In the next Place, ſhe made a Viſit to *Venus*, the Deity who preſides over Love, and begged of her, as a particular Favour, that ſhe would lend her for a while thoſe Charms with which ſhe ſubdued the Hearts both of Gods and Men. For, ſays the Goddeſs, I would make uſe of them to reconcile the Two Deities, who took Care of me in my Infancy, and who, at preſent, are at ſo great a Variance, that they are eſtranged from each other's Bed. *Venus* was proud of an Opportunity of obliging ſo great a Goddeſs, and therefore made her a Preſent of the *Ceſtus* which ſhe uſed to wear about her own Waſt, with Advice to hide it in her Boſom till ſhe had accompliſhed her Intention. This *Ceſtus* was a fine Party-coloured Girdle, which, as *Homer* tells us, had all the Attractions of the Sex wrought into it. The Four principal Figures in the Embroidery were Love, Deſire, Fondneſs of Speech, and Converſation, filled with that Sweetneſs and Complacency, which, ſays the Poet, inſenſibly ſteal away the Hearts of the wiſeſt Men.

Juno,

Juno, after having made these necessary Preparations, came as by Accident into the Presence of *Jupiter*, who is said to have been as much inflamed with her Beauty, as when he first stole to her Embraces without the Consent of their Parents. *Juno*, to cover her real Thoughts, told him as she had told *Venus*, That she was going to make a Visit to *Oceanus* and *Tethys*. He prevailed upon her to stay with him, protesting to her, that she appeared more amiable in his Eye, than ever any Mortal, Goddess, or even her self, had appeared to him till that Day. The Poet then represents him in so great an Ardour, that (without going up to the House which had been built by the Hands of *Vulcan* according to *Juno*'s Direction) he threw a Golden Cloud over their Heads as they sat upon the Top of Mount *Ida*, while the Earth beneath them sprung up in Lotus's, Saffrons, Hyacinths, and a Bed of the softest Flowers for their Repose.

This close Translation of one of the finest Passages in *Homer*, may suggest abundance of Instruction to a Woman who has a Mind to preserve or recal the Affection of her Husband. The Care of the Person, and the Dress, with the particular Blandishments woven in the *Cestus*, are so plainly recommended by this Fable, and so indispensibly necessary in every Female who desires to please, that they need no further Explanation. The Discretion likewise in covering all Matrimonial Quarrels from the Knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended Visit to *Tethys*, in the Speech where *Juno* addresses her self to *Venus*; as the chast and prudent Management of a Wife's Charms is intimated by the same Pretence for her appearing before *Jupiter*, and by the Concealment of the *Cestus* in her Bosom.

I shall leave this Tale to the Consideration of such good Housewives who are never well dressed but when they are Abroad, and think it necessary

ceſſary to appear more agreeable to all Men living than their Husbands: As alſo to thoſe prudent Ladies, who to avoid the Appearance of being over-fond, entertain their Husbands with Indifference, Averſion, ſullen Silence, or exaſperating Language.

Sheer-Lane, March 17.

Upon my coming Home laſt Night, I found a very handſome Preſent of Wine left for me, as a Taſt *of* 216 *Hogſheads which are to be put to Sale at* 20 l. *a Hogſhead, at* Garraway's *Coffee-houſe in* Exchange-Alley, *on the* 22*d Inſtant, at* 3 *in the Afternoon, and to be taſted in Major* Long' *Vaults from the* 20*th Inſtant till the Time of Sale.* This having been ſent to me with a Deſire that I would give my Judgment upon it, I immediately impannelled a Jury of Men of nice Palates and ſtrong Heads, who being all of them very ſcrupulous, and unwilling to proceed raſhly in a Matter of ſo great Importance, refus'd to bring in their Verdict till Three in the Morning; at which Time the Foreman pronounc'd, as well as he was able, Extra-a-ordinary *French* Claret. For my own Part, as I love to conſult my Pillow in all Points of Moment, I ſlept upon it before I would give my Sentence, and this Morning confirmed the Verdict.

Having mentioned this Tribute of Wine, I muſt give Notice to my Correſpondents for the future, who ſhall apply to me on this Occaſion, That as I ſhall decide nothing unadviſedly in Matters of this Nature, I cannot pretend to give Judgment of a right good Liquor, without examining at leaſt Three Dozen Bottles of it. I muſt at the ſame Time do my ſelf the Juſtice to let the World know, that I have reſiſted great Temptations in this Kind; as it is well known to a Butcher in *Clare-Market*, who endeavoured to corrupt me with a Dozen and half of Marrow-Bones. I had like-

likewise a Bribe sent me by a Fishmonger, consisting of a Collar of Brawn, and a Joll of Salmon; but not finding them excellent in their Kinds, I had the Integrity to eat them both up, without speaking one Word of them. However, for the future, I shall have an Eye to the Diet of this great City, and will recommend the best and most wholesome Food to them, if I receive these proper and respectful Notices from the Sellers, that it may not be said hereafter, my Readers were better taught than fed.

The TATLER. [N° 148.

—— *Gustus Elementa per omnia quærunt,*
Nunquam Animo Pretiis obstantibus. ——Juv.

From *Saturd. March* 18. to *Tuesd. March* 21. 1709.

From my own Apartment, March 20.

HAVING intimated in my last Paper, that I design to take under my Inspection the Diet of this great City, I shall begin with a very earnest and serious Exhortation to all my well-disposed Readers, that they would return to the Food of their Forefathers, and reconcile themselves to Beef and Mutton. This was the Diet which bred that hardy Race of Mortals who won the Fields of *Cressy* and *Agincourt*. I need not go up so high as the History of *Guy* Earl of *Warwick*, who is well known to have eaten up a Dun Cow of his own killing. The Renown'd King *Arthur* is generally looked upon as the first who ever sat down to a whole roasted Ox, (which was certainly the best Way to preserve the Gravy) and it is further added, that he and his Knights sat about it at his Round Table, and usually consumed

consumed it to the very Bones before they would enter upon any Debate of Moment. The Black Prince was a professed Lover of the Brisket; not to mention the History of the Surloin, or the Institution of the Order of Beef-Eaters, which are all so many evident and undeniable Marks of the great Respect which our Warlike Predecessors have paid to this excellent Food. The Tables of the ancient Gentry of this Nation were cover'd thrice a Day With hot Roast-Beef; and I am credibly informed, by an Antiquary who has searched the Registers, in which the Bills of Fare of the Court are recorded, that instead of Tea and Bread and Butter, which have prevailed of late Years, the Maids of Honour in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Time were allowed Three Rumps of Beef for their Breakfast. Mutton has likewise been in great Repute among our valiant Countrymen, but was formerly observed to be the Food rather of Men of nice and delicate Appetites, than those of strong and robust Constitutions. For which Reason, even to this Day, we use the Word Sheep-Biter as a Term of Reproach, as we do Beef-Eater in a respectful and honourable Sense. As for the Flesh of Lamb, Veal, Chicken, and other Animals under Age, they were the Invention of sickly and degenerate Palates, according to that wholesome Remark of *Daniel* the Historian, who takes Notice, That in all Taxes upon Provisions, during the Reigns of several of our Kings, there is nothing mentioned besides the Flesh of such Fowl and Cattle as were arrived at their full Growth, and were mature for Slaughter. The Common People of this Kingdom do still keep up the Taste of their Ancestors; and it is to this that we in a great Measure owe the unparallelled Victories that have been gained in this Reign: For I would desire my Reader to consider, what Work our Countrymen would have made at *Blenheim* and *Ramillies*,

lies, if they had been fed with Fricacies and Ragoufts.

For this Reafon, we at prefent fee the florid Complexion, the ftrong Limb, and the hale Conftitution, are to be found chiefly among the meaner Sort of People, or in the wild Gentry, who have been educated among the Woods or Mountains. Whereas many great Families are infenfibly fallen off from the Athletick Conftitution of their Progenitors, and are dwindled away into a pale, fickly, fpindle-legged Generation of Valetudinarians.

I may perhaps be thought extravagant in my Notion; but I muft confefs, I am apt to impute the Difhonours that fometimes happen in great Families to the inflaming kind of Diet which is fo much in Fafhion. Many Difhes can excite Defire without giving Strength, and heat the Body without nourifhing it; as Phyficians obferve, That the pooreft and moft difpirited Blood is moft fubject to Fevers. I look upon a *French* Ragouft to be as pernicious to the Stomach as a Glafs of Spirits; and when I have feen a young ady fwallow all the Inftigations of high Soups, eafoned Sauces, and forced Meats, I have wonered at the Defpair or tedious Sighing of her overs.

The Rules among thefe falfe Delicates, are to as Contradictory as they can be to Nature.

Without expecting the Return of Hunger, they for an Appetite, and prepare Difhes not to al- but to excite it.

ey admit of nothing at their Tables in its al Form, or without fome Difguife.

They are to eat every Thing before it comes Seafon, and to leave it off as foon as it is good be eaten.

They are not to approve any Thing that is reeable to ordinary Palates; and nothing is to

gratify

gratify their Senſes, but what would offend thoſe of their Inferiors.

I remember I was laſt Summer invited to a Friend's Houſe, who is a great Admirer of the *French* Cookery, and (as the Phraſe is) *eats well*. At our ſitting down, I found the Table covered with a great Variety of Unknown Diſhes. I was mightily at a Loſs to learn what they were, and therefore did not know where to help my ſelf. That which ſtood before me, I took to be a roaſted Porcupine, however did not care for asking Queſtions; and have ſince been informed, that it was only a larded Turkey. I afterwards paſſed my Eye over ſeveral Haſhes, which I do not know the Names of to this Day; and hearing that they were Delicacies, did not think fit to meddle with them.

Among other Dainties, I ſaw ſomething like a Pheaſant, and therefore deſired to be helped to a Wing of it; but to my great Surprize, my Friend told me it was a Rabbet, which is a ſort of Meat I never cared for. At laſt I diſcovered, with ſome Joy, a Pig at the lower End of the Table, and begged a Gentleman that was near it to cut me a Piece of it. Upon which the Gentleman of the Houſe ſaid, with great Civility, I am ſure you will like the Pig, for it was whipped to Death. I muſt confeſs, I heard him with Horror, and could not eat of an Animal that had died ſo tragical a Death. I was now in great Hunger and Confuſion, when, methought, I ſmelled the agreeable Savour of Roaſt Beef, but could not tell from which Diſh it aroſe, though I did not queſtion but it lay diſguiſed in one of them. Upon turning my Head, I ſaw a noble Sirloin on the Side-Table ſmoaking in the moſt delicious Manner. I had Recourſe to it more than once, and could not ſee, without ſome Indignation, that ſubſtantial *Engliſh* Diſh baniſhed in ſo ignominious

minious a Manner, to make Way for *French* Kickfhaws.

The Defert was brought up at laft, which in Truth was as extraordinary as any Thing that had come before it. The whole, when ranged in its proper Order, looked like a very beautiful Winter-Piece. There were feveral Pyramids of Candy'd Sweetmeats, that hung like Icicles, with Fruits fcattered up and down, and hid in an artificial kind of Froft. At the fame Time there were great Quantities of Cream beaten up into a Snow, and near them little Plates of Sugar-Plumbs, difpofed like fo many Heaps of Hail-ftones, with a Multitude of Congelations in Jellies of various Colours. I was indeed fo pleafed with the feveral Objects which lay before me, that I did not care for difplacing any of them, and was half angry with the reft of the Company, that for the Sake of a Piece of Lemon-Peel, or a Sugar Plumb, would fpoil fo pleafing a Picture. Indeed, I could not but fmile to fee feveral of them cooling their Mouths with Lumps of Ice which they had juft before been burning with Salts and Peppers.

As foon as this Show was over I took my Leave that I might finifh my Dinner at my own Houfe: For as I in every Thing love what is fimple and natural, fo particularly in my Food; Two plain Difhes, with Two or Three good natured, chearful, ingenious Friends, would make me more pleafed and vain, than all that Pomp and Luxury can beftow. For it is my Maxim, That he keeps the greateft Table, who has the moft valuabe Company at it.

The

The TATLER. [Nº 149.

From *Tueſd. March* 21. to *Thurſd. March* 23. 1709.

From my own Apartment, March 22.

IT has often been a ſolid Grief to me, when I have reflected on this glorious Nation, which is the Scene of publick Happineſs and Liberty, that there are ſtill Crowds of private Tyrants, againſt whom there neither is any Law now in Being, nor can there be invented any by the Wit of Man. Theſe cruel Men are ill-natured Husbands. The Commerce in the Conjugal State is ſo delicate, that it is impoſſible to preſcribe Rules for the Conduct of it, ſo as to fit Ten Thouſand nameleſs Pleaſures and Diſquietudes which ariſe to People in that Condition. But it is in this as in ſome other nice Caſes, where touching upon the Malady tenderly, is half Way to the Cure; and there are ſome Faults which need only to be obſerved to be amended. I am put into this Way of thinking by a late Converſation which I am going to give an Account of.

I made a Viſit the other Day to a Family for which I have a great Honour, and found the Father, the Mother, and Two or Three of the younger Children, drop off deſignedly to leave me alone with the eldeſt Daughter, who was but a Viſitant there as well as my ſelf, and is the Wife of a Gentleman of a very fair Character in the World. As ſoon as we were alone, I ſaw her Eyes full of Tears, and methought ſhe had much to ſay to me, for which ſhe wanted Encouragement. Madam, ſaid I, you know I wiſh you all as well as any Friend you have: Speak freely what I ſee you are oppreſſed with, and

you may be ſure, if I cannot relieve your Diſtreſs, you may at leaſt reap ſo much preſent Advantage, as ſafely to give your ſelf the Eaſe of uttering it. She immediately aſſumed the moſt becoming Compoſure of Countenance, and ſpoke as follows: 'It is an Aggravation of Affliction 'in a married Life, that there is a Sort of 'Guilt in communicating it: For which Rea'ſon it is, that a Lady of your and my Ac'quaintance, inſtead of ſpeaking to you her ſelf, 'deſired me the next Time I ſaw you, as you 'are a profeſſed Friend to our Sex, to turn your 'Thoughts upon the reciprocal Complaiſance 'which is the Duty of a married State.

'My Friend was neither in Fortune, Birth 'or Education, below the Gentleman whom ſhe 'has married. Her Perſon, her Age, and her 'Character, are alſo ſuch as he can make no Ex'ception to. But ſo it is, that from the Moment 'the Marriage-Ceremony was over, the Obſe'quiouſneſs of a Lover was turned into the 'Haughtineſs of a Maſter. All the kind En'deavours which ſhe uſes to pleaſe him, are at 'beſt but ſo many Inſtances of her Duty. This 'Inſolence takes away that ſecret Satisfaction, 'which does not only excite to Virtue, but alſo 'rewards it. It abates the Fire of a free and 'generous Love, and imbitters all the Pleaſures 'of a ſocial Life. The young Lady ſpoke 'all this with ſuch an Air of Reſentment, as 'diſcovered how nearly ſhe was concerned in the 'Diſtreſs.'

When I obſerved ſhe had done ſpeaking, Madam, ſaid I, the Affliction you mention is the greateſt that can happen in Humane Life, and I know but one Conſolation in it, if that be a Conſolation, that the Calamity is a pretty general one. There is nothing ſo common as for Men to enter into Marriage, without ſo much as expecting to be happy in it. They ſeem to propoſe to them

themſelves a few Holidays in the Beginning of it; after which they are to return at beſt to the uſual Courſe of their Life; and for ought they know, to conſtant Miſery and Uneaſineſs. From this falſe Senſe of the State they are going into, proceeds the immediate Coldneſs and Indifference, or Hatred and Averſion, which attend ordinary Marriages, or rather Bargains to cohabit. Our Converſation was here interrupted by Company which came in upon us.

The Humour of affecting a ſuperior Carriage, generally riſes from a falſe Notion of the Weakneſs of a Female Underſtanding in general, or an over-weaning Opinion that we have of our own: For when it proceeds from a natural Ruggedneſs and Brutality of Temper, it is altogether incorrigible, and not to be amended by Admonition. Sir *Francis Bacon*, as I remember, lays it down as a Maxim, That no Marriage can be happy in which the Wife has no Opinion of her Husband's Wiſdom; but without Offence to ſo great an Authority, I may venture to ſay, That a ſullen-wiſe Man is as bad as a good-natured Fool. Knowledge, ſoftened with Complacency and good Breeding, will make a Man equally beloved and reſpected; but when joined with a ſevere, diſtant and unſociable Temper, it creates rather Fear than Love. I who am a Batchelor, have no other Notion of Conjugal Tenderneſs, but what I learn from Books, and ſhall therefore produce Three Letters of *Pliny*, who was not only one of the greateſt, but the moſt learned Men in the whole *Roman* Empire. At the ſame Time I am very much aſhamed, that on ſuch Occaſions I am obliged to have Recourſe to Heathen Authors, and ſhall appeal to my Readers, if they would not think it a Mark of a narrow Education in a Man of Quality to write ſuch paſſionate Letters to any Woman but a Miſtreſs. They were all Three writ-

ten

ten at a Time when ſhe was at a Diſtance from him: The firſt of them puts me in Mind of a married Friend of mine, who ſaid, Sickneſs it ſelf is pleaſant to a Man that is attended in it by one whom he dearly loves.

Pliny to *Calphurnia.*

'I Never was ſo much offended at Buſineſs, as 'when it hindered me from going with you 'into the Country, or following you thither: 'For I more particularly wiſh to be with you at 'preſent, that I might be ſenſible of the Pro-'greſs you make in the Recovery of your 'Strength and Health; as alſo of the Enter-'tainment and Diverſions you can meet with in 'your Retirement. Believe me, it is an anxious 'State of Mind to live in Ignorance of what 'happens to thoſe whom we paſſionately love. 'I am not only in Pain for your Abſence, but al-'ſo for your Indiſpoſition. I am afraid of every 'Thing, fancy every Thing, and, as it is the Na-'ture of Men in Fear, I fancy thoſe Things 'moſt which I am moſt afraid of. Let me there-'fore earneſtly deſire you to favour me under 'theſe my Apprehenſions with one Letter every 'Day, or (if poſſible) with two; for I ſhall be 'a little at Eaſe while I am reading your Letters, 'and grow anxious again as ſoon as I have read 'them.

Second LETTER.

'YOU tell me, That you are very much af-'flicted at my Abſence, and that you have 'no Satisfaction in any Thing but my Writings, 'which you often lay by you upon my Pillow. 'You oblige me very much in wiſhing to ſee 'me, and making me your Comforter in my 'Abſence. In Return, I muſt let you know, 'I am no leſs pleaſed with the Letters which you 'writ to me, and read them over a Thouſand

 'Times

'Times with new Pleasure. If your Letters 'are capable of giving me so much Pleasure, 'what would your Conversation do? Let me 'beg of you to write to me often; though at the 'same Time I must confess: your Letters give 'me Anguish whilst they give me Pleasure.

Third LETTER.

'IT is impossible to conceive how much I languish for you in your Absence; the tender 'Love I bear you, is the chief Cause of this my 'Uneasiness, which is still the more insupportable, because Absence is wholly a new Thing to 'us. I lie awake most Part of the Night in 'thinking of you, and several Times of the Day 'go as naturally to your Apartment, as if you 'were there to receive me; but when I miss 'you, I come away dejected, out of Humour, 'and like a Man that had suffered a Repulse. 'There is but one Part of the Day in which 'I am relieved from this Anxiety, and that is 'when I am engaged in Publick-Affairs.

'You may guess at the uneasy Condition of 'one who has no Rest but in Business, no Consolation but in Trouble.

I shall conclude this Paper with a beautiful Passage out of *Milton*, and leave it as a Lecture to those of my own Sex, who have a Mind to make their Conversation agreeable as well as instructive, to the Fair Partners who are fallen into their Care. *Eve* having observed, That *Adam* was entering into some deep Disquisitions with the Angel, who was sent to visit him, is described as retiring from their Company, with a Design of learning what should pass there from her Husband.

So spake our Sire, and by his Count'nance seem'd
Entring on studious Thoughts abstruse, which Eve
Per-

Perceiving where ſhe ſate retir'd in Sight,
With Lowlineſs Majeſtick from her Seat
Roſe, and went forth among her Fruits and Flowers.
Yet went ſhe not, as not with ſuch Diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her Ear
Of what was high: Such Pleaſure ſhe reſerv'd,
Adam *relating, ſhe ſole Auditreſs;*
Her Husband the Relater ſhe preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Choſe rather: He, ſhe knew would intermix
Grateful Digreſſions, and ſolve high Diſpute
With Conjugal Careſſes, from his Lip
Not Words alone pleas'd her. O! When meet now
Such Pairs, in Love and mutual Honour join'd?

The TATLER. [N° 150.

Hæc ſunt Jucundi Cauſa, Cibuſq; Mali. Ovid.

From *Thurſd. March* 23. to *Saturd. March* 25. 1710.

From my own Apartment. March 24.

I Have received the following Letter upon the Subject of my laſt Paper. The Writer of it tells me, I there ſpoke of Marriage as one that knows it only by Speculation, and for that Reaſon he ſends me his Senſe of it, as drawn from Experience.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff.*

‘I Have read your Paper of this Day, and think ‘you have done the Nuptial State a great deal ‘of Juſtice in the Authority you give us of *Pliny*, ‘whoſe Letters to his Wife you have there tran‑‘ſlated: But give me Leave to tell you, That it ‘is impoſſible for you, that are a Batchelor, to ‘have ſo juſt a Notion of this Way of Life, as

'to touch the Affections of your Readers in a 'Particular, wherein every Man's own Heart 'suggests more than the nicest Observer can form 'to himself without Experience. I therefore, 'who am an old married Man, have sat down 'to give you an Account of the Matter from 'my own Knowledge, and the Observations 'which I have made upon the Conduct of others 'in that most agreeable or wretched Condition.

'It is very commonly observed, That the most 'smart Pangs which we meet with are in the 'Beginning of Wedlock, which proceed from 'Ignorance of each others Humour, and Want 'of Prudence to make Allowances for a Change 'from the most careful Respect, to the most un-'bounded Familarity. Hence it arises, That 'Trifles are commonly Occasions of the greatest 'Anxiety; for Contradiction being a Thing 'wholly unusual between a new married Couple, 'the smallest Instance of it is taken for the highest 'Injury; and it very seldom happens, that the 'Man is slow enough in assuming the Character 'of an Husband, or the Woman quick enough 'in condescending to that of a Wife. It imme-'diately follows, That they think they have all 'the Time of their Courtship been talking in 'Masks to each other, and therefore begin to 'act like disappointed People. *Philander* finds '*Delia* ill-natur'd and impertinent; and *Delia*, '*Philander* surly and inconstant.

'I have known a fond Couple quarrel in the 'very Honey-moon about cutting up a Tart: 'Nay, I could name Two, who after having had 'Seven Children, fell out and parted Beds upon 'the boiling of a Leg of Mutton. My very next 'Neighbours have not spoke to one another these 'Three Days, because they differ'd in their Opi-'nions, whether the Clock should stand by the 'Window, or over the Chimney. It may seem 'strange to you, who are not a married Man,

'when

'when I tell you, how the least Trifle can strike 'a Woman dumb for a Week together. But if 'you ever enter into this State, you will find, 'that the Soft Sex as often express their Anger by 'an obstinate Silence, as by an ungovernable Cla-'mour.

'Those indeed who begin this Course of Life 'without Jars at their setting out, arrive with-'in few Months at a Pitch of Benevolence and 'Affection, of which the most perfect Friend-'ship is but a faint Resemblance. As in the un-'fortunate Marriage, the most minute and in-'different Things are Objects of the sharpest Re-'sentment; so in an happy One, they are Occa-'sions of the most exquisite Satisfaction. For 'what does not oblige in one we love? What 'does not offend in one we dislike? For these 'Reasons I take it for a Rule, That in Marriage, 'the chief Business is to acquire a Prepossession 'in Favour of each other. They should consi-'der one another's Words and Actions with a 'secret Indulgence: There should be always an 'inward Fondness pleading for each other, such 'as may add new Beauties to every Thing that 'is excellent, give Charms to what is indiffe-'rent, and cover every Thing that is defective. 'For want of this kind Propensity and Biass of 'Mind, the married Pair often take Things ill 'of each other, which no one else would take 'Notice of in either of them.

'But the most unhappy Circumstance of all is, 'where each Party is always laying up Fuel for 'Dissention, and gathering together a Maga-'zine of Provocations to exasperate each other 'with when they are out of Humour. These 'People in common Discourse make no Scruple to 'let those who are by know they are quarrelling 'with one another, and think they are discreet 'enough, if they conceal from the Company 'the Matters which they are hinting at. About

'a Week ago, I was entertained for a whole 'Dinner with a myſterious Converſation of this 'Nature; out of which I could learn no more, 'than that the Husband and Wife were angry 'at one another. We had no ſooner ſate down, 'but ſays the Gentleman of the Houſe, in order 'to raiſe Diſcourſe, I thought *Margarita* ſung 'extremely well laſt Night. Upon this, ſays 'the Lady, looking as pale as Aſhes, I ſuppoſe 'ſhe had Cherry-coloured Ribands on. No, an-'ſwered the Husband, with a Fluſh in his Face, 'but ſhe had Laced Shoes. I look upon it, 'that a Stander-by on ſuch Occaſions has as 'much Reaſon to be out of Countenance as ei-'ther of the Combatants. To turn off my Con-'fuſion, and ſeem regardleſs of what had paſſed, 'I deſired the Servant who attended to give me 'the Vinegar, which unluckily created a new 'Dialogue of Hints; for as far as I could gather 'by the ſubſequent Diſcourſe, they had diſſented 'the Day before about the Preference of Elder 'to Wine-Vinegar. In the Midſt of their Diſ-'courſe, there appeared a Diſh of Chickens 'and Sparagraſs, when the Husband ſeemed diſ-'poſed to lay aſide all Diſputes; and looking 'upon her with a great deal of good Nature, 'ſaid, Pray, my Dear, will you help my 'Friend to a Wing of the Fowl that lies next 'you, for I think it looks extremely well. The 'Lady, inſtead of anſwering him, addreſſing her 'ſelf to me, Pray, Sir, ſaid ſhe, do you in *Surrey* 'reckon the white or the black-legged Fowls 'the beſt? I found the Husband changed Co-'lour at the Queſtion; and before I could an-'ſwer, asked me, Whether we did not call 'Hops Broom in our Country? I quickly found, 'they did not ask Queſtions ſo much out of 'Curioſity as Anger: For which Reaſon I thought 'fit to keep my Opinion to my ſelf, and, as an ho-'neſt Man ought, (when he ſees Two Friends in

'Warmth

' Warmth with each other) I took the first Opportunity I could to leave them by themselves.

' You see, *Sir*, I have laid before you only ' small Incidents, which are seemingly frivolous; ' but take it from a Man who am very well experienced in this State, they are principally Evils ' of this Nature which make Marriages unhappy. At the same Time, that I may do ' Justice to this excellent Institution, I must own ' to you, there are unspeakable Pleasures which ' are as little regarded in the Computation of ' the Advantages of Marriage, as the others are ' in the usual Survey that is made of its Misfortunes.

' *Lovemore* and his Wife live together in the ' happy Possession of each other's Hearts, and by ' that Means have no indifferent Moments, but ' their whole Life is one continued Scene of ' Delight. Their Passion for each other communicates a certain Satisfaction, like that which ' they themselves are in, to all that approach ' them. When she enters the Place where he is, ' you see a Pleasure which he cannot conceal, ' nor he or any one else describe. In so consummate an Affection, the very Presence of the ' Person beloved, has the Effect of the most agreeable Conversation. Whether they have ' Matter to talk of or not, they enjoy the Pleasures of Society, and at the same Time the Freedom of Solitude. Their ordinary Life is to ' be preferred to the happiest Moments of other ' Lovers. In a Word, they have each of them ' great Merit, live in the Esteem of all who ' know them, and seem but to comply with the ' Opinions of their Friends, in the just Value ' they have for each other.

The TATLER. [Nº 151.

——— *Ni Vis Boni*
In ipsa inesset Forma, hæc Formam extinguerent. Ter.

From *Saturd. March* 25. to *Tuesd. March* 28. 1710.

From my own Apartment, March 27.

WHEN Artists would expose their Diamonds to an Advantage, they usually set them to show in little Cases of black Velvet. By this Means the Jewels appear in their true and genuine Lustre, while there is no Colour that can infect their Brightness, or give a false Cast to the Water. When I was at the Opera the other Night, the Assembly of Ladies in Mourning made me consider them in the same Kind of View. A Dress wherein there is so little Variety, shows the Face in all its natural Charms, and makes one differ from another only as it is more or less beautiful. Painters are ever careful of offending against a Rule which is so essential in all just Representation. The chief Figure must have the strongest Point of Light, and not be injured by any gay Colourings that may draw away the Attention to any less considerable Part of the Picture. The present Fashion obliges every Body to be dress'd with Propriety, and makes the Ladies Faces the principal Objects of Sight. Every beautiful Person shines out in all the Excellence with which Nature has adorned her: Gawdy Ribands and glaring Colours being now out of Use, the Sex has no Opportunity given them to disfigure themselves, which they seldom fail to do whenever it lies in their Power. When a Woman comes to her Glass, she does not em-

play

ploy her Time in making her ſelf look more advantagiouſly what ſhe really is, but endeavours to be as much another Creature as ſhe poſſibly can. Whether this happens, becauſe they ſtay ſo long, and attend their Work ſo diligently, that they forgot the Faces and Perſons which they firſt ſate down with, or whatever it is, they ſeldom riſe from the Toilet the ſame Women they appeared when they began to dreſs. What Jewel can the Charming *Cleora* place in her Ears, that can pleaſe her Beholders ſo much as her Eyes? The Cluſter of Diamonds upon the Breaſt can add no Beauty to the fair Cheſt of Ivory which ſupports it. It may indeed tempt a Man to ſteal a Woman, but never to love her. Let *Thaleſtris* change her ſelf into a Motly Party-coloured Animal: The Pearl Neck-lace, the Flowered Stomacher, the Artificial Noſegay, and Shaded Furbelow, may be of Uſe to attract the Eye of the Beholder, and turn it from the Imperfections of her Features and Shape. But if Ladies will take my Word for it, (and as they dreſs to pleaſe Men, they ought to conſult our Fancy rather than their own in this Particular) I can aſſure them, there is nothing touches our Imagination ſo much as a beautiful Woman in a plain Dreſs. There might be more agreeable Ornaments found in our own Manufacture, than any that riſe out of the Looms of *Perſia*.

This I know is a very harſh Doctrine to Woman-kind, who are carried away with every Thing that is ſhowy, and with what delights the Eye, more than any other Species of Living Creatures whatſoever. Were the Minds of the Sex laid open, we ſhould find the chief Idea in one to be a Tipper, in another a Muff, in a Third a Fan, and in a Fourth a Fardingal. The Memory of an old Viſiting-Lady is ſo filled with Gloves, Silks, and Ribands, that I can look upon it as nothing elſe but a Toy-Shop. A Matron of

my

my Acquaintance complaining of her Daughter's Vanity, was obſerving, that ſhe had all of a ſudden held up her Head higher than ordinary, and taken an Air that ſhowed a ſecret Satisfaction in her ſelf, mixed with a Scorn of others. I did not know, ſays my Friend, what to make of the Carriage of this Fantaſtical Girl, till I was informed by her elder Siſter, that ſhe had a Pair of ſtriped Garters on. This odd Turn of Mind often makes the Sex unhappy, and diſpoſes them to be ſtruck with every Thing that makes a Show, however trifling and ſuperficial.

Many a Lady has fetched a Sigh at the Toſs of a Wig, and been ruined by the Tapping of a Snuff-box. It is impoſſible to deſcribe all the Execution that was done by the Shoulder-Knot while that Faſhion prevailed, or to reckon up all the Virgins that have fallen a Sacrifice to a Pair of fringed Gloves. A ſincere Heart has not made half ſo many Conqueſts as an open Waſtcoat; and I ſhould be glad to ſee an able Head make ſo good a Figure in a Woman's Company as a Pair of Red Heels. A *Grecian* Hero, when he was asked whether he could play upon the Lute, thought he had made a very good Reply when he anſwered, No, but I can make a great City of a little One. Notwithſtanding his boaſted Wiſdom, I appeal to the Heart of any Toaſt in Town, whether ſhe would not think the Lutaniſt preferable to the Stateſman. I do not ſpeak this out of any Averſion that I have to the Sex: On the contrary, I have always had a Tenderneſs for them; but I muſt confeſs, it troubles me very much, to ſee the Generality of them place their Affections on improper Objects, and give up all the Pleaſures of Life for Gugaws and Trifles.

Mrs. *Margery Bickerſtaff*, my great Aunt, had a Thouſand Pounds to her Portion, which our Family was deſirous of keeping among themſelves,

and

and therefore used all possible Means to turn off her Thoughts from Marriage. The Method they took, was, in any Time of Danger to throw a new Gown or Petticoat in her Way. When she was about Twenty five Years of Age, she fell in Love with a Man of an agreeable Temper, and equal Fortune, and would certainly have married him, had not my Grandfather, Sir *Jacob*, dressed her up in a Suit of flowred Sattin; upon which, she set so immoderate a Value upon her self, that the Lover was contemned and discarded. In the Fortieth Year of her Age, she was again smitten, but very luckily transferred her Passion to a Tippet, which was presented to her by another Relation who was in the Plot. This, with a white Sarsnet Hood, kept her safe in the Family till Fifty. About Sixty, which generally produces a Kind of latter Spring in amorous Constitutions, my Aunt *Margery* had again a Colt's-Tooth in her Head, and would certainly have eloped from the Mansion house, had not her Brother *Simon*, who was a wise Man, and a Scholar, advised to dress her in Cherry coloured Ribands, which was the only Expedient that could have been found out by the Wit of Man to preserve the Thousand Pounds in our Family Part of which I enjoy at this Time.

This Discourse puts me in Mind of an Humorist mentioned by *Horace*, called *Eutrapelus*, who, when he designed to do a Man a Mischief, made him a Present of a gay Suit; and brings to my Memory another Passage of the same Author, when he describes the most ornamental Dress that a Woman can appear in with Two Words, *Simplex Munditiis*, which I have quoted for the Benefit of my Female Readers.

The TATLER. [N° 152.

[silentes,
Dii, quibus Imperium est Animarum, Umbræque
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, Loca Nocte Silentia late,
Sit mihi Fas audita loqui, sit Numine vestro
Pandere Res alta Terra & Caligine mersas. Virg.

From *Tuesd. March.* 28. to *Thursd. March.* 30. 1710.

From my own Apartment, March 20.

A Man who confines his Speculations to the Time present, has but a very narrow Province to employ his Thoughts in. For this Reason, Persons of studious and contemplative Natures often entertain themselves with the History of past Ages, or raise Schemes and Conjectures upon Futurity. For my own Part, I love to range through that Half of Eternity which is still to come, rather than look on that which is already run out; because I know I have a real Share and Interest in the one, whereas all that was transacted in the other, can be only Matter of Curiosity to me.

Upon this Account, I have been always very much delighted with meditating on the Soul's Immortality, and in reading the several Notions which the wisest of Men, both ancient and modern, have entertained on that Subject. What the Opinions of the greatest Philosophers have been, I have several times hinted at, and shall give an Account of them from Time to Time as Occasion requires. It may likewise be worth while to consider, what Men of the most exalted Genius, and elevated Imagination, have thought of this Matter. Among these, *Homer* stands up as a Prodigy of Mankind, that looks down upon the rest of Humane Creatures as a Species beneath him. Since he is the most ancient Heathen

then Author, we may guess from his Relation, what were the common Opinion in his Time concerning the State of the Soul after Death.

Ulysses, he tells us, made a Voyage to the Regions of the Dead, in order to consult *Tiresias* how he should return to his own Country, and recommend himself to the Favour of the Gods. The Poet scarce introduces a single Person, who doth not suggest some useful Precept to his Reader, and designs his Description of the Dead for the Amendment of the Living.

Ulysses, after having made a very plenteous Sacrifice, sate him down by the Pool of Holy Blood, which attracted a prodigious Assembly of Ghosts of all Ages and Conditions, that hovered about the Hero, and feasted on the Steams of his Oblation. The first he knew, was the Shade of *Elpenor*, who, to show the Activity of a Spirit above that of Body, is represented as arrived there long before *Ulysses*, notwithstanding the Winds and Seas had contributed all their Force to hasten his Voyage thither. This *Elpenor*, to inspire the Reader with a Detestation of Drunkenness, and at the same Time with a religious Care of doing proper Honours to the Dead, describes himself as having broken his Neck in a Debauch of Wine; and begs *Ulysses*, that for the Repose of his Soul, he would build a Monument over him, and perform Funeral Rites to his Memory. *Ulysses* with great Sorrow of Heart promises to fulfil his Request, and is immediatly diverted to an Object much more moving than the former. The Ghost of his own Mother *Anticlea*, whom he still thought living, appears to him among the Multitude of Shades that surrounded him, and sits down at a small Distance from him by the Lake of Blood, without speaking to him, or knowing who he was. *Ulysses* was exceedingly troubled at the Sight, and could not forbear weeping as he look'd upon her: But being all along set forth as a Par-

a Pattern of consummate Wisdom, he makes his Affection give Way to Prudence; and therefore, upon his seeing *Tiresias*, does not reveal himself to his Mother, till he had consulted that great Prophet, who was the Occasion of this his Descent into the Empire of the Dead. *Tiresias* having cautioned him to keep himself and his Companions free from the Guilt of Sacrilege, and to pay his Devotions to all the Gods, promises him a safe Return to his Kingdom and Family, and a happy old Age in the Enjoyment of them.

The Poet having thus with great Art kept the Curiosity of the Reader in Suspence, represents his wise Man, after the Dispatch of his Business with *Tiresias*, as yielding himself up to Calls of natural Affection, and making himself known to his Mother. Her Eyes are no sooner opened, but she cries out in Tears, *Oh my Son!* and enquires into the Occasions that brought him thither, and the Fortune that attended him.

Ulysses on the other Hand desires to know, what the Sickness was that had sent her into those Regions, and the Condition in which she had left his Father, his Son and more particularly his Wife. She tells him, they were all Three inconsolable for his Absence; *and as for my self*, says she, *That was the Sickness of which I died. My Impatience for your Return, my Anxiety for your Welfare, and my Fondness for my Dear* Ulysses, *were the only Distempers that prey'd upon my Life, and separated my Soul from my Body*. *Ulysses* was melted with these Expressions of Tenderness, and Thrice endeavoured to catch the Apparition in his Arms, that he might hold his Mother to his Bosom and weep over her.

This gives the Poet Occasion to describe the Notion the Heathens at that Time had of an unbodied Soul, in the Excuse which the Mother makes for seeming to withdraw her self from her Son's Embraces. *The Soul*, says she, *is composed*

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neither of Bones, Flesh, nor Sinews, but leaves behind her all those Incumbrances of Mortality to be consumed on the Funeral Pile. As soon as she has thus cast her Burthen, she makes her Escape, and flies away from it like a Dream.

When this melancholy Conversation is at an End, the Poet draws up to View as charming a Vision as could enter into Man's Imagination. He describes the next who appeared to *Ulysses*, to have been the Shades of the finest Women that had ever lived upon the Earth, and who had either been the Daughters of Kings, the Mistresses of Gods, or the Mother of Heroes, such as *Antiope*, *Alcmena*, *Leda*, *Ariadne*, *Iphimedia*, *Eriphyle*, and several others, of whom he gives a Catalogue, with a short History of their Adventures. The beautiful Assembly of Apparitions were all gathered together about the Blood: Each of them, says *Ulysses*, (as a gentle Satyr upon Female Vanity) *giving me an Account of her Birth and Family.* This Scene of extraordinary Women, seems to have been designed by the Poet as a Lecture of Mortality to the whole Sex, and to put them in Mind of what they must expect, notwithstanding the greatest Perfections, and highest Honours, they can arrive at.

The Circle of Beauties at length disappeared, and was succeeded by the Shades of several *Grecian* Heroes who had been engaged with *Ulysses* in the Siege of *Troy*. The first that approached was *Agamemnon*, the Generalissimo of that great Expedition, who at the Appearance of his old Friend wept very bitterly, and without saying any Thing to him, endeavoured to grasp him by the Hand. *Ulysses*, who was much moved at the Sight, pour'd out a Flood of Tears, and ask'd him the Occasion of his Death, which *Agamemnon* related to him in all its Tragical Circumstances; how he was murthered at a Banquet by the Contrivance of his own Wife, in Confederacy with

with the Adulterer: From whence he takes Occasion to reproach the whole Sex, after a Manner which would be inexcusable in a Man who had not been so great a Sufferer by them. *My Wife* (says he) *has disgraced all the Women that shall ever be born into the World, even those who hereafter shall be innocent: Take Care how you grow too fond of your Wife. Never to tell her all you know. If you reveal some Things to her, be sure you keep others concealed from her. You indeed have nothing to fear from your* Penelope, *she will not use you as my Wife has treated me; however, take Care how you trust a Woman.* The Poet, in this and other Instances, according to the System of many Heathen as well as Christian Philosophers, shows, how Anger, Revenge, and other Habits which the Soul had contracted in the Body, Subsist, and grow in it under its State of Separation.

I am extremely pleased with the Companions which the Poet in the next Description assigns to *Achilles*. *Achilles* (says the Hero) *came up to me with* Patroclus *and* Antilochus. By which we may see that it was *Homer*'s Opinion, and probably that of the Age he lived in, that the Friendships which are made among the Living, will likewise continue among the Dead. *Achilles* enquires after the Welfare of his Son, and of his Father, with a Fierceness of the same Character that *Homer* has every where expressed in the Actions of his Life. The Passage relating to his Son is so extremely beautiful, that I must not omit it. *Ulysses*, after having described him as wise in Council, and active in War, and mentioned the Foes whom he had slain in Battle, adds an Observation that he himself had made of his Behaviour whilst he lay in the Wooden Horse. *Most of the Generals* (says he) *that were with us, either wept or trembled: As for your Son, I neither saw him wipe a Tear from his Cheeks, or change his Countenance. On the contrary, he would often lay*

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his Hand upon his Sword, or grasp his Spear, as impatient to employ them against the Trojans. He then informs his Father of the great Honour and Rewards which he had purchased before *Troy*, and of his Return from it without a Wound. The Shade of *Achilles*, says the Poet, was so pleased with the Account he received of his Son, that he enquired no further, but stalked away with more than ordinary Majesty over the green Meadow that lay before them.

This last Circumstance of a deceased Father's rejoicing in the Behaviour of his Son, is very finely contrived by *Homer*, as an Incentive to Virtue, aud made use of by none that I know besides himself.

The Description of *Ajax*, which follows, and his refusing to speak to *Ulysses*, who had won the Armour of *Achilles* from him, and by that Means occasioned his Death, is admired by every one that reads it. When *Ulysses* relates the Sullenness of his Deportment, and considers the Greatness of the Hero, he expresses himself with generous and noble Sentiments. *Oh! that I had never gained a Prize which cost the Life of so brave a Man as* Ajax! *Who, for the Beauty of his Person, and Greatness of his Actions, was, inferior to none but the Divine* Achilles. The same noble Condecension, which never dwells but in truly great Minds, and such as *Homer* would represent that of *Ulysses* to have been, discovers it self likewise in the Speech which he made to the Ghost of *Ajax* on that Occasion. *Oh* Ajax! says he, *Will you keep your Resentments even after Death? What Destructions hath this fatal Armour brought upon the* Greeks, *by robbing them of you, who were their Bulwark and Defence?* Achilles *is not more bitterly lamented among us than you. Impute not then your Death to any one but* Jupiter, *who out of his Anger to the* Greeks, *took you away from among them: Let me entreat you to approach me; restrain*

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the Fierceneſs of your Wrath, and the Greatneſs of your Soul, and hear what I have to ſay to you. *Ajax*, without making a Reply, turned his Back upon him, and retired into a Crowd of Ghoſts.

Ulyſſes, after all theſe Viſions, took a View of thoſe impious Wretches who lay in Tortures for the Crimes they had committed upon the Earth, whom he deſcribes under all the Varieties of Pain, as ſo many Marks of Divine Vengeance, to deter others from following their Example. He then tells us, That notwithſtanding he had a great Curioſity to ſee the Hero's that lived in the Ages before him, the Ghoſts began to gather about him in ſuch prodigious Multitudes, and with ſuch a Confuſion of Voices, that his Heart trembled as he ſaw himſelf amidſt ſo great a Scene of Horrors. He adds, That he was afraid leſt ſome hideous Spectre ſhould appear to him, that might terrify him to Diſtraction; and therefore withdrew in Time.

I queſtion not but my Reader will be pleaſed with this Deſcription of a future State, repreſented by ſuch a noble and fruitful Imagination, that had nothing to direct it beſides the Light of Nature, and the Opinions of a dark and ignorant Age.

The TATLER. [Nº 153.

Bambalio, Clangor, Stridor, Taratantara, Murmur.
Farn. Rhet.

From *Thurſd. March* 30. to *Saturd. April* 1. 1710.

From my own Apartment, March 31.

I Have heard of a very valuable Picture, wherein all the Painters of the Age in which it was drawn, are repreſented ſitting together in a Circle,

cle, and joining in a Consort of Musick. Each of them plays upon such a particular Instrument as is the most suitable to his Character, and expresses that Style and Manner of Painting which is peculiar to him. The famous Cupola-Painter of those Times, to show the Grandeur and Boldness of his Figures, hath a Horn in his Mouth, which he seems to wind with great Strength and Force. On the contrary, an eminent Artist, who wrought up his Pictures with the greatest Accuracy, and gave them all those delicate Touches which are apt to please the nicest Eye, is represented as tuning a Theorbo. The same Kind of Humour runs through the whole Piece.

I have often from this Hint imagined to myself, that different Talents in Discourse might be shadowed out after the same Manner by different Kinds of Musick; and that the several conversable Parts of Mankind in this great City, might be cast into proper Characters and Divisions, as they resemble several Instruments that are in Use among the Masters of Harmony. Of these therefore in their Order, and First of the Drum.

Your Drums are the Blusterers in Conversation, that with a loud Laugh, unnatural Mirth, and a Torrent of Noise, domineer in publick Assemblies, over-bear Men of Sense, stun their Companions, and fill the Place they are in with a ratling Sound, that hath seldom any Wit, Humour, or good Breeding in it. The Drum notwithstanding, by this boisterous Vivacity, is very proper to impose upon the Ignorant; and in Conversation with Ladies, who are not of the finest Tast, often passes for a Man of Mirth and Wit, and for wonderful pleasant Company. I need not observe, that the Emptiness of the Drum very much contributes to its Noise.

The Lute is a Character directly opposite to the Drum, that sounds very finely by it self, or

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in a very ſmall Conſort. Its Notes are exquiſitely ſweet, and very low, eaſily drowned in a Multitude of Inſtruments, and even loſt among a few, unleſs you give a particular Attention to it. A Lute is ſeldom heard in a Company of more than Five, whereas a Drum will ſhow it ſelf to Advantage in an Aſſembly of Five hundred. The Lutaniſts therefore are Men of a fine Genius, uncommon Reflection, great Affability, and eſteemed chiefly by Perſons of a good Taſt, who are the only proper Judges of ſo delightful and ſoft a Melody.

The Trumpet is an Inſtrument that has in it no Compaſs of Muſick, or Variety of Sound, but is notwithſtanding very agreeable, ſo long as it keeps within its Pitch. It has not above Four or Five Notes, which are however very pleaſing, and capable of exquiſite Turns and Modulations. The Gentlemen who fall under this Denomination, are your Men of the moſt faſhionable Education and refined Breeding, who have learned a certain Smoothneſs of Diſcourſe, and Sprightlineſs of Air, from the polite Company they have kept; but at the ſame Time have ſhallow Parts, weak Judgments, and a ſhort Reach of Underſtanding. A Playhouſe, a Drawing Room, a Ball, a Viſiting Day, or a Ring at *Hide-Park*, are the few Notes they are Maſters of, which they touch upon in all Converſations. The Trumpet however is a neceſſary Inſtrument about a Court, and a proper Enlivener of a Conſort, though of no great Harmony by it ſelf.

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate Wits, that diſtinguiſh themſelves by the Flouriſhes of Imagination, Sharpneſs of Repartee, Glances of Satyr, and bear away the upper Part in every Conſort. I cannot however but obſerve, That when a Man is not diſpoſed to hear Muſick, there is not a more diſagreeable Sound in Harmony than that of a Violin.

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There is another Musical Instrument, which is more frequent in this Nation than any other; I mean your Bass-Viol, which grumbles in the Bottom of the Consort, and with a surly Masculine Sound strengthens the Harmony, and tempers the Sweetness of the several Instruments that play along with it. The Bass-Viol is an Instrument of a quite different Nature to the Trumpet, and may signify Men of rough Sense, and unpolish'd Parts, who do not love to hear themselves talk, but sometimes break out with an agreeable Bluntness, unexpected Wit, and surly Pleasantries, to the no small Diversion of their Friends and Companions. In short, I look upon every sensible true-born *Britain* to be naturally a Bass-Viol.

As for your Rural Wits, who talk with great Eloquence and Alacrity of Foxes, Hounds, Horses, Quickset-Hedges, and Six-Bar Gates, double Ditches, and broken Necks, I am in Doubt, whether I should give them a Place in the conversable World. However, if they will content themselves with being raised to the Dignity of Hunting-Horns, I shall desire for the future that they may be known by that Name.

I must not here omit the Bagpipe Species, that will entertain you from Morning to Night with the Repetition of a few Notes, which are play'd over and over, with the perpetual Humming of a Drone running underneath them. These are your dull, heavy, tedious Story-Tellers, the Load and Burthen of Conversations, that set up for Men of Importance, by knowing secret History, and giving an Account of Transactions, that whether they ever passed in the World or not, doth not signify an Halfpenny to its Instruction, or its Welfare. Some have observed, That the *Northern* Parts of this Island are more particularly fruitful in Bagpipes.

There are ſo very few Perſons who are Maſters in every Kind of Converſation, and can talk on all Subjects, that I don't know whether we ſhould make a diſtinct Species of them: Nevertheleſs, that my Scheme may not be defective, for the Sake of thoſe few who are endowed with ſuch extraordinary Talents, I ſhall allow them to be Harpſicords, a Kind of Muſick which every one knows is a Conſort by it ſelf.

As for your Paſſing-Bells, who look upon Mirth as Criminal, and talk of nothing but what is melancholly in it ſelf, and mortifying to Humane Nature, I ſhall not mention them.

I ſhall likewiſe paſs over in Silence all the Rabble of Mankind, that crowd our Streets, Coffee-houſes, Feaſts, and publick Tables. I cannot call their Diſcourſe Converſation, but rather ſomething that is practiſed in Imitation of it. For which Reaſon, if I would deſcribe them by any Muſical Inſtrument, it ſhould be by thoſe modern Inventions of the Bladder and String, Tongs and Key, Marrow-Bone and Cleaver.

My Reader will doubtleſs obſerve, That I have only touched here upon Male Inſtruments, having reſerved my Female Conſort to another Occaſion. If he has a Mind to know where theſe ſeveral Characters are to be met with, I could direct him to a whole Club of Drums; not to mention another of Bagpipes, which I have before given ſome Account of in my Deſcription of our Nightly Meetings in *Sheer-Lane*. The Lutes may often be met with in Couples upon the Banks of a Chryſtal Stream, or in the Retreats of ſhady Woods and flowry Meadows; which for different Reaſons are likewiſe the great Reſort of your Hunting-Horns. Baſs-Viols are frequently to be found over a Glaſs of ſtale Beer and a Pipe of Tobacco; whereas thoſe who ſet up for Violins, ſeldom fail to make their Appearance at *Will*'s once every Evening. You may

meet with a Trumpet any where on the other Side of *Charing Crofs*.

That we may draw fomething for our Advantage in Life out of the foregoing Difcourfe, I muft entreat my Reader to make a narrow Search into his Life and Converfation, and upon his leaving any Company, to examine himfelf serioufly, whether he has behaved himfelf in it like a Drum or a Trumpet, a Violin or a Bafs-Viol; and accordingly endeavour to mend his Mufick for the future. For my own Part, I muft confefs, I was a Drum for many Years; nay, and a very noify one, till having polifhed my felf a little in good Company, I threw as much of the Trumpet into my Converfation as was poffible for a Man of an impetuous Temper, by which Mixture of different Muficks, I look upon my felf, during the Courfe of many Years, to have refembled a Tabor and Pipe. I have fince very much endeavoured at the Sweetnefs of the Lute; but in Spight of all my Refolutions, I muft confefs with great Confufion, that I find my felf daily degenerating into a Bagpipe; whether it be the Effect of my old Age, or of the Company I keep, I know not. All that I can do, is to keep a Watch over my Converfation, and to filence the Drone as foon as I find it begin to hum in my Difcourfe, being determined rather to hear the Notes of others, than to play out of Time, and incroach upon their Parts in the Confort by the Noife of fo tirefome an Inftrument.

I fhall conclude this Paper with a Letter which I received laft Night from a Friend of mine, who knows very well my Notions upon this Subject, and invites me to pafs the Evening at his Houfe, with a felect Company of Friends, in the following Words:

Dear Isaac,

' I Intend to have a Consort at my House this ' Evening, having by great Chance got a Harp-' sicord, which I am sure will entertain you very ' agreeably. There will be likewise Two Lutes ' and a Trumpet: Let me beg you to put your ' self in Tune, and believe me

Your very faithful humble Servant,

Nicholas Humdrum.

The TATLER. Nº 154.

Obscuris Vera involvens. Virg. *Æn.* L. 6.

From *Saturday April* 1. to *Tuesday April* 4. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 3.

WE have already examined *Homer*'s Description of a Future State, and the Condition in which he hath placed the Souls of the Deceased. I shall in this Paper make some Observations on the Account which *Virgil* hath given us of the same Subject, who, besides a Greatness of Genius, had all the Lights of Philosophy and Humane Learning to assist and guide him in his Discoveries.

Æneas is represented as descending into the Empire of Death, with a Prophetess by his Side, who instructs him in the Secrets of those lower Regions.

Upon the Confines of the Dead, and before the very Gates of this infernal World, *Virgil* describes several Inhabitants, whose Natures are wonderfully suited to the Situation of the Place, as being either the Occasions or Resemblances of Death.

Death. Of the first Kind are the Shadows of Sickness, Old Age, Fear, Famine, and Poverty; (Apparitions very terrible to behold) with several others, as Toil, War, Contention, and Discord, which contribute all of them to people this common Receptacle of humane Souls. As this was likewise a very proper Residence for every Thing that resembles Death, the Poet tells us, That Sleep, whom he represents as a near Relation to Death, has likewise his Habitation in these Quarters, and describes in them a huge gloomy Elm-Tree, which seems a very proper Ornament for the Place, and is possessed by an innumerable Swarm of Dreams, that hang in Clusters under every Leaf of it. He then gives us a List of imaginary Persons, who very naturally lie within the Shadow of the Dream-Tree, as being of the same Kind of Make in themselves, and the Materials or (to use *Shakespear*'s Phrase) the Stuff of which Dreams are made. Such are the Shades of the Giant with a Hundred Hands, and of his Brother with Three Bodies; of the double-shap'd *Centaur* and *Sylla*; the *Gorgon* with Snakey Hair; the *Harpy* with a Woman's Face and Lion's Talons; the Seven-headed *Hydra*; and the *Chimæra*, which breaths forth a Flame, and is a Compound of Three Animals. These several mix'd Natures, the Creatures of Imagination, are not only introduced with great Art after the Dreams; but as they are planted at the very Entrance, and within the very Gates of those Regions, do probably denote the wild Deliriums and Extravagancies of Fancy, which the Soul usually falls into when she is just upon the Verge of Death.

Thus far *Æneas* travels in an Allegory. The rest of the Description is drawn with great Exactness, according to the Religion of the Heathens, and the Opinions of the *Platonick* Philosophy. I shall not trouble my Reader with a com-

mon dull Story, that gives an Account why the Heathens first of all supposed a Ferryman in Hell, and his Name to be *Charon*; but must not pass over in Silence the Point of Doctrine which *Virgil* hath very much insisted upon in this Book, That the Souls of those who are unburied, are not permitted to go over into their respective Places of Rest, till they have wanderdd a Hundred Years upon the Banks of *Styx*. This was probably an Invention of the Heathen Priesthood, to make the People extremely careful of performing proper Rights and Ceremonies to the Memory of the Dead. I shall not however, with the infamous Scriblers of the Age, take an Occasion from such a Circumstance, to run into Declamations against Priestcraft, but rather look upon it even in this Light as a Religious Artifice, to raise in the Minds of Men an Esteem for the Memory of their Forefathers, and a Desire to recommend themselves to that of Posterity; as also to excite in them an Ambition of imitating the Virtues of the Deceased, and to keep alive in their Thoughts the Sense of the Soul's Immortality. In a Word, we may say in Defence of the severe Opinions relating to the Shades of unburied Persons, what hath been said by some of our Divines in regard to the rigid Doctrines concerning the Souls of such who die without being initiated into our Religion, That supposing they should be erroneous, they can do no Hurt to the Dead, and will have a good Effect upon the Living, in making them cautious of neglecting such necessary Solemnities.

Charon is no sooner appeas'd, and the Triple-headed Dog laid asleep, but *Æneas* makes his Entrance into the Dominions of *Pluto*. There are Three Kinds of Persons described, as being situated on the Borders; and I can give no Reason for their being stationed there in so particular Manner, but because they none of them seem

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to have had a proper Right to a Place among the Dead, as not having run out the whole Thread of their Days, and finifhed the Term of Life that had been allotted them upon Eaath. The Firft of thefe are the Souls of Infants, who are fnatched away by untimely Ends: The Second, are of thofe who are put to Death wrongfully, and by an unjuft Sentence; and the Third, of thofe who grew weary of their Lives, and laid violent Hands upon themfelves. As for the Second of thefe, *Virgil* adds with great Beauty, That *Minos*, the Judge of the Dead, is employed in giving them a Rehearing, and affigning them their feveral Quarters fuitable to the Parts they acted in Life. The Poet, after having mentioned the Souls of thofe unhappy Men who deftroyed themfelves, breaks out into a fine Exclamation; *Oh! how gladly*, fays he, *would they now endure Life with all its Miferies! But the Deftinies forbid their Return to Earth, and the Waters of* Styx *furround them with Nine Streams that are unpaffable.* It is very remarkable, that *Virgil*, notwithftanding Self-murther was fo frequent among the Heathens, and had been practifed by fome of the greateft Men in the very Age before him, hath here reprefented it as fo heinous a Crime. But in this Particular he was guided by the Doctrines of his great Mafter *Plato*, who fays on this Subject, That a Man is placed in his Station of Life like a Soldier in his proper Poft, which he is not to quit whatever may happen, until he is called off by his Commander who planted him in it.

There is another Point in the Platonick Philofophy, which *Virgil* has made the Ground-work of the greateft Part in the Piece we are now examining, having with wonderful Art and Beauty materializ'd (if I may fo call it) a Scheme of abftracted Notions, and cloathed the moft nice refined Conceptions of Philofophy in Senfible Ima-

ges, and Poetical Repreſentations. The Platoniſts tell us, That the Soul, during her Reſidence in the Body, contracts many virtuous and vicious Habits, ſo as to become a beneficient, mild, charitable, or an angry, malicious, revengeful Being: A Subſtance inflam'd with Luſt, Avarice, and Pride; or, on the contrary, brighten'd with pure, generous and humble Diſpoſitions: That theſe and the like Habits of Virtue and Vice growing into the very Eſſence of the Soul, ſurvive and gather Strength in her after her Diſſolution; That the Torments of a vicious Soul in a future State ariſe principally from thoſe importunate Paſſions which are not capable of being gratified without a Body; and that on the contrary, the Happineſs of virtuous Minds very much conſiſts in their being employed in ſublime Speculations, innocent Diverſions, ſociable Affections, and all the Extaſies of Paſſion and Rapture which are agreeable to reaſonable Natures, and of which they gained a Reliſh in this Life.

Upon this Foundation, the Poet raiſes that beautiful Deſcription of the ſecret Haunts and Walks, which he tells us are inhabited by deceaſed Lovers.

Not far from hence, ſays he, lies a great Waſt of Plains, that are called the Fields of Melancholy. In theſe there grows a Forreſt of Myrtle, divided into many ſhady Retirements and covered Walks, and inhabited by the Souls of thoſe who pined away with Love. The Paſſion, ſays he, continues with them after Death. He then gives a Liſt of this languiſhing Tribe, in which his own *Dido* makes the principal Figure, and is deſcrib'd as living in this ſoft Romantick Scene, with the Shade of her firſt Husband *Sychæus*.

The Poet in the next Place mentions another Plain that was peopled with the Ghoſts of Warriors,

riors, as ſtill delighting in each other's Company, and pleaſed with the Exerciſe of Arms. He there repreſents the *Græcian* Generals and common Soldiers, who periſhed in the Siege of *Troy* as drawn up in Squadrons, and terrified at the Approach of *Æneas*, which renewed in them thoſe Impreſſions of Fear they had before received in Battle with the *Trojans*. He afterwards likewiſe, upon the ſame Notion, gives a View of the *Trojan* Heroes who lived in former Ages, amidſt a viſionary Scene of Chariots and Arms, flowry Meadows, ſhining Spears, and generous Steeds, which he tells us were their Pleaſures upon Earth, and now make up their Happineſs in *Elyſium*. For the ſame Reaſon alſo, he mentions others as ſinging Pæans, and Songs of Triumph, amidſt a beautiful Grove of Laurel. The Chief of the Conſort was the Poet *Muſæus*, who ſtood incloſed with a Circle of Admirers, and roſe by the Head and Shoulders above the Throng of Shades that ſurrounded him. The Habitations of unhappy Spirits, to ſhew the Duration of their Torments, and the deſperate Condition they are in, are repreſented as guarded by a Fury, moated round with a Lake of Fire, ſtrengthened with Towers of Iron, encompaſſed with a triple Wall, and fortified with Pillars of Adamant, which all the Gods together are not able to heave from their Foundations. The Noiſe of Stripes, the Clank of Chains, aud the Groans of the Tortured, ſtrike the pious *Æneas* with a kind of Horror. The Poet afterwards divides the Criminals into two Claſſes: The firſt and blackeſt Catalogue conſiſts of ſuch as were guilty of Outrages againſt the Gods; and the next, of ſuch who were convicted of Injuſtice between Man and Man: The greateſt Number of whom, ſays the Poet, are thoſe who followed the Dictates of Avarice.

It was an Opinion of the Platonists. That the Souls of Men having contracted in the Body great Stains and Pollutions of Vice and Ignorance, there were several Purgations and Cleansings necessary to be passed through both here and hereafter, in order to refine and purify them.

Virgil, to give this Thought likewise a Cloathing of Poetry, describes some Spirits as bleaching in the Winds, others as cleansing under great Falls of Waters, and others as purging in Fire to recover the primitive Beauty and Purity of their Natures.

It was likewise an Opinion of the same Sect of Philosophers, That the Souls of all Men exist in a separate State, long before their Union with their Bodies; and that upon their Immersion into Flesh, they forget every Thing which passed in the State of Pre-existence; so that what we here call Knowledge, is nothing else but Memory, or the Recovery of those Things which we knew before.

In pursuance of this Scheme, *Virgil* gives us a View of several Souls, who to prepare themselves for living upon Earth, flock about the Banks of the River *Lethe*, and swill themselves with the Waters of Oblivion.

The same Scheme gives him an Opportunity of making a noble Compliment to his Countrymen, where *Anchises* is represented taking a Survey of the long Train of Heroes that are to descend from him, and giving his Son *Æneas* an Account of all the Glories of his Race.

I need not mention the Revolution of the Platonick Year, which is but just touched upon in this Book; and as I have consulted no Authors Thoughts in this Explication, shall be very well pleased, if it can make the noblest Piece of the most accomplished Poet more agreeable to my Female Readers, when they think fit to look into *Dryden*'s Translation of it.

The

The TATLER. [N° 155.

—— Aliena Negotia curat
Excussus propriis —— Hor.

From *Tuesday April* 4. to *Thursday April* 6. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 5.

THere lived some Years since within my Neighbourhood a very grave Person, an Upholsterer, who seemed a Man of more than ordinary Application to Business. He was a very early Riser, and was often abroad Two or Three Hours before any of his Neighbours. He had a particular Carefulness in the knitting of his Brows, and a kind of Impatience in all his Motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on Matters of Importance. Upon my Enquiry into his Life and Conversation, I found him to be the greatest Newsmonger in our Quarter; that he rose before Day to read the *Post-Man*; and that he would take Two or Three Turns to the other End of the Town before his Neighbours were up, to see if there were any *Dutch* Mails come in. He had a Wife and several Children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in *Poland* than in his own Family, and was in greater Pain and Anxiety of Mind for King *Augustus*'s Welfare than that of his nearest Relations. He looked extremely thin in a Dearth of News, and never enjoyed himself in a Westerly Wind. This indefatigable kind of Life was the Ruin of his Shop; for about the Time that his Favourite Prince left the Crown of *Poland*, he broke and disappeared.

This Man and his Affairs had been long out of my Mind, till about Three Days ago, as I was walking in St. *James*'s Park, I heard ſome body at a Diſtance hemming after me: And who ſhould it be but my old Neighbour the Upholſterer? I ſaw he was reduced to extreme Poverty, by certain ſhabby Superfluities in his Dreſs: For notwithſtanding that it was a very ſultry Day for the Time of the Year, he wore a looſe great Coat and a Muff, with a long Campaign-Wig out of Curl; to which he had added the Ornament of a Pair of black Garters buckled under the Knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to enquire into his preſent Circumſtances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a Whiſper, Whether the laſt Letters brought any Accounts that one might rely upon from *Bender*? I told him, None that I heard of; and asked him, Whether he had yet married his eldeſt Daughter? He told me, No. But pray, ſays he, tell me ſincerely, What are your Thoughts of the King of *Sweden*? For tho' his Wife and Children were ſtarving, I found his chief Concern at preſent was for this great Monarch. I told him That I looked upon him as one of the firſt Heroes of the Age. But pray, ſays he, do you think there is any Thing in the Story of his Wound? And finding me ſurpriſed at the Queſtion, Nay, ſays he, I only propoſe it to you. I anſwered, That I thought there was no Reaſon to doubt of it. But why in the Heel, ſays he, more than in any other Part of the Body? Becauſe, ſays I, the Bullet chanced to light there.

This extraordinary Dialogue was no ſooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long Diſſertation upon the Affairs of the *North*; and after having ſpent ſome Time on them, he told me, He was in a great Perplexity how to reconcile the *Supplement* with the *Engliſh-Poſt*, and had been juſt now examining what the other Papers

ſay

ſay upon the ſame Subject. The *Daily Courant*, ſays he, has theſe Words, *We have Advices from very good Hands, That a certain Prince has ſome Matters of great Importance under Conſideration.* This is very myſterious; *but the Poſt-Boy* leaves us more in the Dark, for he tells us; *That there are private Intimations of Meaſures taken by a certain Prince, which Time will bring to Light.* Now the *Poſt Man*, ſays he, who uſes to be very clear, refers to the ſame News in theſe Words; *The late Conduct of a certain Prince affords great Matter of Speculation.* This certain Prince, ſays the Upholſterer, whom they are all ſo cautious of naming, I take to be--- Upon which, tho' there was no Body near us, he whiſpered ſomething in my Ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper End of the *Mall*, where were Three or Four very odd Fellows ſitting together upon the Bench. Theſe I found were all of them Politicians, who uſed to Sun themſelves in that Place every Day about Dinner-Time. Obſerving them to be Curioſities in their Kind, and my Friend's Acquaintance, I ſat down among them.

The chief Politician of the Bench was a great Aſſerter of Paradoxes. He told us, with a ſeeming Concern, That by ſome News he had lately read from *Muſcovy*, it appeared to him that there was a Storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in Time do Hurt to the Naval Forces of this Nation. To this he added, That for his Part, he could not wiſh to ſee the Turk driven out of *Europe*, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our Woollen Manufacture. He then told us, That he looked upon thoſe extraordinary Revolutions which had lately happened in theſe Parts of the World, to have riſen chiefly from Two Perſons who were not much talked of; and thoſe, ſays he, are Prince *Menzikoff*, and the

the Dutchefs of *Mirandola.* He back'd his Aſſertions with ſo many broken Hints, and ſuch a Show of Depth and Wiſdom, that we gave our ſelves up to his Opinions.

The Diſcourſe at length fell upon a Point which ſeldom eſcapes a Knot of true-born *Engliſhmen*, Whether in Caſe of a Religious War, the Proteſtants would not be too ſtrong for the Papiſts? This we unanimouſly determined on the Proteſtant Side. One who ſat on my Right Hand, and, as I found by his Diſcourſe, had been in the *Weſt-Indies*, aſſured us, That it would be a very eaſie Matter for the Proteſtants to beat the Pope at Sea; and added, That whenever ſuch a War does break out, it muſt turn to the Good of the *Leeward* Iſlands. Upon this, one who ſat at the End of the Bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the Geographer of the Company, ſaid, that in caſe the Papiſts ſhould drive the Proteſtants from theſe Parts of *Europe*, when the worſt came to the worſt, it would be impoſſible to beat them out of *Norway* and *Greenland*, provided the Northern Crowns hold together, and the Czar of *Muſcovy* ſtand Neuter.

He further told us for our Comfort, That there were vaſt Tracts of Land about the Pole, inhabited neither by Proteſtants nor Papiſts, and of greater Extent than all the *Roman* Catholick Dominions in *Europe*.

When we had fully diſcuſſed this Point, my Friend the Upholſterer began to exert himſelf upon the Preſent Negotiations of Peace, in which he depoſed Princes, ſettled the Bounds of Kingdoms, and Ballanced the Power of *Europe*, with great Juſtice and Impartiality.

I at length took my Leave of the Company, and was going away; but had not been gone Thirty Yards, before the Upholſterer hemm'd again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a Whiſper, I expected to hear ſome ſecret

Piece of News, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the Bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my Ear to lend him Half a Crown. In Compassion to so needy a Statesman, and to dissipate the Confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him Five Shillings, to receive Five Pounds of him when the Great Turk was driven out of *Constantinople*; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the Impossibility of such an Event, as the Affairs of *Europe* now stand.

This Paper I design for the particular Benefit of those worthy Citizens who live more in a Coffee-house than in their Shops, and whose Thoughts are so taken up with the Affairs of the Allies, that they forget their Customers.

The TATLER. [N° 156.

—— *Sequiturq; Patrem non passibus æquis.* Virg.

From *Thursd. April* 6. to *Saturd. April* 8. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 7.

WE have already described out of *Homer* the Voyage of *Ulysses* to the Infernal Shades, with the several Adventures that attended it. If we look into the beautiful Romance published not many Years since by the Archbishop of *Cambray*, we may see the Son of *Ulysses* bound on the same Expedition, and after the same Manner making his Discoveries among the Regions of the Dead. The Story of *Telemachus* is formed altogether in the Spirit of *Homer*, and will give an unlearned Reader a Notion of that great Poet's Manner of Writing, more than any Translation of him can possibly do. As it was written for

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the Inſtruction of a young Prince, who may one Day ſit upon the Throne of *France*, the Author took Care to ſuit the ſeveral Parts of his Story, and particularly the Deſcription we are now entring upon, to the Character and Quality of his Pupil. For which Reaſon, he inſiſts very much on the Miſery of bad, and the Happineſs of good Kings, in the Account he hath given of Puniſhments and Rewards in the other World.

We may however obſerve, notwithſtanding the Endeavours of this great and learned Author, to copy after the Style and Sentiments of *Homer*, that there is a certain Tincture of Chriſtianity running through the whole Relation. The Prelate in ſeveral Places mixes himſelf with the Poet; ſo that his future State puts me in Mind of *Michael Angelo's* Laſt Judgment, where *Charon* and his Boat are repreſented as bearing a Part in the dreadful Solemnities of that great Day.

Telemachus, after having paſſed through the dark Avenues of Death in the Retinue of *Mercury*, who every Day delivers up a certain Tale of Ghoſts to the Ferryman of Styx, is admitted into the Infernal Bark. Among the Companions of his Voyage, is the Shade of *Nabopharzon*, a King of *Babylon*, and Tyrant of all the *Eaſt*. Among the Ceremonies and Pomps of his Funeral, there were Four Slaves ſacrificed, according to the Cuſtom of the Country, in order to attend him among the Shades. The Author having deſcribed this Tyrant in the moſt odious Colours of Pride, Inſolence, and Cruelty, tells us, That his Four Slaves, inſtead of ſerving him after Death, were perpetually inſulting him with Reproaches and Affronts for his paſt Uſage; That they ſpurn'd him as he lay upon the Ground, and forc'd him to ſhow his Face, which he would fain have covered, as lying under all the Confuſions of Guilt and Infamy; and in ſhort, that they kept him

bound

bound in a Chain, in order to drag him before the Tribunal of the Dead.

Telemachus, upon looking out of the Bark, ſees all the Strand covered with an innumerable Multitude of Shades, who, upon his jumping aſhore, immediately vaniſhed. He then purſues his Courſe to the Palace of *Pluto*, who is deſcribed as ſeated on his Throne in terrible Majeſty, with *Proſerpine* by his Side. At the Foot of his Throne was the pale hideous Spectre, who, by the Ghaſtlineſs of his Viſage, and the Nature of the Apparitions that ſurrounded him, diſcovers himſelf to be Death. His Attendants are, Melancholy, Diſtruſt, Revenge, Hatred, Avarice, Deſpair, Ambition, Envy, Impiety, with frightful Dreams, and waking Cares, which are all drawn very naturally in proper Actions and Poſtures. The Author, with great Beauty, places near his frightful Dreams an Aſſembly of Phantoms, which are often employed to terrify the Living, by appearing in the Shape and Likeneſs of the Dead.

The young Hero in the next Place takes a Survey of the different Kinds of Criminals that lay in Torture among Clouds of Sulphur, and Torrents of Fire. The Firſt of theſe were ſuch as had been guilty of Impieties, which every one hath an Horror for: To which is added, a Catalogue of ſuch Offenders that ſcarce appear to be faulty in the Eyes of the Vulgar. Among theſe, ſays the Author, are malicious Criticks, that have endeavoured to caſt a Blemiſh upon the Perfections of others; with whom he likewiſe places ſuch as have often hurt the Reputation of the Innocent, by paſſing a raſh Judgment on their Actions, without knowing the Occaſion of them. Theſe Crimes, ſays he, are more ſeverely puniſhed after Death, becauſe they generally meet with Impunity upon Earth.

Telemachus, after having taken a Survey of ſeveral other Wretches in the ſame Circumſtances, arrives at that Region of Torments in which wicked Kings are puniſhed. There are very fine Strokes of Imagination in the Deſcription which he gives of this unhappy Multitude. He tells us, That on one Side of them there ſtood a revengeful Fury, thundering in their Ears inceſſant Repetitions of all the Crimes they had committed upon Earth, with the Aggravations of Ambition, Vanity, Hardneſs of Heart, and all thoſe ſecret Affections of Mind that enter into the Compoſition of a Tyrant. At the ſame Time, ſhe holds up to them a large Mirror, in which every one ſees himſelf repreſented in the natural Horror and Deformity of his Character. On the other Side of them ſtands another Fury, that with an inſulting Deriſion, repeats to them all the Praiſes that their Flatterers had beſtowed upon them while they ſat upon their reſpective Thrones. She too, ſays the Author, preſents a Mirror before their Eyes, in which every one ſees himſelf adorn'd with all thoſe Beauties and Perfections in which they had been drawn by the Vanity of their own Hearts, and the Flattery of others. To puniſh them for the Wantonneſs of the Cruelty which they formerly exerciſed, they are now delivered up to be treated according to the Fancy and Caprice of ſeveral Slaves, who have here an Opportunity of tyrannizing in their Turns.

The Author having given us a Deſcription of theſe ghaſtly Spectres, who, ſays he, are always calling upon Death, and are placed under the Diſtillation of that burning Vengeance which falls upon them Drop by Drop, and is never to be exhauſted, leads us into a pleaſing Scene of Groves, filled with the Melody of Birds, and the Odours of a Thouſand different Plants. Theſe Groves are repreſented as riſing among a great

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many flowry Meadows, and watered with Streams that diffuſe a perpetual Freſhneſs, in the midſt of an eternal Day, and a never-fading Spring. This, ſays the Author, was the Habitation of thoſe good Princes who were Friends of the Gods, and Parents of the People. Among theſe, *Telemachus* converſes with the Shade of one of his Anceſtors, who makes a moſt agreeable Relation of the Joys of *Elyſium*, and the Nature of its Inhabitants. The Reſidence of *Seſoſtris* among theſe happy Shades, with his Character and preſent Employment, is drawn in a very lively Manner, and with a great Elevation of Thought.

The Deſcription of that pure and gentle Light which overflows theſe happy Regions, and cloaths the Spirits of theſe virtuous Perſons, hath ſomething in it of that Enthuſiaſm which this Author was Accuſed of by his Enemies in the Church of *Rome*; but however it may look in Religion, it makes a very beautiful Figure in Poetry.

The Rays of the Sun, ſays he, are Darkneſs in Compariſon with this Light, which rather deſerves the Name of Glory, than that of Light. It pierces the thickeſt Bodies, in the ſame Manner as the Sun Beams paſs through Chryſtal: It ſtrengthens the Sight inſtead of dazzling it; and nouriſhes in the moſt inward Receſſes of the Mind, a perpetual Serenity that is not to be expreſs'd. It enters and incorporates it ſelf with the very Subſtance of the Soul: The Spirits of the Bleſſed feel it in all their Senſes, and in all their Perceptions. It produces a certain Source of Peace and Joy that ariſes in them for ever, running through all the Faculties, and refreſhing all the Deſires of the Soul. External Pleaſures and Delights, with all their Charms and Allurements, are regarded with the utmoſt In-

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difference and Neglect by these happy Spirits who have this great Principle of Pleasure within them, drawing the whole Mind to its self, calling off their Attention from the most delightful Objects, and giving them all the Transports of Inebriation, without the Confusion and the Folly of it.

I have here only mentioned some Master-Touches of this admirable Piece, because the Original it self is understood by the greater Part of my Readers. I must confess, I take a particular Delight in these Prospects of Futurity, whether grounded upon the probable Suggestions of a fine Imagination, or the more severe Conclusions of Philosophy; as a Man loves to hear all the Discoveries or Conjectures relating to a Foreign Country which he is, at some Time, to inhabit. Prospects of this Nature lighten the Burden of any present Evil, and refresh us under the worst and lowest Circumstances of Mortality. They extinguish in us both the Fear and Envy of Humane Grandeur. Insolence shrinks its Head, Power disappears; Pain, Poverty, and Death, fly before them. In short, the Mind that is habituated to the lively Sense of an Hereafter, can hope for what is the most terrifying to the Generality of Mankind, and rejoice in what is the most afflicting.

The

The TATLER. [N° 157.

Facile est inventis addere

From *Saturd. April* 8. to *Tuesd. April* 10. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 10.

I Was last Night in an Assembly of very Fine Women. How I came among them, is of no great Importance to the Reader. I shall only let him know, that I was betrayed into so good Company by the Device of an old Friend, who had promised to give some of his Female Acquaintance a Sight of Mr. *Bickerstaff*. Upon hearing my Name mentioned, a Lady who sat by me told me, they had brought together a Female Consort for my Entertainment. You must know, says she, that we all of us look upon our selves to be Musical Instruments, though we do not yet know of what Kind, which we hope to learn from you, if you will give us Leave to play before you. This was followed by a general Laugh, which I always look upon as a necessary Flourish in the Opening of a Female Consort. They then struck up together, and play'd a whole Hour upon Two Grounds, *viz.* the *Trial*, and the *Opera*. I could not but observe, that several of their Notes were more soft, and several more sharp, than any that ever I heard in a Male Consort; though I must confess, there was not any Regard to Time, nor any of those Rests and Pauses which are frequent in the Harmony of the other Sex. Besides, that the Musick was generally full, and no particular Instrument permitted to play long by its self.

I seemed so very well pleased with what every one said, and smiled with so much Complaisance

at all their pretty Fancies, that though I did not put one Word into their Discourse, I have the Vanity to think, they looked upon me as very agreeable Company. I then told 'em, That if I were to draw the Picture of so many charming Musicians, it should be like one I had seen of the Muses, with their several Instruments in their Hands. upon which the Lady Kettle-Drum tossed back her Head, and cry'd, A very pretty Simile! The Consort again revived; in which, with Nods, Smiles, and Approbations, I bore the Part rather of one who beats the Time, than of a Performer.

I was no sooner retired to my Lodgings, but I ran over in my Thoughts the several Characters of this fair Assembly, which I shall give some Account of, because they are various in their Kind, and may each of them stand as a Sample of a whole Species.

The Person who pleased me most was a Flute, an Instrument that, without any great Compass, hath something exquisitely sweet and soft in its Sound: It lulls and sooths the Ear, and fils it with such a gentle Kind of Melody, as keeps the Mind awake without startling it, and raises a most agreeable Passion between Transport and Indolence. In short, the Musick of the Flute is the Conversation of a mild and amiable Woman, that has nothing in it very elevated, or at the same Time any Thing mean or trivial.

I must here observe, that the Hautboy is the most perfect of the Flute-Species, which, with all the Sweetness of the Sound, hath a great Strength and Variety of Notes; though at the same Time I must observe, that the Hautboy in one Sex is as scarce as the Harpsicord in the other.

By the side of the Flute there sat a Flageolet, for so I must call a certain young Lady, who fancying her self a Wit, despised the Musick of the Flute as low and insipid, and would be entertaining

taining the Company with tart ill-natured Obſervations, pert Fancies, and little Turns, which ſhe imagined to be full of Life and Spirit. The Flageolet therefore doth not differ from the Flute ſo much in the Compaſs of its Notes, as in the Shrilneſs and Sharpneſs of the Sound. We muſt however take Notice, that the Flageolets among their own Sex are more valued and eſteemed than the Flutes.

There chanced to be a Coquet in the Conſort, that with a great many ſkittiſh Notes, affected Squeaks, and ſtudied Inconſiſtences, diſtinguiſh'd her ſelf from the reſt of the Company. She did not ſpeak a Word during the whole *Trial*; but I thought ſhe would never have done upon the *Opera*. One while ſhe would break out upon, *That hideous King!* Then upon the charming Black-moor! Then, *Oh that dear Lion!* Then would hum over Two or Three Notes; then run to the Window to ſee what Coach was coming. The Coquet therefore I muſt diſtinguiſh by that Muſical Inſtrument which is commonly known by the Name of a Kit, that is more jiggiſh than the Fiddle it ſelf, and never ſounds but to a Dance.

The Fourth Perſon who bore a Part in the Converſation was a Prude, who ſtuck to the Trial, and was ſilent upon the whole Opera. The Gravity of her Cenſures, and Compoſure of her Voice, which were often attended with ſupercilious Caſts of the Eye and a ſeeming Contempt for the Lightneſs of the Converſation, put me in Mind of that ancient ſerious Matron-like Inſtrument the Virginal.

I muſt not paſs over in Silence a *Lancaſhire* Hornpipe, by which I would ſignify a young Country Lady, who with a great deal of Mirth and Innocence diverted the Company very agreeably; and, if I am not miſtaken, by that Time the Wildneſs of her Notes is a little ſoftened,

and

and the Redundancy of her Musick restrained by Conversation and good Company, will be improved into one of the most amiable Flutes about the Town. Your Romps and Boarding-School Girls fall likewise under this Denomination.

On the Right-Hand of the Hornpipe sat a *Welsh* Harp, an Instrument which very much delights in the Tunes of old Historical Ballads, and in celebrating the Renown'd Actions and Exploits of ancient *British* Heroes. By this Instrument I therefore would describe a certain Lady, who is one of those Female Historians that upon all Occasions enters into Pedigrees and Descents, and finds her self related, by some Off-shoot or other, to almost every great Family in *England*: For which Reason she jarrs and is out of Tune very often in Conversation, for the Company's Want of due Attention and Respect to her.

But the most sonorous Part of our Consort was a She-Drum, or (as the Vulgar call it) a Kettle-Drum, who accompanied her Discourse with Motions of the Body, Tosses of the Head, and Brandishes of the Fan. Her Musick was loud, bold, and masculine. Every Thump she gave alarmed the Company, and very often set some Body or other in it a Blushing.

The last I shall mention was a certain Romantick Instrument called a *Dulcimer*, who talked of nothing but shady Woods, flowry Meadows, purling Streams, Larks and Nightingals, with all the Beauties of the Spring, and the Pleasures of a Country Life. This Instrument hath a fine melancholy Sweetness in it, and goes very well with the Flute.

I think most of the conversable Part of Womankind may be found under one of the foregoing Divisions; but it must be confessed, that the Generality of that Sex, notwithstanding they have naturally a great Genius for being talkative, are not Mistresses of more than one Note; with which

however,

however, by frequent Repetition, they make a greater Sound than those who are possessed of the whole Gammut, as may be observed in your Larums or Houshold Scolds, and in your Castanets or impertinent Tittle-Tattles, who have no other Variety in their Discourse but that of talking slower or faster.

Upon communicating this Scheme of Musick to an old Friend of mine, who was formerly a Man of Gallantry and a Rover, he told me, That he believed he had been in Love with every Instrument in my Consort. The first that smit him was a Hornpipe, who lived near his Father's House in the Country; but upon his failing to meet her at an Assize, according to Appointment, she cast him off. His next Passion was for a Kettle-Drum, whom he fell in Love with at a Play; but when he came acquainted with her, not finding the Softness of her Sex in her Conversation, he grew cool to her; though at the same Time he could not deny, but that she behaved her self very much like a Gentlewoman. His Third Mistress was a Dulcimer, who he found took great Delight in sighing and languishing, but would go no further than the Preface of Matrimony; so that she would never let a Lover have any more of her than her Heart, which, after having won, he was forced to leave her, as despairing of any further Success. I must confess, says my Friend, I have often considered her with a great deal of Admiration; and I find her Pleasure is so much in this first Step of an Amour, that her Life will pass away in Dream, Solitude, and Soliloquy, till her Decay of Charms makes her snatch at the worst Man that ever pretended to her. In the next Place, says my Friend, I fell in Love with a Kit, who led me such a Dance through all the Varieties of a familiar, cold, fond, and indifferent Behaviour, that the World began to grow censorious, though without any Cause: For

For which Reaſon, to recover our Reputations, we parted by Conſent. To mend my Hand, ſays he, I made my next Application to a Virginal, who gave me great Encouragement, after her cautious Manner, till ſome malicious Companion told her of my long Paſſion for the Kit, which made her turn me off as a ſcandalous Fellow. At length, in Deſpair, (ſays he) I betook my ſelf to a *Welſh* Harp, who rejected me with Contempt, after having found that my Great Grandmother was a Brewer's D—ghter. I found by the Sequel of my Friend's Diſcourſe, that he had never aſpired to a Hautboy; that he had been exaſperated by a Flageolet; and that to this very Day, he pines away for a Flute.

Upon the Whole, having throughly conſidered how abſolutely neceſſary it is, That Two Inſtruments, which are to play together for Life, ſhould be exactly tuned, and go in perfect Conſort with each other, I would propoſe Matches between the Muſick of both Sexes, according to the following Table of Marriage.

1. Drum and Kettle-Drum.
2. Lute and Flute.
3. Harpſicord and Hautboy.
4. Violin and Flageolet.
5. Baſs-Viol and Kit.
6. Trumpet and *Welſh* Harp.
7. Hunting-Horn and Horn Pipe.
8. Bagpipe and Caſtenets.
9. Paſſing-Bell and Virginal.

Mr. Bickerſtaff, *in Conſideration of his ancient Friendſhip and Acquaintance with Mr.* Betterton *and great Eſteem for his Merit, ſummons all his Diſciples, whether dead or living, mad or tame, Toaſts, Smarts, Dappers, Pretty Fellows, Muſicians or Scrapers, to make their Appearance at the Play-houſe in the* Hay-market *on* Thurſday *next; when there will be a Play acted for the Benefit of the ſaid Mr.* Betterton.

The

The TATLER. [N° 158.

Faciunt næ intelligendo, ut nihil intelligant. Ter.

From *Tuesd. April* 11. to *Thursd. April* 13. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 12.

TOm *Folio* is a Broker in Learning, employed to get together good Editions, and ſtock the Libraries of Great Men. There is not a Sale of Books begins till *Tom Folio* is ſeen at the Door. …e is not an Auction where his Name is not …d, and that too in the very Nick of Time, in … Critical Moment, before the laſt deciſive …ke of the Hammer. There is not a Subſcrip… goes forward in which *Tom* is not privy to … firſt rough Draught of the Propoſals; nor a …alogue printed, that doth not come to him … from the Preſs. He is an univerſal Scholar, …ar as the Title-Page of all Authors, knows the …nuſcripts in which they were diſcovered, the …itions through which they have paſſed, with … Praiſes or Cenſures which they have received …m the ſeveral Members of the Learned World. … has a greater Eſteem for *Aldus* and *Elzevir*, …an for *Virgil* and *Horace*. If you talk of *Hero…tus*, he breaks out into a Panegyrick upon *…arry Stephans*. He thinks he gives you an Ac…unt of an Author, when he tells you the Sub…ct he treats of, the Name of the Editor, and the …ear in which it was printed. Or if you draw …m into further Particulars, he cries up the Good…ſs of the Paper, extols the Diligence of the …orrector, and is tranſported with the Beauty of …e Letter. This he looks upon to be ſound …arning and ſubſtantial Criticiſm. As for thoſe who

who talk of the Fineneſs of Style, and the Juſtneſs of Thought, or deſcribe the Brightneſs of any particular Paſſages; nay, though they write themſelves in the Genius and Spirit of the Author they admire, *Tom* looks upon them as Men of ſuperficial Learning, and flaſhy Parts.

I had Yeſterday Morning a Viſit from this Learned Idiot, (for that is the Light in which I conſider every Pedant) when I diſcovered in him ſome little Touches of the Coxcomb, which I had not before obſerved. Being very full of the Figure which he makes in the Republick of Letters, and wonderfully ſatisfied with his great Stock of Knowledge, he gave me broad Intimations, that he did not *believe* in all Points as his Forefat[illegible] had done. He then communicated to m[illegible] Thought of a certain Author upon a Paſſag[illegible] *Virgil's* Account of the Dead, which I made[illegible] Subject of a late Paper. This Thought hath[illegible] ken very much among Men of *Tom's* Pitch [illegible] Underſtanding, though univerſally exploded [illegible] all that know how to conſtrue *Virgil*, or have a[illegible] Reliſh of Antiquity. Not to trouble my Read[illegible] with it, I found upon the whole, that *Tom* d[illegible] not believe a future State of Rewards and Puniſh[illegible] ments, becauſe *Æneas*, at his leaving the Empi[illegible] of the Dead, paſſed through the Gate of Ivor[illegible] and not through that of Horn. Knowing th[illegible] *Tom* had not Senſe enough to give up an Opinio[illegible] which he had once received, that he might avoid wrangling, I told him, That *Virgil* poſſibly had his Overſights as well as another Author. Ah! Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſays he, you would have another Opinion of him, if you would read him in *Daniel Heinſius's* Edition. I have peruſed him my ſel[illegible] ſeveral times in that Edition, continued he; and after the ſtricteſt and moſt malicious Examina[illegible] tion, could find but two Faults in him: One o[illegible] them is in the *Æneids*, where there are two Comma's inſtead of a Parentheſis; and anothe[illegible]

i[illegible]

in the third *Georgick*, where you may find a Semicolon turned upside down. Perhaps, said I, these were not *Virgil's* Thoughts, but those of the Transcriber. I do not design it, says *Tom*, as a Reflection on *Virgil*: On the contrary, I know that all the Manuscripts *reclaim* against such a Punctuation. Oh! Mr. *Bickerstaff*, says he, what would a Man give to see one Simile of *Virgil* writ in his own Hand? I asked him which was the Simile he meant; but was answered, Any Simile in *Virgil*. He then told me all the secret History in the Commonwealth of Learning; of modern Pieces that had the Names of ancient Authors annexed to them; of all the Books that were now writing or printing in the several Parts of *Europe*; of many Amendments which are made, and not yet published; and a Thousand other Particulars, which I would not have my Memory burthen'd with for a Vatican.

At length, being fully persuaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a Prodigy of Learning, he took his Leave. I know several of *Tom*'s Class who are professed Admirers of *Tasso*, without understanding a Word of *Italian*: and one in particular, that carries a *Pastor-Fido* in his Pocket, in which I am sure he is acquainted with no other Beauty but the Clearness of the Character.

There is another Kind of Pedant, who, with all *Tom Folio*'s Impertinencies, hath greater Superstructures and Embellishments of *Greek* and *Latin*, and is still more insupportable than the other, in the same Degree as he is more learned. Of this Kind very often are Editors, Commentators, Interpreters, Scholiasts, and Criticks; and in short, all Men of deep Learning without common Sense. These Persons set a greater Value on themselves for having found out the Meaning of a Passage in *Greek*, than upon the Author for having written it; nay, will allow the Passage it self not to have

any Beauty in it, at the same Time that they would be considered as the greatest Men of the Age for having interpreted it. They will look with Contempt upon the most beautiful Poems that have been composed by any of their Contemporaries; but will lock themselves up in their Studies for a Twelvemonth together, to correct, publish, and expound, such Trifles of Antiquity as a modern Author would be contemn'd for. Men of the strictest Morals, severest Lives, and the gravest Professions, will write Volumes upon an idle Sonnet that is originally in *Greek* or *Latin*; give Editions of the most immoral Authors, and spin out whole Pages upon the various Readings of a lewd Expression. All that can be said in Excuse for them, is, That their Works sufficiently show they have no Tast of their Authors; and that what they do in this Kind, is out of their great Learning, and not out of any Levity or Lasciviousness of Temper.

A Pedant of this Nature is wonderfully well described in Six Lines of *Boileau*, with which I shall conclude his Character.

Un Pèdant enyvrè de sa vaine science,
Tout herissé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance,
Et qui de mille Auteurs retenus mot pour mot,
Dans sa tête entassez n'a souvent fait qu'un Sot,
Croit qu'un Livre fait tout, & que sans Aristote
La Raison ne voit goute, & le bon Sens radote.

The

The TATLER. [N° 159.

Nitor in adverſum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus. ——— ——— Ovid. Met. Lib. 2.

From *Thurſd. April* 13. to *Saturd. April* 15. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 14.

THE Wits of this Iſland, for above Fifty Years paſt, inſtead of correcting the Vices of the Age, have done all they could to inflame them. Marriage has been one of the common Topicks of Ridicule that every Stage-Scribler hath found his Account in; for whenever there is an Occaſion for a Clap, an impertinent Jeſt upon Matrimony is ſure to raiſe it. This hath been attended with very pernicious Conſequences. Many a Country 'Squire, upon his ſetting up for a Man of the Town, has gone home in the Gaiety of his Heart and beat his Wife. A kind Husband hath been looked upon as a Clown, and a good Wife as a Domeſtick Animal, unfit for the Company or Converſation of the *Beau Monde*. In ſhort, Separate Beds, Silent Tables, and Solitary Homes, have been introduced by your Men of Wit and Pleaſure of the Age.

As I ſhall always make it my Buſineſs to ſtem the Torrents of Prejudice and Vice, I ſhall take particular Care to put an honeſt Father of a Family in Countenance, and endeavour to remove all the Evils out of that State of Life, which is either the moſt happy or moſt miſerable, that a Man can be placed in. In order to this, let us, if you pleaſe, conſider the Wits and well-bred Perſons of former Times. I have ſhown in another Paper, That *Pliny*, who was a Man of the great-

eſt Genius, as well as of the firſt Quality of his Age, did not think it below him to be a kind Husband, and to treat his Wife as a Friend, Companion and Counſellor. I ſhall give the like Inſtance of another, who in all Reſpects was a much greater Man than *Pliny*, and hath written a whole Book of Letters to his Wife. They are not ſo full of Turns as thoſe tranſlated out of the former Author, who writes very much like a Modern, but are full of that beautiful Simplicity which is altogether natural, and is the diſtinguiſhing Character of the beſt ancient Writers. The Author I am ſpeaking of, is *Cicero*; who, in the following Paſſages which I have taken out of his Letters, ſhows, that he did not think it inconſiſtent with the Politeneſs of his Manners, or the Greatneſs of his Wiſdom, to ſtand upon Record in his Domeſtick Character.

Theſe Letters were written at a Time when he was baniſhed from his Country, by a Faction that then prevailed at *Rome*.

Cicero to *Terentia*.

'I Learn from the Letters of my Friends, as 'well as from common Report, that you give 'incredible Proofs of Virtue and Fortitude, and 'that you are indefatigable in all Kinds of good 'Offices. How unhappy a Man am I, that a 'Woman of your Virtue, Conſtancy, Honour, and 'good Nature, ſhould fall into ſo great Diſtreſſes 'upon my Account? And that my dear *Tulliola* 'ſhould be ſo much afflicted for the Sake of a 'Father, with whom ſhe had once ſo much Rea'ſon to be pleaſed! How can I mention little *Ci*'*cero*, whoſe firſt Knowledge of Things began 'with the Senſe of his own Miſery? If all this 'had happened by the Decrees of Fate, as you 'would kindly perſuade me, I could have born 'it. But, alas! it is all befallen me by my own

'Indiſ-

'Indiscretion, who thought I was beloved by 'those that envied me, and did not join with 'them who sought my Friendship. —— At pre-'sent, since my Friends bid me hope, I shall take 'Care of my Health, that I may enjoy the Bene-'fit of your affectionate Services. —— *Plancius* 'hopes we may some Time or other come toge-'ther into *Italy*. If I ever live to see that Day; 'if I ever return to your dear Embraces; in 'short, if I ever again recover you and my self, 'I shall think our Conjugal Piety very well re-'warded. --- As for what you write to me about 'selling your Estate, consider, (my dear *Terentia*) 'consider, alas! what would be the Event of it. 'If our present Fortune continues to oppress us, 'what will become of our poor Boy! My Tears 'flow so fast, that I am not able to write any 'further; and I would not willingly make you 'weep with me. —— Let us take Care not to un-'do the Child that is already undone: If we can 'leave him any Thing, a little Virtue will keep 'him from Want, and a little Fortune raise him 'in the World. Mind your Health, and let me 'know frequently what you are doing. —— Re-'member me to *Tulliola* and *Cicero*.

II.

'DOn't fancy that I write longer Letters to 'any one than to your self, unless when I 'chance to receive a longer Letter from another, 'which I am indispensibly obliged to answer in 'every Particular. The Truth of it is, I have no 'Subject for a Letter at present; and as my Af-'fairs now stand, there is nothing more painful 'to me than Writing. As for you and our dear '*Tulliola*, I cannot write to you without Abun-'dance of Tears; for I see both of you miserable, 'whom I always wished to be happy, and whom 'I ought to have made so. —— I must acknow-'ledge, you have done every Thing for me with 'the utmost Fortitude, and the utmost Affection;

'nor indeed is it more than I expected from you; 'though at the same Time it is a great Aggravation of my ill Fortune, that the Afflictions I suffer can be relieved only by those which you undergo for my Sake. For honest *Valerius* has 'written me a Letter, which I could not read 'without weeping very bitterly; wherein he 'gives me an Account of the publick Procession 'which you have made for me at *Rome*. Alas! my 'dearest Life, must then *Terentia*, the Darling of 'my Soul, whose Favour and Recommendations 'have been so often sought by others; must my '*Terentia* droop under the Weight of Sorrow, 'appear in the Habit of a Mourner, pour out 'Floods of Tears, and all this for my Sake; for 'my Sake who have undone my Family, by consulting the Safety of others! —— As for what 'you write about selling your House, I am very 'much afflicted, that what is laid out upon my 'Account may any way reduce you to Misery and 'Want. If we can bring about our Design, we 'may indeed recover every Thing; but if Fortune persists in persecuting us, how can I think 'of your sacrificing for me the poor Remainder 'of your Possessions? No, my dearest Life, let 'me beg you to let those bear my Expences who 'are able, and perhaps willing to do it; and if 'you would show your Love to me, do not injure your Health, which is already too much 'impaired. You present your self before my 'Eyes Day and Night; I see you labouring amidst 'innumerable Difficulties; I am afraid lest you 'should sink under them; but I find in you all 'the Qualifications that are necessary to support 'you: Be sure therefore to cherish your Health, 'that you may compass the End of your Hopes 'and your Endeavours. —— Farewel my *Terentia*, my Heart's Desire, farewel.

II. 'Ari-

III.

'ARistocritus hath delivered to me Three of 'your Letters, which I have almost defaced 'with my Tears. Oh! my *Terentia*, I am con-'sumed with Grief, and feel the Weight of your 'Sufferings more than of my own. I am more 'miserable than you are, notwithstanding you are 'very much so; and that for this Reason, because 'though our Calamity is common, it is my Fault 'that brought it upon us. I ought to have died 'rather than have been driven out of the City: 'I am therefore overwhelmed not only with 'Grief, but with Shame. I am ashamed that I 'did not do my utmost for the best of Wives, 'and the dearest of Children. You are ever pre-'sent before my Eyes in your Mourning, your 'Affliction, and your Sickness. Amidst all which, 'there scarce appears to me the least Glimmer-'ring of Hope. —— However, as long as you 'hope, I will not despair. —— I will do what 'you advise me. I have returned my Thanks to 'those Friends whom you mentioned, and have 'let them know, That you have acquainted me 'with their good Offices. I am sensible of *Piso*'s 'extraordinary Zeal and Endeavours to serve me. 'Oh! would the Gods grant that you and I 'might live together in the Enjoyment of such a 'Son-in-Law, and of our dear Children. —— As 'for what you write of your coming to me if I 'desire it, I would rather you should be where 'you are, because I know you are my principal 'Agent at *Rome*. If you succeed, I shall come to 'you: If not —— But I need say no more. 'Be careful of your Health, and be assured, that 'nothing is, or ever was, so dear to me as your-'self. Farewel my *Terentia*; I fancy that I see 'you, and therefore cannot command my Weak-'ness so far as to refrain from Tears.'

IV.

'I Don't write to you as often as I might, be-
' cause notwithstanding I am afflicted at all
' Times, I am quite overcome with Sorrow whilst
' I am writing to you, or reading any Letters
' that I receive from you. —— If these Evils
' are not to be removed, I must desire to see you,
' my dearest Life, as soon as possible, and to die
' in your Embraces; since neither the Gods,
' whom you always religiously worshipped; nor
' the Men, whose Good I always promoted, have
' rewarded us according to our Deserts. -- - What
' a distressed Wretch am I? Should I ask a weak
' Woman, oppressed with Cares and Sickness, to
' come and live with me, or shall I not ask her?
' Can I live without you? But I find I must. If
' there be any Hopes of my Return, help it for-
' ward, and promote it as much as you are able.
' But if all that is over, as I fear it is, find out
' some Way or other of coming to me. This you
' may be sure of, that I shall not look upon my
' self as quite undone whilst you are with me.
' But what will become of *Tulliola*? You must
' look to that; I must confess, I am entirely at a
' Loss about her. Whatever happens, we must
' take Care of the Reputation and Marriage of
' that dear unfortunate Girl. As for *Cicero*, he
' shall live in my Bosom and in my Arms. I can-
' not write any further, my Sorrows will not let
' me. —— Support your self, my dear *Terentia*,
' as well as you are able. We have lived and
' flourished together amidst the greatest Honours:
' It is not our Crimes, but our Virtues, that have
' distressed us. —— Take more than ordinary
' Care of your Health; I am more afflicted with
' your Sorrows than my own. Farewel my *Te-
' rentia*, thou dearest, faithfullest, and best of
' Wives,

Methinks

Methinks it is a Pleaſure to ſee this great Man in his Family, who makes ſo different a Figure in the *Forum* or Senate of *Rome*. Every one admires the Orator and the Conſul; but for my Part, I eſteem the Husband and the Father. His private Character, with all the little Weakneſſes of Humanity, is as amiable, as the Figure he makes in publick is awful and majeſtick. But at the ſame Time that I love to ſurprize ſo great an Author in his private Walks, and to ſurvey him in his moſt familiar Lights, I think it would be barbarous to form to our ſelves any Idea of mean Spiritedneſs from theſe natural Openings of his Heart, and diſburthening of his Thoughts to a Wife. He has written ſeveral other Letters to the ſame Perſon, but none with ſo great Paſſion as theſe of which I have given the foregoing Extracts.

It would be ill Nature not to acquaint the *Engliſh* Reader, that his Wife was ſucceſsful in her Sollicitations for this great Man, and ſaw her Husband return to the Honours of which he had been deprived, with all the Pomp and Acclamation that uſually attended the greateſt Triumph.

The TATLER. [Nº 160.

From *Saturd. April* 15. to *Tueſd. April* 18. 1710.

From my own Apartment. April 17.

A Common Civility to an impertinent Fellow often draws upon one a great many unforeſeen Troubles; and if one doth not take particular Care, will be interpreted by him as an Overture of Friendſhip and Intimacy. This I was very ſenſible of this Morning. About two Hours be-

fore Day, I heard a great Rapping at my Door, which continued ſome Time, till my Maid could get her ſelf ready to go down and ſee what was the Occaſion of it. She then brought me up Word, That there was a Gentleman who ſeemed very much in Haſte, and ſaid he muſt needs ſpeak with me. By the Deſcription ſhe gave me of him, and by his Voice, which I could hear as I lay in my Bed, I fancied him to be my old Acquaintance the Upholſterer, whom I met the other Day in St. *Jame's Park*. For which Reaſon, I bid her tell the Gentleman, whoever he was, That I was indiſpoſed, that I could ſee no Body, and that, if he had any Thing to ſay to me, I deſired he would leave it in Writing. My Maid, after having delivered her Meſſage, told me, That the Gentleman ſaid he would ſtay at the next Coffee-houſe till I was ſtirring, and bid her be ſure to tell me, That the *French* were driven from the *Scarp*, and that *Douay* was inveſted. He gave her the Name of another Town, which I found ſhe had dropped by the Way.

As much as I love to be informed of the Succeſs of my brave Countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a Victory before Day, and was therefore very much out of Humour at this unſeaſonable Viſit. I had no ſooner recovered my Temper, and was falling aſleep, but I was immediately ſtartled by a Second Rap; and upon my Maid's opening the Door, heard the ſame Voice ask her, If her Maſter was yet up? and at the ſame Time bid her tell me, That he was come on Purpoſe to talk whith me about a Piece of Home-News that every Body in Town will be full of in Two Hours hence. I ordered my Maid as ſoon as ſhe came into the Room, without hearing her Meſſage, to tell the Gentleman, That whatever his News is, I would rather hear it Two Hours hence than now; and that I perſiſted in my Reſolution not to ſpeak with any Body that Morning. The

Wench

Wench delivered my Anſwer preſently, and ſhut the Door. It was impoſſible for me to compoſe my ſelf to Sleep after Two ſuch unexpected Alarms; for which Reaſon I put on my Clothes in a very peeviſh Humour. I took ſeveral Turns about my Chamber, reflecting with a great deal of Anger and Contempt on theſe Volunteers in Politicks, that undergo all the Pain, Watchfulneſs, and Diſquiet of a Firſt Miniſter, without turning it to the Advantage either of themſelves or their Country; and yet it is ſurpriſing to conſider how numerous this Species of Men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a Taylor breaking his Reſt on the Affairs of *Europe*, and to ſee a Cluſter of Porters ſitting upon the Miniſtry. Our Streets ſwarm with Politicians, and there is ſcarce a Shop which is not held by a Stateſman. As I was muſing after this Manner, I heard the Upholſterer at the Door delivering a Letter to my Maid, and begging her, in a very great Hurry, to give it to her Maſter as ſoon as ever he was awake, which I opened, and found as follows:

' Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

' I Was to wait upon you about a Week ago, ' to let you know, That the honeſt Gentlemen ' whom you converſed with upon the Bench at ' the End of the *Mall*, having heard that I had ' received Five Shillings of you, to give you a ' Hundred Pounds upon the Great *Turk*'s being ' driven out of *Europe*, deſired me to acquaint ' you, That every one of that Company would be ' willing to receive Five Shillings, to pay a Hundred Pounds on the ſame Conditions. Our laſt ' Advices from *Muſcovy* making this a fairer Bet ' than it was a Week ago, I do not queſtion but ' you will accept the Wager.

But

'But this is not my present Business. If you 'remember, I whispered a Word in your Ear as 'we were walking up the *Mall*, and you see what 'has happened since. If I had seen you this 'Morning, I would have told you in your Ear 'another Secret. I hope you will be recovered of 'your Indisposition by to Morrow Morning, when 'I will wait on you at the same Hour as I did this; 'my private Circumstances being such, that I 'cannot well appear in this Quarter of the Town 'after it is Day.

'I have been so taken up with the late good 'News from *Holland*, and Expectation of further 'Particulars, as well as with other Transactions, 'of which I will tell you more to Morrow Morn-'ing, that I have not slept a Wink these three 'Nights.

'I have Reason to believe, that *Picardy* will 'soon follow the Example of *Artois*, in case the 'Enemy continue in their present Resolution of 'flying away from us. I think I told you last 'Time we were together my Opinion about the '*Deulle*.

'The honest Gentlemen upon the Bench bid me 'tell you, they would be glad to see you often 'among them: We shall be there all the warm 'Hours of the Day, during the present Posture of 'Affairs.

'This happy Opening of the Campaign will 'I hope, give us a very joyful Summer; and I 'propose to take many a pleasant Walk with 'you, if you will sometimes come into the *Park*; 'for that is the only Place in which I can be free 'from the Malice of my Enemies. Farewel till 'Three a Clock to Morrow Morning. I am,

Your most humble Servant, &c.

'*P. S.* The King of *Sweden* is still at *Bendar*.

I should

I ſhould have fretted my ſelf to Death at this Promiſe of a ſecond Viſit, if I had not found in his Letter an Intimation of the good News which I have ſince heard at large. I have however ordered my Maid to tie up the Knocker of my Door in ſuch a Manner as ſhe would do if I was really indiſpoſed. By which Means I hope to eſcape breaking my Morning's Reſt.

Since I have given this Letter to the Publick, I ſhall communicate one or two more, which I have lately receiv'd from others of my Correſpondents. The following is from a *Coquet*, who is very angry at my having diſpoſed of her in Marriage to a *Baſs-Viol*.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

'I Thought you would never have deſcended 'from the Cenſor of *Great Britain*, to become 'a Match-Maker. But pray, Why ſo ſevere upon 'the *Kit*? Had I been a *Jews-Harp*, that is no-'thing but Tongue, you could not have uſed me 'worſe. Of all Things, a *Baſs-Viol* is my Aver-'ſion. Had you married me to a *Bagpipe*, or a '*Paſſing-Bell*, I ſhould have been better pleaſed. 'Dear Father *Iſaac*, either chuſe me a better Huſ-'band, or I will live and die a *Dulcimer*. In Hopes 'of receiving Satisfaction from you, I am yours, 'whilſt

Iſabella Kit.

The Pertneſs which this Fair Lady hath ſhown in this Letter, was one Occaſion of my joining her to the *Baſs-Viol*, which is an Inſtrument that wants to be quickened by theſe little Vivacities; as the Sprightlineſs of the *Kit* ought to be checked and curbed by the Gravity of the *Baſs-Viol*.

My next Letter is from *Tom Folio*, who it ſeems takes it amiſs that I have publiſhed a Character of him ſo much to his Diſadvantage.

SIR,

SIR,

'I Suppose you meant *Tom Fool,* when you cal-
'led me *Tom. Folio* in a late trifling Paper of
'yours; for I find, 'tis your Design to run down
'all useful and solid Learning. The Tobacco-Pa-
'per on which your own Writings are usually
'printed, as well as the Incorrectness of the Press,
'and the Scurvy Letter, sufficiently show the Ex-
'tent of your Knowledge. I question not but you
'look upon *John Morphew* to be as great a Man
'as *Elziver*; and *Aldus,* to have been such ano-
'ther as *Bernard Lintott.* If you would give me
'my Revenge, I would only desire of you to let
'me publish an Account of your Library, which
'I dare say would furnish out an extraordinary
'Catalogue.

Tom. Folio.

It hath always been my Way to baffle Reproach with Silence, tho' I cannot but observe the disingenuous Proceedings of this Gentleman, who is not content to asperse my Writings, but hath wounded, through my Sides, those eminent and worthy Citizens, Mr *John Morphew,* and Mr. *Bernard Lintott.*

The TATLER. [N° 161.

——— *Nunquam Libertas gratior exstat*
Quam sub Rege pio. ———

From *Tuesd. April* 18. to *Thursday April* 20. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 19.

I Was walking Two or Three Days ago in a very pleasing Retirement, and amusing my self with the Reading of that ancient and beau-

ful

ful Allegory, called, *The Table of Cebes*. I was at laſt ſo tired with my Walk, that I ſat down to reſt my ſelf upon a Bench that ſtood in the Midſt of an agreeable Shade. The Muſick of the Birds, that filled all the Trees about me, lull'd me aſleep before I was aware of it; which was followed by a Dream, that I impute in ſome Meaſure to the foregoing Author, who had made an Impreſſion upon my Imagination, and put me into his own way of Thinking.

I fancied my ſelf among the *Alpes*, and, as it is natural in a Dream, ſeemed every Moment to bound from one Summit to another, till at laſt, after having made this Airy Progreſs over the Tops of ſeveral Mountains, I arrived at the very Centre of thoſe broken Rocks and Precipices. I here, methought, ſaw a prodigious Circuit of Hills, that reached above the Clouds, and encompaſſed a large Space of Ground, which I had a great Curioſity to look into. I thereupon continued my former Way of travelling through a great Variety of Winter Scenes, till I had gained the Top of theſe white Mountains, which ſeemed another *Alpes* of Snow. I looked down from hence into a ſpacious Plain, which was ſurrounded on all Sides by this Mound of Hills, and which preſented me with the moſt agreeable Proſpect I had ever ſeen. There was a greater Variety of Colours in the Embroidery of the Meadows, a more lively Green in the Leaves and Graſs, a brighter Chryſtal in the Streams, than what I ever met with in any other Region. The Light it ſelf had ſomething more ſhining and glorious in it than that of which the Day is made in other Places. I was wonderfully aſtoniſhed at the Diſcovery of ſuch a Paradiſe amidſt the Wildneſs of thoſe cold, hoary Landskips which lay about it; but found at length, that this happy Region was inhabited by the Goddeſs of *Liberty*; whoſe Preſence ſoftned the Rigours of the Climate, en-

riched the Barrenneſs of the Soil, and more than ſupplied the Abſence of the Sun. The Place was covered with a wonderful Profuſion of Flowers, that without being diſpoſed into regular Borders and Parterres, grew promiſcuouſly, and had a greater Beauty in their natural Luxuriancy and Diſorder, than they could have received from the Checks and Reſtraints of Art. There was a River that aroſe out of the South Side of the Mountain, that by an infinite Number of Turns and Windings, ſeemed to viſit every Plant, and cheriſh the ſeveral Beauties of the Spring, with which the Fields abounded. After having run to and fro in a wonderful Variety of Meanders, as unwilling to leave ſo charming a Place, it at laſt throws it ſelf into the Hollow of a Mountain, from whence it paſſes under a long Range of Rocks, and at length riſes in that Part of the *Alpes* where the Inhabitants think it the firſt Source of the *Rhone*. This River, after having made its Progreſs through thoſe free Nations, ſtagnates in a huge Lake at the leaving of them, and no ſooner enters into the Regions of Slavery, but runs through them with an incredible Rapidity, and takes its ſhorteſt Way to the Sea.

I deſcended into the happy Fields that lay beneath me, and in the Midſt of them, beheld the Goddeſs ſitting upon a Throne. She had nothing to encloſe her but the Bounds of her own Dominions, and nothing over her Head but the Heavens. Every Glance of her Eye caſt a Track of Light where it fell, that revived the Spring, and made all Things ſmile about her. My Heart grew chearful at the Sight of her, and as ſhe looked upon me, I found a certain Confidence growing in me, and ſuch an inward Reſolution as I never felt before.

On the Left Hand of the Goddeſs ſat the Genius of a Commonwealth, with the Cap of Liberty on her Head, and in her Hand a Wand,

like

like that with which a *Roman* Citizen used to give his Slaves their Freedom. There was something mean and vulgar, but at the same Time exceeding bold and daring, in her Air; her Eyes were full of Fire, but had in them such Casts of Fierceness and Cruelty, as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her Shoulders she wore a Mantle, on which there was wrought a great Confusion of Figures. As it flew in the Wind, I could not discern the particular Design of them, but saw Wounds in the Bodies of some, and Agonies in the Faces of others; and over one Part of it could read in Letters of Blood, *The Ides of March.*

On the Right Hand of the Goddess was the Genius of Monarchy. She was cloathed in the whitest Ermin, and wore a Crown of the purest Gold upon her Head. In her Hand she held a Scepter like that which is born by the *British* Monarchs. A Couple of tame Lions lay crouching at her Feet: Her Countenance had in it a very great Majesty without any Mixture of Terror: Her Voice was like the Voice of an Angel, filled with so much Sweetness, and accompanied with such an Air of Condescension, as tempered the Awfulness of her Appearance, and equally inspired Love and Veneration into the Hearts of all that beheld her.

In the Train of the Goddess of *Liberty* were the several Arts and Sciences, who all of them flourished underneath her Eye. One of them in particular made a greater Figure than any of the rest, who held a Thunderbolt in her Hand, which had the Power of melting, piercing, or breaking every Thing that stood in its Way. The Name of this Goddess was *Eloquence.*

There were Two other dependent Goddesses, who made a very conspicuous Figure in this blissful Region. The First of them was seated upon an Hill, that had every Plant growing out of it, which

which the Soil was in its own Nature capable of producing. The Other was seated in a little Island, that was covered with Groves of Spices, Olives, and Orange-Trees; and in a Word, with the Products of every Foreign Clime. The Name of the First was *Plenty*, of the Second *Commerce*. The First leaned her Right Arm upon a Plough, and under her Left held a huge Horn, out of which she poured out a whole Autumn of Fruits. The Other wore a rostral Crown upon her Head, and kept her Eyes fixed upon a Compass.

I was wonderfully pleased in ranging through this delightful Place, and the more so, because it was not incumbred with Fences and Enclosures; till at length, methoughts, I sprung from the Ground, and pitched upon the Top of an Hill, that presented several Objects to my Sight which I had not before taken Notice of. The Winds that pass'd over this flowry Plain, and through the Tops of the Trees which were full of Blossoms, blew upon me in such a continued Breeze of Sweets, that I was wonderfully charmed with my Situation. I here saw all the inner Declivities of that great Circuit of Mountains, whose Outside was covered with Snow, overgrown with huge Forrests of Fir-Trees, which indeed are very frequently found in other Parts of the *Alpes*. These Trees were inhabited by Storks, that came thither in great Flights from very distant Quarters of the World. Methoughts, I was pleased in my Dream to see what became of these Birds, when, upon leaving the Places to which they make an annual Visit, they rise in great Flocks so high till they are out of Sight; and for that Reason have been thought by some modern Philosophers to take a Flight to the Moon. But my Eyes were soon diverted from this Prospect, when I observed Two great Gaps that led thro' this Circuit of Mountains, where Guards

Guards and Watches were posted Day and Night. Upon Examination I found, that there were Two formidable Enemies encamped before each of these Avenues, who kept the Place in a perpetual Alarm, and watched all Opportunities of invading it.

Tyranny was at the Head of one of these Armies, dressed in an Eastern Habit, and grasping in her Hand an Iron Scepter. Behind her was *Barbarity*, with the Garb and Complexion of an *Æthiopian*; *Ignorance* with a Turbant upon her Head; and *Persecution* holding up a bloody Flag, embroidered with Flower-de-Luces. These were followed by *Oppression*, *Poverty*, *Famine*, *Torture*, and a dreadful Train of Appearances, that made me tremble to behold them. Among the Baggage of this Army, I could discover Racks, Wheels, Chains, and Gibbets, with all the Instruments Art could invent to make humane Nature miserable.

Before the other Avenue I saw *Licentiousness*, dressed in a Garment not unlike the *Polish* Cassock, and leading up an whole Army of Monsters, such as *Clamour*, with a hoarse Voice and a Hundred Tongues; *Confusion*, with a misshapen Body and a Thousand Heads; *Impudence*, with a Forehead of Brass; and *Rapine*, with Hands of Iron. The Tumult, Noise, and Uproar in this Quarter, were so very great, that they disturbed my Imagination more than is consistent with Sleep, and by that Means awaked me.

The TATLER. [N° 162.

Tertius è Cœlo cecidit Cato. Juv. Sat. 2.

From *Thursd. April* 20. to *Saturd. April* 22. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 21.

IN my younger Years I used many Endeavours to get a Place at Court, and indeed continued my Pursuits till I arrived at my *Grand Climacterick*: But at length altogether despairing of Success, whether it were for Want of Capacity, Friends, or due Application, I at last resolved to erect a new Office, and for my Encouragement, to place my self in it. For this Reason, I took upon me the Title and Dignity of *Censor* of *Great Britain*, reserving to my self all such Perquisites, Profits, and Emoluments, as should arise out of the Discharge of the said Office. These in Truth have not been inconsiderable; for, besides those Weekly Contributions which I receive from *John Morphew*, and those annual Subscriptions which I propose to my self from the most elegant Part of this great Island, I daily live in a very comfortable Affluence of Wine, Stale Beer, *Hungary* Water, Beef, Books, and Marrow-Bones, which I receive from many well-disposed Citizens; not to mention the Forfeitures which accrue to me from the several Offenders that appear before me on Court Days.

Having now enjoyed this Office for the Space of a Twelvemonth, I shall do what all good Officers ought to do, take a Survey of my Behaviour, and consider carefully, whether I have discharged my Duty, and acted up to the Character with which I am invested. For my Direction

ction in this Particular, I have made a narrow Search into the Nature of the old *Roman Censors*, whom I must always regard, not only as my Predecessors, but as my Patterns in this great Employment; and have several times asked my own Heart with great Impartiality, Whether *Cato* will not bear a more venerable Figure among Posterity than *Bickerstaff*?

I find the Duty of the *Roman Censor* was Twofold. The First Part of it consisted in making frequent Reviews of the People, in casting up their Numbers, ranging them under their several Tribes, disposing them into proper Classes, and subdividing them into their respective Centuries.

In Compliance with this Part of the Office, I have taken many curious Surveys of this great City. I have collected into particular Bodies the *Dappers* and the *Smarts*, the *Natural* and *Affected Rakes*, the *Pretty Fellows* and the *very Pretty Fellows*. I have likewise drawn out in several distinct Parties your *Pedants* and *Men of Fire*, your *Gamesters* and *Politicians*. I have separated *Cits* from *Citizens*, *Free-Thinkers* from *Philosophers*, *Wits* from *Snuff-Takers*, and *Duellists* from *Men of Honour*. I have likewise made a Calculation of *Esquires*, not only considering the several distinct Swarms of them that are settled in the different Parts of this Town, but also that more rugged Species that inhabit the Fields and Woods, and are often found in Pot-houses, and upon Haycocks.

I shall pass the Soft Sex over in Silence, having not yet reduced them into any tolerable Order; as likewise the softer Tribe of Lovers, which will cost me a great deal of Time, before I shall be able to cast them into their several Centuries and Subdivisions.

The Second Part of the *Roman Censor's* Office was to look into the Manners of the People, and

to

to check any growing Luxury, whether in Diet, Drefs, or Building. This Duty likewife we have endeavoured to difcharge, by thofe wholefome Precepts which I have given my Countrymen in regard to Beef and Mutton, and the fevere Cenfures which I have paffed upon Ragouts and Frigacies. There is not, as I am informed, a Pair of Red Heels to be feen within Ten Miles of *London*, which I may likewife afcribe, without Vanity, to the becoming Zeal which I expreffed in that Particular. I muft own, my Succefs with the Petticoat is not fo great: But as I have not yet done with it, I hope I fhall in a little Time put an effectual Stop to that growing Evil. As for the Article of Building, I intend hereafter to enlarge upon it, having lately obferved feveral Ware-houfes, nay private Shops, that ftand upon *Corinthian* Pillars, and whole Rows of Tin Pots fhowing themfelves, in order to their Sale, through a Safh-Window.

I have likewife followed the Example of the *Roman* Cenfors, in punifhing Offences according to the Quality of the Offender. It was ufual for them to expel a Senator who had been guilty of great Immoralities out of the Senate-Houfe, by omitting his Name when they called over the Lift of his Brethren. In the fame Manner, to remove effectually feveral worthlefs Men who ftand poffeffed of great Honours, I have made frequent Draughts of dead Men out of the vicious Part of the Nobility, and given them up to the new Society of Upholders, with the neceffary Orders for their Interrment. As the *Roman Cenfors* ufed to punifh the Knights or Gentlemen of *Rome*, by taking away their Horfes from them, I have feifed the Canes of many Criminals of Figure, whom I had juft Reafon to animadvert upon. As for the Offenders among the Common People of *Rome*, they were generally chaftifed, by being thrown out of a higher

Tribe,

Tribe, and placed in one which was not ſo honourable. My Reader cannot but think I have had an Eye to this Puniſhment, when I have degraded one Species of Men into Bombs, Squibs, and Crackers, and another into Drums, Baſs-Viols, and Bagpipes; not to mention whole Packs of Delinquents whom I have ſhut up in Kennels, and the new Hoſpital which I am at preſent erecting, for the Reception of thoſe my Countrymen who give me but little Hopes of their Amendment, on the Borders of *Moor-Fields*. I ſhall only obſerve upon this laſt particular, That ſince ſome late Surveys I have taken of this Iſland, I ſhall think it neceſſary to enlarge the Plan of the Buildings which I deſign in this Quarter.

When my great Predeceſſor *Cato* the Elder ſtood for the Cenſorſhip of *Rome*, there were ſeveral other Competitors who offered themſelves; and to get an Intereſt among the People, gave them great Promiſes of a mild and gentle Treatment, which they would uſe towards them in that Office. *Cato* on the contrary told them, he preſented himſelf as a Candidate, becauſe he knew the Age was ſunk in Immorality and Corruption; and that if they would give him their Votes, he would promiſe them to make uſe of ſuch a Strictneſs and Severity of Diſcipline as ſhould recover them out of it. The *Roman* Hiſtorians, upon this Occaſion, very much celebrate the Publick-Spiritedneſs of that People, who choſe *Cato* for their Cenſor, notwithſtanding his Method of recommending himſelf. I may in ſome Meaſure extol my own Countrymen upon the ſame Account, who, without any Reſpect to Party, or any Application from my ſelf, have made ſuch generous Subſcriptions for the Cenſor of *Great Britain*, as will give a Magnificence to my old Age, and which I eſteem more than I would any Poſt in *Europe* of an Hundred

Times the Value. I ſhall only add, That upon looking into my Catalogue of Subſcribers, which I intend to print Alphabetically in the Front of my Lucubrations, I find the Names of the greateſt Beauties and Wits in the whole Iſland of *Great Britain*, which I only mention for the Benefit of any of them who have not yet ſubſcribed, it being my Deſign to cloſe the Subſcription in a very ſhort Time.

The TATLER. [N° 163.

Idem Inficeto eſt Inficetior Rure
Simul Poemata attigit; neque idem unquam
Æque eſt beatus, ac Poema cum ſcribit:
Tam gaudet in ſe, tamque ſe ipſe miratur.
Nimirum idem omnes fallimur; neque eſt quiſquam
Quem non in aliqua re videre Suffenum
Poſſis.—— —— Catul. de Suffeno.

From *Saturd. April* 22. to *Tueſd. April* 25. 1710.

Will's Coffee houſe, April 24.

I Yeſterday came hither about Two Hours before the Company generally make their Appearance, with a Deſign to read over all the News-Papers; but upon my ſitting down, I was accoſted by *Ned Softly*, who ſaw me from a Corner in the other End of the Room, where I found he had been Writing ſomething. Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſays he, I obſerve by a late Paper of yours, that you and I are juſt of a Humour; for you muſt know, of all Impertinencies, there is nothing which I ſo much hate as News. I never read a *Gazette* in my Life; and never trouble

my

my Head about our Armies, whether they win or lose, or in what Part of the World they lie encamped. Without giving me Time to reply, he drew a Paper of Verses out of his Pocket, telling me, That he had something which would entertain me more agreeably, and that he would desire my Judgment upon every Line, for that we had Time enough before us till the Company came in.

Ned Softly is a very pretty Poet, and a great Admirer of easy Lines. *Waller* is his Favourite: And as that admirable Writer has the best and worst Verses of any among our great *English* Poets, *Ned Softly* has got all the bad Ones without Book, which he repeats upon Occasion, to show his Reading, and garnish his Conversation. *Ned* is indeed a true *English* Reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly Strokes of this Art; but wonderfully pleased with the little *Gothick* Ornaments of Epigrammatical Conceits, Turns, Points, and Quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our *English* Poets, and practised by those who want Genius and Strength to represent, after the Manner of the Ancients, Simplicity in its natural Beauty and Perfection.

Finding my self unavoidably engaged in such a Conversation, I was resolved to turn my Pain into a Pleasure, and to divert my self as well as I could with so very odd a Fellow. You must understand, says *Ned*, that the Sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a Lady, who showed me some Verses of her own making, and is perhaps the best Poet of our Age. But you shall hear it. Upon which he begun to read as follows:

To Mira, on her incomparable Poems.

1.

When dress'd in Lawrel Wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodius Notes,
You seem a Sister of the Nine,
Or Phœbus *self in Petticoats.*

2.

I fancy, when your Song you sing,
(Your Song you sing with so much Art)
Your Pen was pluck'd from Cupid's *Wing ;*
For ah! it wounds me like a Dart.

Why, says I, this is a little Nosegay of Conceits, a very Lump of Salt: Every Verse hath something in it that piques; and then the Dart in the last Line is certainly as pretty a Sting in the Tail of an Epigram (for so I think your Criticks call it) as ever entered into the Thought of a Poet. Dear Mr. *Bickerstaff*, says he shaking me by the Hand, every Body knows you to be a Judge of these Things; and to tell you truly, I read over *Roscommon*'s Translation of *Horace*'s *Art of Poetry* Three several Times, before I sat down to write the Sonnet which I have shown you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every Line of it, for not one of them shall pass without your Approbation.

When dress'd in Lawrel Wreaths you shine.

That is, says he, when you have your Garland on; when you are Writing Verses. To which I replied, I know your Meaning: A Metaphor! The same, said he, and went on.

And tune your soft melodious Notes.

Pray observe the Gilding of that Verse; there is scarce a Consonant in it: I took Care to make it run upon Liquids. Give me your Opinion of it

it. Truly, said I, I think it as good as the former. I am very glad to hear you say so, says he; but mind the next.

You seem a Sister of the Nine.

That is, says he, you seem a Sister of the Muses; for if you look into ancient Authors, you will find it was their Opinion, that there were Nine of them. I remember it very well, said I, but pray proceed.

Or Phœbus *self in Petticoats.*

Phœbus, says he, was the God of Poetry. These little Instances, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, show a Gentleman's Reading. Then to take off from the Air of Learning, which *Phœbus* and the Muses have given to this first Stanza, you may observe, how it falls all of a sudden into the Familiar; *in Petticoats!*

Or Phœbus *self in Petticoats.*

Let us now, says I, enter upon the Second Stanza. I find the First Line is still a Continuation of the Metaphor.

I fancy, when your Song you sing,

It is very right, says he; but pray observe the Turn of Words in those Two Lines. I was a whole Hour in adjusting of them, and have still a Doubt upon me, Whether in the Second Line it should be, *Your Song you sing*; or, *You sing your Song?* You shall hear them both:

I fancy, when your Song, you sing,
(Your Song you sing with so much Art.)

O R,

I fancy, when your Song you sing,
You sing your Song with so much Art.

 Truly,

Truly, said I, the Turn is so natural either Way, that you have made me almost giddy with it. Dear Sir, said he, grasping me by the Hand, you have a great deal of Patience; but pray what do you think of the next Verse?

Your Pen was pluck'd from Cupid's Wing.

Think: says I; I think you have made *Cupid* look like a little Goose. That was my Meaning, says he; I think the Ridicule is well enough hit off. But we now come to the last, which sums up the whole Matter?

For Ah! it wounds me like his Dart.

Pray how do you like that *Ah!* Doth it not make a pretty Figure in that Place? *Ah!* It looks as if I felt the Dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

For Ah! it wounds me like his Dart.

My Friend *Dick Easy*, continued he, assured me, he would rather have written that *Ah!* than to have been the Author of the *Æneid*. He indeed objected, that I made *Mira*'s Pen like a Quill in one of the Lines, and like a Dart in the other. But as to that --- Oh! as to that, says I, it is but supposing *Cupid* to be like a Porcupine, and his Quills and Darts will be the same Thing. He was going to embrace me for the Hint; but half a Dozen Criticks coming into the Room, whose Faces he did not like, he conveyed the Sonnet into his Pocket, and whispered me in the Ear, he would show it me again as soon as his Man had written it over fair.

The TATLER. [Nº 164.

*Qui sibi promittit Cives, Urbem, sibi Curæ
Imperium fore, & Italiam, & Delubra Deorum,
Quo Patre sit natus, num ignotâ Matre inhonestus,
Omnes Mortales curare & quærere cogit.* Hor.

From *Tuesd. April* 25. to *Thursd. April* 27. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 26.

I HAVE lately been looking over the many Pacquets of Letters which I have received from all Quarters of *Great Britain*, as well as from Foreign Countries, since my entring upon the Office of *Censor*, and indeed am very much surprized too see so great a Number of them, and pleased to think that I have so far encreased the Revenue of the *Post-Office*. As this Collection will grow daily, I have digested it into several Bundles, and made proper Endorsements on each particular Letter, it being my Design, when I lay down the Work that I am now engaged in, to erect a Paper Office, and give it to the Publick.

I could not but make several Observations upon reading over the Letters of my Correspondents: As first of all, on the different Tasts that reign in the different Parts of this City. I find, by the Approbations which are given me, That I am seldom famous on the same Days on both Sides of *Temple-Bar*; and that when I am in the greatest Repute within the Liberties, I dwindle at the Court End of the Town. Sometimes I sink in both these Places at the same Time; but for my Comfort, my Name hath then been up in the Districts of *Wapping* and *Rotherhithe*. Some of my

my Correfpondents defire me to be always ferious, and others to be always merry. Some of them entreat me to go to Bed and fall into a Dream, and like me better when I am afleep than when I am awake: Others advife me to fit all Night upon the Stars, and be more frequent in my Aftrological Obfervations; for that a Vifion is not properly a Lucubration. Some of my Readers thank me for filling my Paper with the Flowers of Antiquity, others defire News from *Flanders*. Some approve my Criticifms on the Dead, and others my Cenfures on the Living. For this Reafon, I once refolved in the new Edition of my Works, to range my feveral Papers under diftinct Heads, according as their principal Defign was to benefit and inftruct the different Capacities of my Readers, and to follow the Example of fome very great Authors, by writing at the Head of each Difcourfe, *Ad Aulam*, *Ad Academiam*, *Ad Populum*, *Ad Clerum*.

There is no Particular in which my Correfpondents of all Ages, Conditions, Sexes, and Complexions, univerfally agree, except only in their Thirft after Scandal. It is impoffible to conceive how many have recommended their Neighbours to me upon this Account, or how unmercifully I have been abufed by feveral unknown Hands, for not publifhing the fecret Hiftories of Cuckoldom that I have received from almoft every Street in Town.

It would indeed be very dangerous for me to read over the many Praifes and Eulogiums which come Poft to me from all the Corners of the Nation, were they not mixed with many Checks, Reprimands, Scurrilities, and Reproaches, which feveral of my good-natured Countrymen cannot forbear fending me, though it often cofts them Two-pence or a Groat before they can convey them to my Hands: So that

fometimes

ſometimes when I am put into the beſt Humour in the World, after having read a Panegyrick upon my Performances, and looked upon my ſelf as a Benefactor to the *Britiſh* Nation, the next Letter perhaps I open, begins with, *You old Doting Scoundrel--- Are not you a ſad Dog--- Sirrah, you deſerve to have your Noſe ſlit.* And the like ingenious Conceits. Theſe little Mortifications are neceſſary to ſurpaſs that Pride and Vanity which naturally ariſe in the Mind of a received Author, and enable me to bear the Reputation which my courteous Readers beſtow upon me, without becoming a Coxcomb by it. It was for the ſame Reaſon, that when a *Roman* General entered the City in the Pomp of a Triumph, the Commonwealth allowed of ſeveral little Drawbacks to his Reputation, by conniving at ſuch of the Rabble as repeated Libels and Lampoons upon him within his Hearing, and by that Means engaged his Thoughts upon his Weakneſs and Imperfections, as well as on the Merits that advanced him to ſo great Honours. The Conqueror however was not the leſs eſteemed for being a Man in ſome Particulars, becauſe he appeared as a God in others.

There is another Circumſtance in which my Countrymen have dealt very perverſely with me; and that is, in Searching not only into my own Life, but alſo into the Lives of my Anceſtors. If there has been a Blot in my Family for theſe Ten Generations, it hath been diſcovered by ſome or other of my Correſpondents. In ſhort, I find the ancient Family of the *Bickerſtaffs* has ſuffered very much through the Malice and Prejudice of my Enemies. Some of them twit me in the Teeth with the Conduct of my Aunt *Margery*: Nay, there are ſome who have been ſo diſingenuous, as to throw *Maud* the Milk-Maid into my Diſh, notwithſtanding I my ſelf was the firſt who diſcovered that Alliance. I reap however

me Benefits from the Malice of these my Enemies, as they let me see my own Faults, and give me a View of my self in the worst Light; as they hinder me from being blown up by Flattery and Self-Conceit; as they make me keep a watchful Eye over my own Actions, and at the same Time make me cautious how I talk of others, and particularly of my Friends and Relations, or value my self upon the Antiquity of my Family.

But the most formidable Part of my Correspondents are those whose Letters are filled with Threats and Menaces. I have been treated so often after this Manner, that not thinking it sufficient to fence well, in which I am now arrived at the utmost Perfection, and carry Pistols about me, which I have always tuck'd within my Girdle; I several Months since made my Will, settled my Estate, and took Leave of my Friends, looking upon my self as no better than a dead Man. Nay, I went so far as to write a long Letter to the most intimate Acquaintance I have in the World, under the Character of a departed Person, giving him an Account of what brought me to that untimely End, and of the Fortitude with which I met it. This Letter being too long for the present Paper, I intend to print it by it self very suddenly; and at the same Time I must confess, I took my Hint of it from the Behaviour of an old Soldier in the Civil Wars, who was Corporal of a Company in a Regiment of Foot, about the same Time that I my self was a Cadet in the King's Army.

This Gentleman was taken by the Enemy; and the Two Parties were upon such Terms at that Time, that we did not treat each other as Prisoners of War, but as Traitors and Rebels. The poor Corporal being condemned to die, wrote a Letter to his Wife when under Sentence of Execution. He writ on the *Thursday*, and was to be executed on the *Friday*: But considering that the

Letter would not come to his Wife's Hands till *Saturday*, the Day after Execution, and being at that Time more ſcrupulous than ordinary in ſpeaking exact Truth, he formed his Letter rather accoring to the Poſture of his Affairs when ſhe ſhould read it, than as they ſtood when he ſent it: Though it muſt be confeſſed, there is a certain Perplexity in the Style of it, which the Reader will eaſily pardon, conſidering his Circumſtances.

Dear Wife,

'HOping you are in good Health, as I am at 'this preſent Writing, This is to let you know, 'that Yeſterday, between the Hours of Eleven 'and Twelve, I was hanged, drawn and quar- 'tered. I died very penitently, and every Body 'thought my Caſe very hard. Remember me 'kindly to my poor Fatherleſs Children.

Yours till Death,
W. B.

It ſo happened, that this honeſt Fellow was relieved by a Party of his Friends, and had the Satiſfaction to ſee all the Rebels hanged who had been his Enemies. I muſt not omit a Circumſtance which expoſed him to Raillery his whole Life after. Before the Arrival of the next Poſt, that would have ſet all Things clear, his Wife was married to a Second Husband, who lived in the peaceable Poſſeſſion of her; and the Corporal, who was a Man of plain Underſtanding, did not care to ſtir in the Matter, as knowing that ſhe had the News of his Death under his own Hand, which ſhe might have produced upon Occaſion.

The TATLER. [Nº 165.

From *Thurſd. April* 27. to *Saturd. April* 29. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 28.

IT has always been my endeavour to diſtinguiſh between Realities and Appearances, and to ſeperate true Merit from the Pretence to it. As it ſhall ever be my Study to make Diſcoveries of this Nature in Humane Life, and to ſettle the proper Diſtinctions between the Virtues and Perfections of Mankind, and thoſe falſe Colours and Reſemblances of them that ſhine alike in the Eyes of the Vulgar; ſo I ſhall be more particularly careful to ſearch into the various Merits and Pretences of the learned World. This is the more neceſſary, becauſe there ſeems to be a general Combination among the Pedants to extol one another's Labours, and cry up one another's Parts; while Men of Senſe, either through that Modeſty which is natural to them, or the Scorn they have for ſuch trifling Commendations, enjoy their Stock of Knowledge like a hidden Treaſure, with Satisfaction and Silence. Pedantry indeed in Learning is Like Hypocriſy in Religion, a Form of Knowledge without the Power of it, that attracts the Eyes of the Common People, breaks out in Noiſe and Show, and finds its Reward not from any inward Pleaſure that attends it, but from the Praiſes and Approbations which it receives from Men.

Of this ſhallow Species there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited Animal, than that which is generally known by the Name of a Critick. This, in the common Acceptation of the Word, is one that, without entering into the

the Senſe and Soul of an Author, has a few general Rules, which, like mechanical Inſtruments, he applies to the Works of every Writer, and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the Author perfect or defective. He is Maſter of a certain Set of Words, as Unity, Style, Fire, Flegm, Eaſy, Natural, Turn, Sentiment, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides, and throws together, in every Part of his Diſcourſe, without any Thought or Meaning. The Marks you may know him by are, an elevated Eye, and dogmatical Brow, a poſitive Voice and a Contempt for every Thing that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in Generals. He praiſes or diſpraiſes in the Lump, He ſhakes his Head very frequently at the Pedantry of Univerſities, and burſts into Laughter when you mention an Author that is not known at *Will's*. He hath form'd his Judgment upon *Homer*, *Horace*, and *Virgil*, not from their own Works, but from thoſe of *Rapin* and *Boſſu*. He knows his own Strength ſo well, that he never dares praiſe any Thing in which he has not a *French* Author for his Voucher.

With theſe extraordinary Talents and Accompliſhments, Sir *Timothy Tittle* puts Men in Vogue, or condemns them to Obſcurity, and ſits as Judge of Life and Death upon every Author that appears in Publick. It is impoſſible to repreſent the Pangs, Agonies, and Convulſions, which Sir *Timothy* expreſſes in every Feature of his Face, and Muſcle of his Body, upon the reading of a bad Poet.

About a Week ago I was engaged at a Friend's of mine in an agreeable Converſation with his Wife and Daughters, when in the Height of our Mirth, Sir *Timothy*, who makes Love to my Friend's eldeſt Daughter, came in amongſt us puffing and blowing as if he had been very much out of Breath. He immediately called for a

Chair

Chair, and desired Leave to sit down, without any further Ceremony. I ask'd him, where he had been? Whether he was out of Order? He only replied, That he was quite spent, and fell a cursing in Soliloquy. I could hear him cry, *A Wicked Rogue*——*An execrable Wretch* ——*Was there ever such a Monster* ——— The young Ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and asked, Whether any one had hurt him? He answered nothing, but still talked to himself. *To lay the first Scene*, says he, *in St.* James's Park, *and the last in* Northamptonshire! Is that all, says I? Then I suppose you have been at the Rehearsal of a Play this Morning. *Been!* says he; I have been at *Northampton*, in the *Park*, in a Lady's Bed-Chamber, in a Dining-Room, every where; the Rogue has led me such a Dance ——— Tho' I could scarce forbear laughing at his Discourse, I told him I was glad it was no worse, and that he was only Metaphorically weary. In short, Sir, says he, the Author has not observed a single Unity in his whole Play; the Scene shifts in every Dialogue; the Villain has hurried me up and down at such a Rate, that I am tired off my Legs. I could not but observe with some Pleasure, that the young Lady whom he made Love to, conceived a very just Aversion towards him, upon seeing him so very passionate in Trifles. And as she had that natural Sense which makes her a better Judge than a Thousand Criticks, she began to rally him upon this foolish Humour. For my Part, says she, I never knew a Play take that was written up to your Rules, as you call them. How Madam! says he, Is that your Opinion? I am sure you have a better Tast. It is a pretty Kind of Magick says she, the Poets have, to transport an Audience from Place to Place without the Help of a Coach and Horses. I could travel round the World at such a Rate. 'Tis such an Entertainment as an Enchantress finds

when ſhe fancies her ſelf in a Wood, or upon a Mountain, at a Feaſt, or a Solemnity; though at the ſame Time ſhe has never ſtirred out of her Cottage. Your Simile, Madam, Says Sir *Timothy*, is by no means juſt. Pray, ſays ſhe, let my Similies paſs without a Criticiſm. I muſt confeſs, continued ſhe, (for I found ſhe was reſolved to exaſperate him) I laughed very heartily at the laſt new Comedy which you found ſo much Fault with. But Madam, ſays he, you ought not to have laughed! and I defy any one to ſhew me a ſingle Rule that you could laugh by. Ought not to laugh! ſays ſhe: Pray who ſhould hinder me. Madam, ſays he, there are ſuch People in the World as *Rapin*, *Dacier*, and ſeveral others, that ought to have ſpoiled your Mirth. I have heard, ſays the young Lady, That your great Criticks are always very bad Poets: I fancy there is as much Difference between the Works of one and the other, as there is between the Carriage of a Dancing Maſter and a Gentleman. I muſt confeſs, continued ſhe, I would not be troubled with ſo fine a Judgment as yours is; for I find you feel more Vexation in a bad Comedy, than I do in a deep Tragedy. Madam, ſays Sir *Timothy*, That is not my Fault, they ſhould learn the Art of Writing. For my Part, ſays the young Lady, I ſhould think the greateſt Art in your Writers of Comedies is to pleaſe. To pleaſe! ſays Sir *Timothy*, and immediately fell a laughing. Truly, ſays ſhe, that is my Opinion. Upon this, he compoſed his Countenance, looked upon his Watch, and took his Leave.

I hear that Sir *Timothy* has not been at my Friend's Houſe ſince this notable Conference, to the great Satisfaction of the young Lady, who by this Means has got rid of a very impertinent Fop.

I must confess, I could not but observe, with a great deal of Surprize, how this Gentleman, by his ill Nature, Folly, and Affectation, hath made himself capable of suffering so many imaginary Pains, and looking with such a senseless Severity upon the common Diversions of Life.

The TATLER. [N° 166.

——— *Dicenda, Tacenda, Loquutus.* Hor.

From *Saturd. April* 29. to *Tuesd. May* 2. 1710.

White's *Chocolate-house, May* 1.

THE World is so overgrown with Singularities in Behaviour, and Method of Living, that I have no sooner laid before Mankind the Absurdity of one Species of Men, but there starts up to my View some new Sect of Impertinents that had before escaped Notice. This Afternoon, as I was talking with fine Mrs. *Sprightly*'s Porter, and desiring Admittance upon an extraordinary Occasion, it was my Fate to be spy'd by *Tom Modely* riding by in his Chariot. He did me the Honour to stop, and asked, What I did there of a *Monday*? I answered, That I had Business of Importance, which I wanted to communicate to the Lady of the House. *Tom* is one of those Fools who look upon Knowledge of the Fashion to be the only Liberal Science; and was so rough as to tell me, That a well bred Man would as soon call upon a Lady (who keeps a Day) at Midnight, as on any Day but that on which she professes being at Home. There are Rules and Decorums which are never to be transgressed by those

those who understand the World; and he who offends in that Kind, ought not to take it ill if he is turned away, even when he sees the Person look out at her Window whom he enquires for. Nay, said he, my Lady *Dimple* is so positive in this Rule, that she takes it for a Piece of good Breeding and Distinction to deny her self with her own Mouth. Mrs. *Comma*, the great Scholar, insists upon it; and I my self have heard her assert, That a Lord's Porter, or a Lady's Woman, cannot be said to lie in that Case, because they act by Instruction; and their Words are no more their own, than those of a Puppet.

He was going on with this Ribaldry, when on a sudden he looked on his Watch, and said, he had Twenty Visits to make, and drove away without further Ceremony. I was then at Leisure to reflect upon the Tastless Manner of Life, which a Set of idle Fellows lead in this Town, and spend Youth it self with less Spirit, than other Men do their old Age. These Expletives in Humane Society, tho' they are in themselves wholly insignificant, become of some Consideration when they are mixed with others. I am very much at a Loss how to define, or under what Character, Distinction, or Denomination, to place them, except you give me Leave to call them the Order of the *Insipids*. This Order is in its Extent like that of the Jesuits, and you see of them in every Way of Life, and in every Profession. *Tom Modely* has long appeared to me at the Head of this Species. By being habitually in the best Company, he knows perfectly well when a Coat is well cut, or a Periwig well mounted. As soon as you enter the Place where he is, he tells the next Man to him who is your Taylor, and judges of you more from the Choice of your Periwig-maker than of your Friend. His Business in this World was to be well dressed; and the greatest Circumstance that is to be recorded

ded in his Annals is, That he wears Twenty Shirts a Week. Thus, without ever ſpeaking Reaſon among the Men, or Paſſion among the Women, he is every where well received; and without any one Man's Eſteem, he has every Man's Indulgence.

This Order has produced great Numbers of tolerable Copiers in Painting, good Rhimers in Poetry, and harmleſs Projectors in Politicks. You may ſee them at firſt Sight grow acquainted by Sympathy, inſomuch that one who had not ſtudied Nature, and did not know the true Cauſe of their ſudden Familiarities, would think that they had ſome ſecret Intimation of each other, like the Free Maſons. The other Day at *Will's*, I heard *Modely*, and a Critick of the ſame Order, ſhow their equal Talents with great Delight. The Learned Inſipid was commending *Racine's* Turns; the Genteel Inſipid, *Devillier's* Curls.

Theſe Creatures, when they are not forced into any particular Employment, for want of Ideas in their own Imaginations, are the conſtant Plague of all they meet with by Enquiries for News and Scandal, which makes them the Heroes of Viſiting Days, where they help the Deſign of the Meeting, which is to paſs away that odious Thing called Time, in Diſcourſes too trivial to raiſe any Reflections which may put well-bred Perſons to the Trouble of Thinking.

From my own Apartment, May 1.

I was looking out of my Parlour-Window this Morning, and receiving the Honours which *Margery*, the Milk-Maid to our Lane, was doing me, by dancing before my Door with the Plate of half her Cuſtomers on her Head, when Mr. *Clayton*, the Author of *Arſinoe*, made me a Viſit, and deſired me to inſert the following Advertiſement in my enſuing Paper.

The

The Pastoral Masque compos'd by Mr. Clayton, *Author of* Arsinoe, *will be performed on* Wednesday *the 3d Instant, in the great Room at* York-Buildings. *Tickets are to be had at* White's *Chocolate-house,* St. James's *Coffee-house in* St James's-street, *and* Young Man's *Coffee-house.*

Note, *The Tickets delivered out for the 27th of* April, *will be taken then.*

When I granted his Request, I made one to him, which was, That the Performers should put their Instruments in Tune before the Audience came in; for that I thought the Resentment of the Eastern Prince, who, according to the old Story, took *Tuning* for *Playing*, to be very just and natural. He was so civil, as not only to promise that Favour, but also to assure me, that he would order the Heels of the Performers to be muffled in Cotton, that the Artists in so polite an Age as ours, may not intermix with their Harmony a Custom which so nearly resembles the Stamping Dances of the *West-Indians* or *Hottentots*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Bass-Viol *of Mr.* Bickerstaff's *Acquaintance, whose Mind and Fortune do not very exactly agree, proposes to set himself to Sale by Way of Lottery. Ten Thousand Pounds is the Sum to be raised, at Three pence a Ticket, in Consideration that there are more Women who are willing to be married than that can spare a greater Sum. He has already made over his Person to Trustees for the said Money to be forth-coming, and ready to take to Wife the fortunate Woman that wins him.*

N. B. *Tickets are given out by Mr.* Charles Lillie, *and Mr.* John Morphew. *Each Adventurer must be a Virgin, and subscribe her Name to her Ticket.*

Whereas the several Church-Wardens of most of the Parishes within the Bills of Mortality, have in

an earnest Manner applied themselves by Way of Petition, and have also made a Presentment, of the vain and loose Deportment during Divine Service, of Persons of too great Figure in all their said Parishes, for their Reproof. And whereas it is therein set forth, That by Salutations given each other, Hints, Shrugs, Ogles, Playing of Fans, and fooling with Canes at their Mouths, and other wanton Gesticulations, their whole Congregation appears rather a Theatrical Audience, than an House of Devotion. It is hereby ordered, That all Canes, Cravats, Bosom-Laces, Muffs, Fans, Snuff-Boxes, and all other Instruments made use of to give Persons unbecoming Airs, shall be immediately forfeited and sold; and of the Sum arising from the Sale thereof, a Ninth Part shall be paid to the Poor, and the rest to the Overseers.

The TATLER. [N° 167.

Segnius irritant Animos dimissa per Aures,
Quam quæ sunt Oculis submissa fidelibus. —— Hor.

From *Tuesday May* 2. to *Thursday May* 4. 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 2.

HAving received Notice, That the famous Actor Mr. *Betterton* was to be interred this Evening in the Cloysters near *Westminster-Abbey*, I was resolved to walk thither, and see the last Office done to a Man whom I had always very much admired, and from whose Action I had received more strong Impressions of what is great and noble in Humane Nature, than from the Arguments of the most solid Philosophers, or the Descriptions of the most charming Poets I had ever read.

read. As the rude and untaught Multitude are no Way wrought upon more effectually than by seeing publick Punishments and Executions; so Men of Letters and Education feel their Humanity most forcibly exercised, when they attend the Obsequies of Men who had arrived at any Perfection in Liberal Accomplishments. Theatrical Action is to be esteemed as such, except it be objected, that we cannot call that an Art which cannot be attained by Art. Voice, Stature, Motion, and other Gifts, must be very bountifully bestowed by Nature, or Labour and Industry will but push the unhappy Endeavourer, in that Way, the further off his Wishes.

Such an Actor as Mr. *Betterton* ought to be recorded with the same Respect as *Roscius* among the *Romans*. The greatest Orator has thought fit to quote his Judgment, and celebrated his Life. *Roscius* was the Example to all that would form themselves into proper and winning Behaviour. His Action was so well adapted to the Sentiments he expressed, that the Youth of *Rome* thought they wanted only to be virtuous to be as graceful in their Appearance as *Roscius*. The Imagination took a lovely Impression of what was great and good; and they who never thought of setting up for the Arts of Imitation, became themselves imitable Characters.

There is no Humane Inventions so aptly calculated for the forming a Free-Born People as that of a Theatre. *Tully* reports, That the celebrated Player of whom I am speaking used frequently to say, *The Perfection of an Actor is only to become what he is doing.* Young Men, who are too unattentive to receive Lectures, are irresistibly taken with Performances. Hence it is, that I extremely lament the little Relish the Gentry of this Nation have at present for the just and noble Representations in some of our Tragedies. The Opera's which are of late introduced

troduced, can leave no Trace behind them tha can be of Service beyond the present Moment. To sing and to dance, are Accomplishments very few have any Thoughts of practising; but to speak justly, and move gracefully, is what every Man thinks he does perform, or wishes he did.

I have hardly a Notion, that any Performer of Antiquity could surpass the Action of Mr. *Betterton* in any of the Occasions in which he has appear'd on our Stage. The wonderful Agony which he appeared in, when he examined the Circumstance of the Handkerchief in *Othello*; the Mixture of Love that intruded upon his Mind upon the innocent Answers *Desdemona* makes, betrayed in his Gesture such a Variety and Vicissitude of Passions, as would admonish a Man to be afraid of his own Heart, and perfectly convince him, that it is to stab it, to admit that worst of Daggers, Jealousy. Whoever reads in his Closet this admirable Scene, will find that he cannot, except he has as warm an Imagination as *Shakespear* himself, find any but dry, incoherent, and broken Sentences: But a Reader that has seen *Betterton* act it, observes there could not be a Word added; that longer Speech had been unnatural, nay impossible, in *Othello's* Circumstances. The charming Passage in the same Tragedy, where he tells the Manner of winning the Affection of his Mistress, was urged with so moving and graceful an Energy, that while I walked in the Cloysters, I thought of him with the same Concern as if I waited for the Remains of a Person who had in real Life done all that I had seen him represent. The Gloom of the Place, and faint Lights before the Ceremony appeared, contributed to the melancholly disposition I was in; and I began to be extremely afflicted, that *Brutus* and *Cassius* had any Difference; that *Hotspur's* Gallantry was so unfortunate; and that the Mirth and good Humour of *Falstaff*, could not

exempt

exempt him from the Grave. Nay, this Occasion in me, who look upon the Distinctions amongst Men to be meerly Scenical, raised Reflections upon the Emptiness of all Humane Perfection and Greatness in general; and I could not but regret, that the Sacred Heads which lie buried in the Neighbourhood of this little Portion of Earth in which my poor old Friend is deposited, are returned to Dust as well as he, and that there is no Difference in the Grave between the Imaginary and the real Monarch. This made me say of Humane Life it self with *Mackbeth:*

To Morrow, to Morrow, and to Morrow,
Creeps in a stealing Pace from Day to Day,
To the last Moment of recorded Time!
And all our Yesterdays have lighthed Fools
To their eternal Night! Out, out short Candle!
Life's but a Walking Shadow, a poor Player
That struts and frets his Hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more.

The Mention I have here made of Mr. *Betterton*, for whom I had, as long as I have known any Thing, a very great Esteem and Gratitude for the Pleasure he gave me, can do him no Good; but it may possibly be of Service to the unhappy Woman he has left behind him, to have it known, that this great Tragedian was never in a Scene half so moving, as the Circumstances of his Affairs created at his Departure. His Wife, after the Cohabitation of Forty Years in the strictest Amity, has long pined away with a Sense of his Decay, as well in his Person as his little Fortune; and in Proportion to that, she has her self decayed both in her Health and Reason. Her Husband's Death added to her Age and Infirmities, would certainly have determined her Life, but that the Greatness of her Distress has been her Relief, by a present Depravation of her Senses.

Senses. This Absence of Reason is her best Defence against Age, Sorrow, Poverty, and Sickness. I dwell upon this Account so distinctly, in Obedience to a certain great Spirit, who hides her Name, and has by Letter applied to me to recommend to her some Object of Compassion, from whom she may be concealed.

This, I think, is a proper Occasion for exerting such heroick Generosity; and as there is an ingenuous Shame in those who have known better Fortune to be reduced to receive Obligations, as well as a becoming Pain in the truly Generous to receive Thanks in this Case, both those Delicacies are preserved; for the Person obliged is as incapable of knowing her Benefactress, as her Benefactress is unwilling to be known by her.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas it has been signified to the Censor, *That under the Pretence that he has incouraged the* Moving Picture, *and particularly admired the* Walking Statue, *some Persons within the Liberties of* Westminster *have vended Walking Pictures, insomuch that the said Pictures have within few Days after Sales by Auction returned to the Habitation of their first Proprietors; that Matter has been narrowly looked into, and Orders are given to* Pacolet *to take Notice of all who are concerned in such Frauds, with Directions to draw their Pictures, that they may be hanged* in Effigie, in Terrorem *of all Auctions for the future.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 168.

From *Thursd. May* 4. to *Saturd. May* 6. 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 5.

NEver was Man so much teazed, or suffered half the Uneasiness, as I have done this Evening, between a Couple of Fellows with whom I was unfortunately engaged to sup, where there were also several others in Company. One of them is the most invincibly impudent, and the other as incorrigibly absurd. Upon hearing my Name, the Man of Audacity, as he calls himself, began to assume an aukward Way of Reserve. by Way of Ridicule upon me as a Censor, and said, He must have a Care of his Behaviour, for there would Notes be writ upon all that should pass. The Man of Freedom and Ease (for such the other thinks himself) asked me, Whether my Sister *Jenny* was breeding or not? After they had done with me, they were impertinent to a very smart, but well-bred Man, who stood his Ground very well, and let the Company see they ought, but could not be out of Countenance. I look upon such a Defence as a real good Action; for while he received their Fire, there was a modest and worthy young Gentleman sat secure by him and a Lady of the Family at the same Time, guarded against the nauseous Familiarity of the one, and the more painful Mirth of the other. This Conversation, where there were a Thousand Things said not worth repeating, made me consider with my self, How 'tis that Men of these disagreeable Characters often go great Lengths in the World, and seldom fail of outstripping Men of Merit; nay, succeed so

well, that with a Load of Imperfections on their Heads, they go on in Opposition to general Disesteem, while they who are every Way their Superiors, languish away their Days, tho' possessed of the Approbation and Good-will of all who know them.

If we would examine into the Secret Springs of Action in the impudent and the Absurd, we shall find, tho' they bear a great Resemblance in their Behaviour, that they move upon very different Principles. The Impudent are pressing, tho' they know they are disagreeable; the Absurd are importunate, because they think they are acceptable, Impudence is a Vice, and Absurdity a Folly. Sir *Francis Bacon* talks very agreeably upon the Subject of Impudence. He takes Notice, That the Orator being asked, What was the First, Second, and Third Requisite, to make a fine Speaker? Still answered, *Action.* This, said he, is the very outward Form of Speaking, and yet it is what with the Generality has more Force than the most consummate Abilities. Impudence is to the rest of Mankind of the same Use which Action is to Orators.

The Truth is, the Gross of Men are governed more by Appearances than Realities, and the Impudent Man in his Air and Behaviour undertakes for himself that he has Ability and Merit, while the Modest or Diffident gives himself up as one who is possessed of neither. For this Reason, Men of Front carry Things before 'em with little Opposition, and make so skilful an Use of their Talent, that they can grow out of Humour like Men of Consequence, and be sowr, and make their Dissatisfaction do them the same Service as Desert. This Way of Thinking has often furnished me with an Apology for great Men who confer Favours on the Impudent. In carrying on the Government of Mankind, they are not to consider what Men they themselves approve in

their

their Closets and private Conversations, but what Men will extend themselves furthest, and more generally pass upon the World for such as their Patrons want in such and such Stations, and consequently take so much Work off the Hands of those who employ them.

Far be it that I should attempt to lessen the Acceptance which Men of this Character meet with in the World; but I humbly propose only, that they who have Merit of a different Kind, would accomplish themselves in some Degree with this Quality of which I am now treating. Nay, I allow these Gentlemen to press as forward as they please in the Advancement of their Interests and Fortunes, but not to intrude upon others in Conversation also: Let them do what they can with the Rich and the Great, as far as they are suffered, but let them not interrupt the Easy and Agreeable. They may be useful as Servants in Ambition, but never as Associates in Pleasure. However, as I would still drive at something instructive in every Lucubration, I must recommend it to all Men who feel in themselves an Impulse towards attempting laudable Actions, to acquire such a Degree of Assurance, as never to lose the Possession of themselves in publick or private, so far as to be incapable of acting with a due Decorum on any Occasion they are call'd to. It is a mean Want of Fortitude in a good Man, not to be able to do a virtuous Action with as much Confidence as an impudent Fellow does an ill One. There is no Way of mending such false Modesty, but by laying it down for a Rule, That there is nothing shameful but what is criminal.

The Jesuits, an Order whose Institution is perfectly calculated for making a Progress in the World, take Care to accomplish their Disciples for it, by breaking them of all impertinent Bashfulness, and accustoming them to a ready Per-

formance of all indifferent Things. I remember in my Travels, when I was once at a publick Exercise in one of their Schools, a young Man made a most admirable Speech, with all the Beauty of Action, Cadence of Voice, and Force of Argument imaginable, in Defence of the Love of Glory. We were all enamoured with the Grace of the Youth, as he came down from the Desk, where he spoke, to present a Copy of his Speech to the Head of the Society. The Principal received it in a very obliging Manner, and bid him go to the Market-Place and fetch a Joint of Meat, for he should dine with him. He bowed, and in a Trice the Orator returned, full of the Sense of Glory in this Obedience, and with the best Shoulder of Mutton in the Market.

This Treatment capacitates them for every Scene of Life. I therefore recommend it to the Consideration of all who have the Instruction of Youth, Which of the Two is the more inexcusable, he who does every Thing by the meer Force of his Impudence, or who performs nothing through the Oppression of his Modesty? In a Word, it is a Weakness not to be able to attempt what a Man thinks he ought, and there is no Modesty but in Self-Denial.

P. S. Upon my coming Home I received the following Petition and Letter:

The humble Petition of Sarah Lately;

Sheweth,

'THat your Petitioner has been one of those 'Ladies who has had fine Things con'stantly spoken to her in general Terms, and 'lived, during her most blooming Years, in 'daily Expectation of Declarations of Marriage, 'but never had one made to her.

'That

'That ſhe is now in her Grand Climacterick; 'which being above the Space of Four Virgini-'ties, according at 15 Years each,

'Your Petitioner moſt humbly prays, That 'in the Lottery for the *Baſs-Viol* ſhe may 'have Four Tickets, in Conſideration that 'her Single Life has been occaſioned by the 'Inconſtancy of her Lovers, and not thro' 'the Cruelty or Forwardneſs of your Pe-'titioner.

And your Petitioner ſhall, &c.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, *May* 3. 1710.

'ACcording to my Fancy, you took a much 'better Way to diſpoſe of a *Baſs Viol* in 'Yeſterday's Paper than you did in your Table 'of Marriage. I deſire the Benefit of a Lottery 'for my ſelf too —— The Manner of it I leave 'to your own Deſcription: Only if you can —— 'allow the Tickets at above Five Farthings a-'peice, Pray accept of one Ticket for your 'Trouble, and I wiſh you may be the fortunate 'Man that wins.

Your very Humble Servant till then,

Iſabella Kit.

I muſt own the Requeſt of the aged Petitioner to be founded upon a very undeſerved Diſtreſs; and ſince ſhe might, had ſhe had Juſtice done her, been Mother of many Pretenders to this Prize, inſtead of being one her ſelf, I do readily grant her Demand; but as for the Propoſal of Mrs. *Iſabella Kit*, I cannot project a Lottery for her, 'till I have Security ſhe will ſurrender her ſelf to the Winner.

The TATLER. [Nº 169.

O Rus! Quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum Libris, nunc Somno, & inertibus Horis,
Ducere sollicitæ Jucunda Oblivia Vitæ? Hor.

From *Saturd. May 6.* to *Tuesd. May 9.* 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 8.

THE Summer Season now approaching, several of our Family have invited me to pass away a Month or Two in the Country, and indeed nothing could be more agreeable to me than such a Recess, did I not consider that I am by Two Quarts a worse Companion than when I was last among my Relations: And I am admonished by some of our Club, who have lately visited *Staffordshire*, that they drink at a greater Rate than they did at that Time. As every Soil does not produce every Fruit or Tree, so every Vice is not the Growth of every Kind of Life; and I have, ever since I could think, been astonished, that Drinking should be the Vice of the Country. If it were possible to add to all our Senses, as we do that of Sight, by Perspectives, we should methinks more particularly labour to improve them in the midst of the Variety of beauteous Objects which Nature has produced to entertain us in the Country; and do we in that Place destroy the Use of what Organs we have? As for my Part, I cannot but lament the Destruction that has been made of the Wild Beasts of the Field, when I see large Tracts of Earth possessed by Men who take no Advantage of

of their being rational, but lead meer Animal Lives, making it their whole Endeavour to kill in themſelves all they have above Beaſts; to wit, the Uſe of Reaſon, and Taſt of Society. It is frequently boaſted in the Writings of Orators and Poets, That it is to Eloquence and Poeſy we owe that we are drawn out of Woods and Solitudes into Towns and Cities, and from a wild and ſavage Being become acquainted with the Laws of Humanity and Civility. If we are obliged to theſe Arts for ſo great Service, I could wiſh they were employed to give us a Second Turn; that as they have brought us to dwell in Society, (a Bleſſing which no other Creatures know) ſo they would perſwade us, now they have ſetled us, to lay out all our Thoughts in ſurpaſſing each other in thoſe Faculties in which only we excel other Creatures. But it is at preſent ſo far otherwiſe, that the Contention ſeems to be, who ſhall be moſt eminent in Performances wherein Beaſts enjoy greater Abilities than we have. I'll undertake, were the Butler and Swineherd, at any true Eſquire's in *Great Britain*, to keep and compare Accounts of what Waſh is drunk up in ſo many Hours in the Parlour and the Pigſty, it would appear, the Gentleman of the Houſe gives much more to his Friends than his Hogs.

This, with many other Evils, ariſes from the Error in Men's Judgments, and not making true Diſtinctions between Perſons and Things. It is uſually thought, That a few Sheets of Parchment, made before a Male and Female of wealthy Houſes come together, give the Heirs and Deſcendants of that Marriage Poſſeſſion of Lands and Tenements; but the Truth is, there is no Man who can be ſaid to be Proprietor of an Eſtate, but he who knows how to enjoy it. Nay, it ſhall never be allowed, that the Land is not a Waſte, when the Maſter is uncultivated. There-

fore, to avoid Confusion, it is to be noted, that a Peasant with a great Estate is but an Incumbent, and that he must be a Gentleman to be a A Landlord. A Landlord enjoys what he has with his Heart, an Incumbent with his Stomach. Gluttony, Drunkenness, and Riot, are the Entertainments of an Incumbent; Benevolence, Civility, Social and Humane Virtues, the Accomplishments of a Landlord. Who, that has any Passion for his native Country, does not think it worse than conquered, when so large Diversions of it are in the Hands of Salvages, that know no use of Property but to be Tyrants; or Liberty, but to be unmannerly? A Gentleman in a Country Life enjoys Paradise with a Temper fit for it; a Clown is cursed in it with all the cutting and unruly Passions Man could be tormented with when he was expelled from it.

There is no Character more deservedly esteemed than that of a Country Gentleman, who understands the Station in which Heaven and Nature have plac'd him. He is Father to his Tenants, and Patron to his Neighbours, and is more superior to those of lower Fortune by his Benevolence than his Possessions. He justly divides his Time between Solitude and Company, so as to use the one for the other. His Life is spent in the good Offices of an Advocate, a Referee, a Companion, a Mediator, and a Friend. His Counsel and Knowledge are a Guard to the Simplicity and Innocence of those of lower Talents, and the Entertainment and Happiness of those of equal. When a Man in a Country Life has this Turn, as it is to be hoped Thousands have, he lives in a more happy Condition than any is described in the Pastoral Descriptions of Poets, or the vain-glorious Solitudes recorded by Philosophers.

To a Thinking Man it would seem prodigious, hat the very Situation in a Country Life does

not incline Men to a Scorn of the mean Gratifications some take in it. To stand by a Stream, naturally lulls the Mind into Composure and Reverence; to walk in Shades, diversifies that Pleasure; and a bright Sunshine makes a Man consider all Nature in Gladness, and himself the happiest Being in it, as he is the most conscious of her Gifts and Enjoyments. It would be the most impertinent Piece of Pedantry imaginable to form our Pleasures by Imitation of others. I will not therefore mention *Scipio* and *Lælius*, who are generally produced on this Subject as Authorities for the Charms of a Rural Life. He that does not feel the Force of agreeable Views and Situations in his own Mind, will hardly arrive at the Satisfactions they bring from the Reflexions of others. However, they who have a Tast that Way, are more particularly inflamed with Desire when they see others in the Enjoyment of it, especially when Men carry into the Country a Knowledge of the World as well as of Nature. The Leisure of such Persons is endear'd and refin'd by Reflexion upon Cares and Inquietudes. The Absence of past Labours doubles present Pleasures, which is still augmented, if the Person in Solitude has the Happiness of being addicted to Letters. My Cousin *Frank Bickerstaff* gives me a very good Notion of this sort of Felicity in the following Letter.

SIR,

'I Write this to communicate to you the Happiness I have in the Neighbourhood and 'Conversation of the noble Lord, whose Health 'you enquired after in your last. I have bought 'that little Hovel which borders upon his Royalty; but am so far from being oppressed by his 'Greatness, that I who know no Envy, and he 'who is above Pride, mutually recommend our-

'selves to each other by the Difference of our For-
'tunes. He esteems me for being so well pleased
'with a little, and I admire him for enjoying so
'handsomely a great deal. He has not the little
'Tast of observing the Colour of a Tulip, or
'the Edging of a Leaf of Box, but rejoices in
'open Views, the Regularity of this Plantation
'and the Wildness of another as well as the
'Fall of a River, the Rising of a Promontory,
'and all other Objects fit to entertain a Mind like
'his, that has been long versed in great and pu-
'blick Amusements. The Make of the Soul is
'as much seen in Leisure as in Business. He has
'long lived in Courts, and been admired in As-
'semblies, so that he has added to Experience a
'most charming Eloquence; by which he com-
'municates to me the Idea's of my own Mind
'upon the Objects we meet with, so agreeably,
'that with his Company in the Fields, I at once
'enjoy the Country, and a Landskip of it. He
'is now altering the Course of Canals and Ri-
'vulets, in which he has an Eye to his Neigh-
'bour's Satisfaction, as well as his own. He
'often makes me Presents by turning the Water
'into my Grounds, and sends me Fish by their
'own Streams. To avoid my Thanks, he makes
'Nature the Instrument of his Bounty, and does
'all good Offices so much with the Air of a Com-
'panion, that his Frankness hides his own Con-
'descension, as well as my Gratitude. Leave the
'World to it self, and come see us.

Your Affectionate Cousin,

Francis Bickerstaff.

The

The TATLER. [Nº 170.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio,
Et Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos Honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii, benigna. Hor.

From *Tuesd. May* 9. to *Thursd. May* 11. 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 10.

HAving this Morning spent some time in reading on the Subject of the Vicissitude of humane Life, I laid aside my Book, and began to ruminate on the Discourse which raised in me those Reflections. I believed it a very good Office to the World, to sit down and show others the Road in which I am experienced by my Wandrings and Errors. This is *Seneca*'s Way of Thinking, and he had half convinced me, how dangerous it is to our true Happiness and Tranquillity to fix our Minds upon any Thing which is in the Power of Fortune. It is excusable only in Animals who have not the Use of Reason, to be catched by Hooks and Baits. Wealth, Glory, and Power, which the o dinary People look up at with Admiration, the Learned and Wise know to be only so many Snares laid to enslave them. There is nothing further to be sought for with Earnestness, than what will cloath and feed us. If we pamper our selves in our Diet, or give our Imaginations a Loose in our Desires, the Body will no longer obey the Mind. Let us think no further than to defend our selves against Hunger, Thirst, and Cold. We are to remember, that every Thing else is despicable, and not worth our Care. To want little is true Grandeur, and very few

few Things are great to a great Mind. Those who form their Thoughts in this Manner, and abstract themselves from the World, are out of the Way of Fortune, and can look with Contempt both on her Favours and her Frowns. At the same Time, they who separate themselves from the immediate Commerce with the busy Part of Mankind, are still beneficial to them, while by their Studies and Writings they recommend to them the small Value which ought to be put upon what they pursue with so much Labour and Disquiet. Whilst such Men are thought the most idle, they are the most usefully employed. They have all Things, both Humane and Divine, under Consideration. To be perfectly free from the Insults of Fortune, we should arm our selves with their Reflections. We should learn, That none but intellectual Possessions are what we can properly call our own. All Things from without are but borrowed. What Fortune gives us, is not ours; and whatever she gives, she can take away.

It is a common Imputation to *Seneca*, that tho' he declaimed with so much Strength of Reason, and a Stoical Contempt of Riches and Power, he was at the same Time one of the richest and most powerful Men in *Rome*. I know no Instance of his being insolent in that Fortune, and can therefore read his Thoughts on those Subjects with the more Deference. I will not give Philosophy so poor a Look, as to say it cannot Live in Courts; but I am of Opinion, that it is there in the greatest Eminence, when amidst the Affluence of all the World can bestow, and the Addresses of a Crowd who follow him for that Reason, a Man can think both of himself and those about him abstracted from these Circumstances. Such a Philosopher is as much above an Anchorite, as a wise Matron, who passes through the World with Innocence, is preferable to the Nun who locks her self up from it.

Full

Full of these Thoughts I left my Lodgings, and took a Walk to the Court End of the Town; and the Hurry and Busy Faces I met with about *White-hall*, made me form to my self Ideas of the different Prospects of all I saw, from the Turn and Cast of their Countenances. All, methought, had the same Thing in View, but prosecuted their Hopes with a different Air: Some showed an unbecoming Eagerness, some a surly Impatience, some a Winning Deference, but the Generality a servile Complaisance.

I could not but observe, as I roved about the Offices, That all who were still but in Expectation, murmured at Fortune; and all who had obtained their Wishes, immediately began to say, there was no such Being. Each beleived it an Act of blind Chance that any other Man was preferred, but owed only to Service and Merit what he had obtained himself. It is the Fault of studious Men to appear in publick with too contemplative a Carriage; and I began to observe, that my Figure, Age, and Dress, made me particular: For which Reason I thought it better to remove a studious Countenance from among busy ones, and take a Turn with a Friend in the *Privy Garden*.

When my Friend was alone with me there, *Isaac*, said he, I know you came Abroad only to Moralize and make Observations, and I will carry you hard by, where you shall see all that you have your self considered or read in Authors, or collected from Experience, concerning blind Fortune and irresistible Destiny, illustrated in real Persons and proper Mechanisms. The Graces, the Muses, the Fates, all the Beings which have a good or ill Influence upon Humane Life, are, you'l say, very justly figured in the Persons of Women; and where I am carrying you, you'l see enough of that Sex together in an Employment which will have so important an Effect upon those who are to receive their Manufacture, as will

make them be respectively called Deities or Furies, as their Labour shall prove disadvantagious or successful to their Votaries. Without waiting for my Answer, he carried me to an Apartment contiguous to the *Banqueting-House*, where there were placed at Two long Tables a large Company of young Women, in decent and agreeable Habits, making up Tickets for the Lottery appointed by the Government. There walk'd between the Tables a Person who presided over the Work. This Gentlewoman seemed an Emblem of Fortune, she commanded as if unconcerned in their Business; and though every Thing was performed by her Direction, she did not visibly interpose in Particulars. She seemed in Pain at our near Approach to her, and most to approve us, when we made her no Advances. Her Height, her Mein, her Gesture, her Shape, and her Countenance, had something that spoke both Familiarity and Dignity. She therefore appeared to me not only a Picture of Fortune, but of Fortune as I liked her; which made me break out in the following Words:

MADAM,

' I Am very glad to see the Fate of the many who now languish in Expectation of what ' will be the Event of your Labours in the Hands ' of one who can act with so impartial an Indif-' ference. Pardon me, that have often seen you ' before, and have lost you for Want of the Re-' spect due to you. Let me beg of you, who ' have both the furnishing and turning of that ' Wheel of Lots, to be unlike the rest of your ' Sex, repulse the Forward and the Bold, and fa-' vour the Modest and the Humble. I know you ' fly the Importunate, but smile no more on the ' Careless. Add not to the Coffers of the Usurer, ' but give the Power of Bestowing to the Gene-' rous. Continue his Wants who cannot enjoy or

' com-

'communicate Plenty; but turn away his Pover-
'ty, who can bear it with more Ease than he can
'see it in another.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Philander *signified to* Clarinda *by Letter bearing Date* Thursday 12 *a Clock, That he had lost his Heart by a Shot from her Eyes, and desired she would condescend to meet him the same Day at Eight in the Evening at* Rosamond's *Pond, faithfully protesting, that in case she would not do him that* Honour, *she might see the Body of the said* Philander *the next Day floating on the said Lake of Love, and that he desired only Three Sighs upon View of his said Body: It is desired, if he has not made away with himself accordingly, that he would forthwith show himself to the Coroner of the City of* Westminster; *or* Clarinda, *being an old Offender, will be found guilty of wilful Murder.*

The TATLER. [N° 171.

Alter Rixatur de lana sæpe caprina
Propugnat nugis Armatus. ——— Hor.

From *Thursd. May* 11. to *Saturd. May* 13. 1710.

Grecian Coffee-house, May 12.

IT has happened to be for some Days the Deliberation at the Learned'st Board in this House, whence Honour and Title had its first Original. *Timoleon*, who is very particular in his Opinions, but is thought particular for no other Cause but that he acts against depraved Custom, by the Rules of Nature and Reason, in a very handsome Discourse gave the Company to understand,

ſtand, That in thoſe Ages which firſt degenerated from Simplicity of Life, and Natural Juſtice, the Wiſe among them thought it neceſſary to inſpire Men with the Love of Virtue, by giving them who adhered to the Intereſts of Innocence and Truth, ſome diſtinguiſhing Name to raiſe them above the common Level of Mankind. This Way of fixing Appellations of Credit upon eminent Merit, was what gave Being to Titles and Terms of Honour. Such a Name, continued he, without the Qualities which ſhould give a Man Pretence to be exalted above others, does but turn him to Jeſt and Ridicule. Should one ſee another cudgelled, or ſcurvily treated, Do you think a Man ſo uſed would take it kindly to be called *Hector*, or *Alexander*? Every Thing muſt bear a Proportion with the outward Value that is ſet upon it; or inſtead of being long had in Veneration, that very Term of Eſteem will become a Word of Reproach. When *Timoleon* had done ſpeaking, *Urbanus* purſued the ſame Purpoſe, by giving an Account of the Manner in which the *Indian* Kings, who were lately in *Great Britain*, did Honour to the Perſon where they lodged. They were Placed, ſaid he, in an handſome Apartment, at an Upholſterer's in *King-ſtreet*, *Covent-Garden*. The Man of the Houſe, it ſeems, had been very obſervant of them, and ready in their Service. Theſe juſt and generous Princes, who act according to the Dictates of natural Juſtice, thought it proper to confer ſome Dignity upon their Landlord before they left his Houſe. One of them had been ſick during his Reſidence there, and having never before been in a Bed, had a very great Veneration for him who made that Engine of Repoſe, ſo uſeful and ſo neceſſary in his Diſtreſs. It was conſulted among the Four Prince's by what Name to dignify his great Merit and Services. The Emperor of the *Mohocks*, and the other Three Kings, ſtood up, and in that

Poſture

Posture recounted the Civilities they had received, and particularly repeated the Care which was taken of their Sick Brother. This, in their Imagination, who are used to know the Injuries of Weather, and the Vicissitudes of Cold and Heat, gave them very great Impressions of a skilful Upholsterer, whose Furniture was so well contrived for their Protection on such Occasions. It is with these less instructed (I will not say less knowing) People, the Manner of doing Honour, to impose some Name significant of the Qualities of the Person they distinguish, and the good Offices received from him. It was therefore resolved, to call their Landlord *Cadoroque*, which is the Name of the strongest Fort in their Part of the World. When they had agreed upon the Name. they sent for their Landlord, and as he entered into their Presence, the Emperor of the *Mohocks* taking him by the Hand, called him *Cadoroque*. After which the other Three Princes repeated the same Word and Ceremony.

Timoleon appeared much satisfied with this Account, and having a Philosophick Turn, began to argue against the Modes and Manners of those Nations which we esteem polite, and express himself with Disdain at our unusual Method of calling such as are Strangers to our Innovations, barbarous. I have, says he, so great a Deference for the Distinction given by these Princes, that *Cadaroque* shall be my Upholsterer. —— He was going on, but the intended Discourse was interrupted by *Minucio* who sat near him, a small Philosopher, who is also somewhat of a Politician; one of those who sets up for Knowledge by Doubting, and has no other Way of making himself considerable, but by contradicting all he hears said. He has, besides much Doubt and Spirit of Contradiction, a constant Suspicion as to State-Affairs. This accomplish'd Gentleman, with a very awful Brow, and a Countenance full of

Weight,

Weight, told *Timoleon*, That it was a great Misfortune Men of Letters seldom looked into the Bottom of Things. Will any Man, continued he, perswade me, that this was not from the Beginning to the End a concerted Affair? Who can convince the World, that Four Kings shall come over here, and lie at the Two Crowns and Cushion, and one of them fall sick, and the Place be called *King-street*, all this by meer Accident? No, no: To a Man of very small Penetration, it appears, that *Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Row*, Emperor of the *Mohocks*, was prepared for this Adventure beforehand. I do not care to contradict any Gentleman in his Discourse; but I must say, however, *Sa Ga Yeath Rua Geth Ton*, and *E Tow Oh Koam*, might be surprised in this Matter; nevertheless, *Ho Nee Yeth Taw No Row* knew it before he set Foot on the *English* Shore.

Timoleon looked stedfastly at him for some Time, then shaked his Head, paid for his Tea, and marched off. Several others who sat round him, were in their Turns attacked by this ready Disputant. A Gentleman who was at some Distance, happened in Discourse to say it was Four Miles to *Hammersmith*. I must beg your Pardon, says *Minucio*, when we say a Place is so far off, we do not mean exactly from the very Spot of Earth we are in, but from the Town where we are; so that you must begin your Account from the End of *Piccadilly*; and if you do so, I'll lay any Man Ten to One, it is not above Three good Miles off. Another, about *Minucio*'s Level of Understanding, began to take him up in this important Argument, and maintained, That considering the Way from *Pimlico* at the End of *St. James*'s *Park*, and the Crossing from *Chelsea* by *Earl*'s *Court*, he would stand to it, that it was full Four Miles. But *Minucio* replied with great Vehemence, and seemed so much to have the better of the Dispute, that this Adversary quitted the Field,

Field, as well as the other. I sat till I saw the Table almost all vanished, where, for Want of Discourse, *Minucio* asked me, How I did? To which I answered, Very well. That's very much, said he; I assure you, you look paler than ordinary. Nay, thought I, if he won't allow me to know whether I am well or not, there's no staying for me neither. Upon which I took my Leave, pondering as I went Home at this strange Poverty of Imagination, which makes Men run into the Fault of giving Contradiction. They want in their Minds Entertainment for themselves or their Company, and therefore build all they speak upon what is started by others; and since they cannot improve that Foundation, they strive to destroy it. The only Way of dealing with these People is to answer in Monosyllables, or by Way of Question. When one of them tells you a Thing that he thinks extraordinary, I go no further than, Say you so, Sir? Indeed! Heyday! Or, Is it come to that! These little Rules, which appear but silly in the Repetition, have brought me with great Tranquillity to this Age. And I have made it an Observation, that as Assent is more agreeable than Flattery, so Contradiction is more odious than Calumny.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Bickerstaff's *Aëreal Messenger has brought him a Report of what passed at the Auction of Pictures which was in* Sommerset-*House Yard on* Monday *last, and finds there were no* Screens *present, but all transacted with great Justice.*

N. B. *All false Buyers at Auctions being employed only to hide others, are from this Day forward to be known in Mr.* Bickerstaff's *Writings by the Word* Screens.

The

The TATLER. [N° 172.

Quod quisque vitet, nunquàm Homini satis
Cautum est in Horas. ——— Hor.

From *Saturd. May* 13. to *Tuesd. May* 16. 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 15.

WHEN a Man is in a serious Mood, and ponders upon his own Make, with a Retrospect to the Actions of his Life, and the many fatal Miscarriages in it, which he owes to ungoverned Passions, he is then apt to say to himself, That Experience has guarded him against such Errors for the future: But Nature often recurs in spite of his best Resolutions, and it is to the very End of our Days a Struggle between our Reason and our Temper, which shall have the Empire over us. However, this is very much to be helped by Circumspection, and a constant Alarm against the first Onsets of Passion. As this is in general a necessary Care to make a Man's Life easy and agreeable to himself, so it is more particularly the Duty of such as are engaged in Friendship and more near Commerce with others. Those who have their Joys, have also their Griefs in Proportion, and none can extremely exalt or depress Friends, but Friends. The harsh Things which come from the rest of the World, are received and repulsed with that Spirit which every honest Man bears for his own Vindication; but Unkindness in Words or Actions among Friends, affect us at the first Instant in the inmost Recesses of our Souls. Indifferent People, if I may so say, can wound us only in heterogeneous Parts, maim us in our Legs or Arms; but the Friend can make

make no paſs but at the Heart it ſelf. On the other Side, the moſt impotent Aſſiſtance, the meer well Wiſhes of a Friend, gives a Man Conſtancy and Courage againſt the moſt prevailing Force of his Enemies. It is here only a Man enjoys and ſuffers to the Quick. For this Reaſon, the moſt gentle Behaviour is abſolutely neceſſary to maintain Friendſhip in any Degree above the common Level of Acquaintance. But there is a Relation of Life much more near than the moſt ſtrict and ſacred Friendſhip, that is to ſay, Marriage. This Union is of too cloſe and delicate a Nature to be eaſily conceived by thoſe who do not know that Condition by Experience. Here a Man ſhould, if poſſible, ſoften his Paſſions; if not for his own Eaſe, in Compliance to a Creature formed with a Mind of a quite different Make from his own. I am ſure, I do not mean it an Injury to Women, when I ſay there is a Sort of Sex in Souls. I am tender of offending them, and know it is hard not to do it on this Subject; but I muſt go on to ſay, That the Soul of a Man and that of a Woman, are made very unlike, according to the Employments for which they are deſigned. The Ladies will pleaſe to obſerve, I ſay, our Minds have different, nor ſuperior Qualities to theirs. The Virtues have reſpectfully a Maſculine and a Feminine Caſt. What we call in Men Wiſdom, is in Women Prudence. It is a Partiality to call one greater than the other. A prudent Woman is in the ſame Claſs of Honour as a wiſe Man, and the Scandals in the Way of both are equally dangerous. But to make this State any Thing but a Burthen, and not hang a Weight upon our very Beings, it is very proper each of the Couple ſhould frequently remember, that there are many Things which grow out of their very Natures that are pardonable, nay becoming, when conſidered as ſuch, but without that Reflection muſt give the quickeſt Pain and Vexation. To manage well a great

great Family, is as worthy an Instance of Capacity, as to execute a great Employment; and for the Generality, as Women perform the considerable Part of their Duties, as well as Men do theirs; so in their common Behaviour, those of ordinary Genius are not more trivial than the common Rate of Men; and in my Opinion, the playing of a Fan is every whit as good an Entertainment as the beating a Snuff-Box.

But however I have rambled in this Libertine Manner of Writing by way of Essay, I now sat down with an Intention to represent to my Readers, how pernicious, how sudden, and how fatal Surprizes of Passion are to the Mind of Man; and that in the more intimate Commerces of Life they are most liable to arise, even in our most sedate and indolent Hours. Occurrences of this Kind have had very terrible Effects; and when one reflects upon 'em, we cannot but tremble to consider what we are capable of being wrought up to against all the Ties of Nature, Love, Honour, Reason, and Religion, tho' the Man who breaks thro' them all, had, an Hour before he did so, a lively and virtuous Sense of their Dictates. When unhappy Catastrophe's make up Part of the History of Princes, and Persons who act in high Spheres, or are represented in the moving Language, and well wrought Scenes of Tragedians, they do not fail of striking us with Terror; but then they affect us only in a transient Manner, and pass thro' our Imaginations, as Incidents in which our Fortunes are too humble to be concerned, or which Writers form for the Ostentation of their own Force; or, at most, as Things fit rather to exercise the Powers of our Minds, than to create new Habits in them. Instead of such high Passages, I was thinking it would be of great Use (if any Body could hit it) to lay before the World such Adventures as befall Persons not exalted above the common Level. This, methought, would better prevail upon

on the ordinary Race of Men, who are so prepossessed with outward Appearances, that they mistake Fortune for Nature, and believe nothing can relate to them that does not happen to such as live and look like themselves.

The unhappy End of a Gentleman whose Story an Acquaintance of mine was just now telling me, would be very proper for this End if it could be related with all the Circumstances as I heard it this Evening; for it touched me so much, that I cannot forbear entring upon it.

Mr. *Eustace*, a young Gentleman of a good Estate near *Dublin* in *Ireland*, married a Lady of Youth, Beauty, and Modesty, and lived with her in general with much Ease and Tranquillity; but was in his secret Temper impatient of Rebuke: She is apt to fall into little Sallies of Passion, yet as suddenly recalled by her own Reflection on her Fault, and the Consideration of her Husband's Temper. It happened, as he, his Wife, and her Sister, were at Supper together about Two Months ago, that in the Midst of a careless and familiar Conversation, the Sisters fell into a little Warmth and Contradiction. He, who was one of that Sort of Men who are never unconcerned at what passes before them, fell into an outragious Passion on the Side of the Sister. The Person about whom they disputed was so near, that they were under no Restraint from running into vain Repetitions of past Heats: On which Occasion all the Aggravations of Anger and Distast boiled up, and were repeated with the Bitterness of exasperated Lovers. The Wife observing her Husband extremely moved, began to turn it off, and rally him for interposing between Two People who from their Infancy had been angry and pleased with each other every Half Hour. But it descended deeper into his Thoughts, and they broke up with a sullen Silence. The Wife immediately retired to her Chamber, whither her Husband soon after followed. When they were

in

in Bed, he ſoon diſſembled a Sleep, and ſhe, ple-ſed that his Thoughts were compoſed, fell into real one. Their Apartment was very diſtant fro the reſt of their Family, in a lonely Country Houſ. He now ſaw his Opportunity, and with a Dagge he had brought to Bed with him, ſtabbed his Wif in the Side. She awaked in the higheſt Terrour; but immediaely imagined it was a Blow deſign'd for her Husband by Ruffians, began to graſp him, and ſtrove to awake and rouze him to defend himſelf. He ſtill pretended himſelf ſleeping, and gave her a Second Wound.

She now drew open the Curtains, and by the Help of Moon-light ſaw his Hand lifted up to ſtab her. The Horror diſarmed her from further Struggling; and he enraged anew at being diſcovered, fixed his Poniard in her Boſom. As ſoon as he believed he had diſpatched her he attempted to eſcape out of the Window: But ſhe, ſtill alive, called to him not to hurt himſelf; for ſhe might live. He was ſo ſtung with the inſupportable Reflection upon her Goodneſs and his own Villany, that he jumped to the Bed, and wounded her all over with as much Rage as if every Blow was provoked by new Aggravations. In this Fury of Mind he fled away. His Wife had ſtill Strength to go to her Siſter's Apartment, and give her an Account of this wonderful Tragedy, but died the next Day. Some Weeks after, an Officer of Juſtice, in attempting to ſeize the Criminal, fired upon him, as did the Criminal upon the Officer. Both their Balls took Place, and both immediately expired.

The

The TATLER. [N° 173.

—— Sapientia prima est
Stultitia caruisse. —— Hor.

From *Tuesday*. *May* 16. to *Thursday*. *May* 11. 1710.

Sheer-Lane, May 17.

WHEN I first began to learn to push this last Winter, my Master had a great deal of Work upon his Hands to make me unlearn the Postures and Motions which I had got by having in my younger Years practised Back-Sword, with a little Eye to the Single Falchion. Knock down, was the Word in the Civil Wars, and we generally added to this Skill the Knowledge of the *Cornish* Hug, as well as the Grapple, to play with Hand and Foot. By this Means I was for defending my Head when the *French* Gentleman was making a full pass at my Bosom, insomuch that he told me I was fairly killed Seven Times in one Morning, without having done my Master any other Mischief than one Knock on the Pate. This was a great Misfortune to me; and I believe I may say, without Vanity, I am the first who ever pushed so erroneously; and yet conquered the Prejudice of Education so well, as to make my Passes so clear, and recover Hand and Foot with that Agility, as I do at this Day. The Truth of it is, the first Rudiments of Education are given very indiscreetly by most Parents, as much with Relation to the more important Concerns of the Mind, as in the Gestures of the Body. Whatever Children are designed for, and whatever Prospects the Fortune or Interest of their Parents may give

them in their future Lives, they are all promiscuously instructed the same Way; and *Horace* and *Virgil* must be thrummed by a Boy as well before he goes to an Apprentiship as to the University. This ridiculous Way of treating the Under-aged of this Island has very often raised both my Spleen and Mirth, but I think never both at once so much as to Day. A good Mother of our Neighbourhood made me a Visit with her Son and Heir, a Lad somewhat above Five Foot, and wants but little of the Height and Strength of a good Musquetier in any Regiment in the Service. Her Business was to desire I would examine him, for he was far gone in a Book, the first Letters of which she often saw in my Papers. The Youth produced it, and I found it was my Friend *Horace*. It was very easy to turn to the Place the Boy was learning in, which was the Fifth Ode of the First Book of *Pyrrha*. I read it over aloud, as well because I am always delighted when I turn to the beautiful Parts of that Author, as also to gain Time for considering a little how to keep up the Mother's Pleasure in her Child which I thought Barbarity to interrupt. In the first Place I asked him, Who this same *Pyrrha* was? He answered very readily, She was the Wife of *Pyrrhus*, one of *Alexander*'s Captains. I lifted up my Hands. The Mother courtesies—— Nay, says she, —— I knew you would stand in Admiration. —— I assure you, continued she, for all he looks so tall, he is but very young. Pray ask him some more, never spare him. With that I took the Liberty to ask him, What was the Character of this Gentlewoman? He read the Three first Verses:

Quis multa gracilis te Puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget Odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub Antro?

And

And very gravely told me, She lived at the Sign of the *Rose* in a Cellar. I took Care to be very much astonished at the Lad's Improvements; but withal advised her, as soon as possible, to take him from School, for he could learn no more there. This very silly Dialogue was a lively Image of the impertinent Method used in breeding Boys without Genius or Spirit, to the reading Things for which their Heads were never framed. But this is the natural Effect of a certain Vanity in the Minds of Parents, who are wonderfully delighted with the Thought of breeding their Children to Accomplishments, which they believe nothing but Want of the same Care in their own Fathers prevented them from being Masters of. Thus it is, that the Part of Life most fit for Improvement, is generally employed in a Method against the Bent of Nature; and a Lad of such Parts as are fit for an Occupation, where there can be no Calls out of the beaten Path, is Two or Three Years of his Time wholly taken up in knowing how well *Ovid*'s Mistress became such a Dress; how such a Nymph for her Cruelty was changed into such an Animal; and how it is made generous in *Æneas* to put *Turnus* to Death Gallantries that can no more come within the Occurrences of the Lives of ordinary Men, than they can be relished by their Imaginations. However, still the Humour goes on from one Generation to another; and the Pastry Cook here in the Lane the other Night told me, He would not yet take away his Son from his Learning but has resolved, as soon as he had a little Smattering in the Greek, to put him Apprentice to a Soap-boyler. These wrong Beginnings determine our Success in the World; and when our Thoughts are originally falsly biassed, their Agility and Force do but carry us the further out of our Way in Proportion to our Speed. But we are half Way our Journey when we have got into the right

Road. If all our Days were usefully employed, and we did not set out impertinently, we should not have so many grotesque Professors in all the Arts of Life, but every Man would be in a proper and becoming Method of distinguishing or entertaining himself suitably to what Nature designed him. As they go on now, our Parents do not only force us upon what is against our Talents, but our Teachers are also as injudicious in what they put us to learn. I have hardly ever since suffered so much by the Charms of any Beauty, as I did before I had a Scene of Passion, for not apprehending that the Smile of *Lalage* was what pleased *Horace*; and I verily believe, the Stripes I suffered about *Digito male pertinaci*, has given that irreconcilable Aversion, which I shall carry to my Grave, against Coquets.

As for the elegant Writer of whom I am talking, his Excellencies are to be observed as they relate to the different Concerns of his Life; and he is always to be looked upon as a Lover, a Courtier, or a Man of Wit. His admirable Odes have numberless Instances of his Merit in each of these Characters. His Epistle and Satyrs are full of proper Notices for the Conduct of Life in a Court; and what we call good Breeding, most agreeably intermixed with his Morality. His Addresses to the Persons who favoured him are so inimitably engaging, that *Augustus* complained of him for so seldom writing to him, and asked him, Whether he was afraid Posterity should read their Names together? Now for the Generality of Men to spend much Time in such Writings, is as pleasant a Folly as any he ridicules. Whatever the Crowd of Scholars may pretend, if their Way of Life, or their own Imaginatons, do not lead them to a Tast of him, they may read, nay write, Fifty Volumes upon him, and be just as they were when they began. I remember to have heard a great Painter say, There are certain Faces for

certain

certain Painters, as well as certain Subjects for certain Poets. This is as true in the Choice of Studies; and no one will ever relish an Author thoroughly well, who would not have been fit Company for that Author had they lived at the same Time. All others are Mechanicks in Learning, and take the Sentiments of Writers like Waiting-Servants, who report what passed at their Masters Table; but debase every Thought and Expression, for want of the Air with which they were uttered.

The TATLER. [Nº 174.

Quem mala Stultitia, aut quæcunq; Inscitia Veri, Cæcum agit, insanum Chrysippi Porticus, & Grex Autumat. ——— Hor.

From *Thursd. May* 18. to *Saturd. May* 20. 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 19.

THE Learned *Scotus*, to distinguish the Race of Mankind, gives every Individual of that Species what he calls a Seity, something peculiar to himself, which makes him different from all other Persons in the World. This Particularity renders him either venerable or ridiculous, according as he uses his Talents, which always grow out into Faults, or improve into Virtues. In the Office I have undertaken, you are to observe, That I have hitherto presented only the more insignificant and lazy Part of Mankind under the Denomination of Dead Men, together with the Degrees towards Non-Existence, in which others can neither be said to live or be defunct, but are only Animals meerly dressed up like Men, and differ from each other but as Flies do by a little

Colouring or Fluttering of their Wings. Now as our Discourses heretofore have chiefly regarded the Indolent Part of the Species, it remains that we do Justice also upon the impertinently Active and Enterprizing. Such as these I shall take particular Care to place in safe Custody, and have used all possible Diligence to run up my Edifice in *Moorfields* for that Service.

We who are adept in Astrology, can impute it to several Causes of the Planets, That this Quarter of our great City is the Region of such Persons as either never had, or have lost, the Use of Reason. It has indeed been Time out of Mind the Receptacle of Fools as well as Madmen. The Care and Information of the former I assign to other learned Men, who have for that End taken up their Habitation in those Parts; as, among others, to the famous Dr. *Trotter*, and my ingenious Friend Dr. *Langham*. These oraculous Proficients are Day and Night employed in deep Searches, for the Direction of such as run astray after their lost Goods: But at present they are more particularly serviceable to their Country, in foretelling the Fate of such as have Chances in the Publick Lottery. Dr. *Langham* shows a peculiar Generosity on this Occasion, taking only one Half-Crown for a Prediction, Eighteen Pence of which to be paid out of the Prizes; which Method the Doctor is willing to comply with in Favour of every Adventurer in the whole Lottery. Leaving therefore the whole Generation of such Enquirers to such *Literati* as I have now mentioned, we are to proceed towards Peopling our House, which we have erected with the greatest Cost and Care imaginable.

It is necessary in this Place to premise, That the Superiority and Force of Mind which is born with Men of great Genius; and which, when it falls in with a noble Imagination, is called Poetical Fury, does not come under my Consideration;

but

but the Pretence to ſuch an Impulſe without natural Warmth, ſhall be allowed a fit Object of this Charity; and all the Volumes written by ſuch Hands, ſhall be from Time to Time placed in proper Order upon the Rails of the unhouſed Bookſellers within the Diſtrict of the College, (who have long inhabited this Quarter) in the ſame Manner as they are already diſpoſed ſoon after their Publication. I promiſe my ſelf from theſe Writings my beſt Opiates for thoſe Patients, whoſe high Imaginations, and hot Spirits, have waked them into Diſtraction. Their boiling Tempers are not to be wrought upon by my Gruels and Julips, but muſt ever be employed, or appear to be ſo, or their Recovery will be impracticable. I ſhall therefore make uſe of ſuch Poets as preſerve ſo conſtant a Mediocrity, as never to elevate the Mind into Joy, or depreſs it into Sadneſs, yet at the ſame Time keep the Faculties of the Readers in Suſpence, tho' they introduce no Idea's of their own. By this Means, a diſordered Mind, like a broken Limb, will recover its Strength by the ſole Benefit of being out of Uſe, and lying without Motion. But as Reading is not an Entertainment that can take up the full Time of my Patients, I have now in Penſion a proportionable Number of Story-Tellers, who are by Turns to walk about the Galleries of the Houſe, and by their Narrations ſecond the Labours of my pretty good Poets. There are among theſe Story-Tellers ſome that have ſo earneſt Countenances, and weighty Brows, that they will draw a Madman, even when his Fit is juſt coming on, into a Whiſper, and by the Force of Shrugs, Nods, and buſy Geſtures, make him ſtand amazed ſo long as that we may have Time to give him his Broth without Danger.

But as Fortune has the Poſſeſſion of Men's Minds, a Phyſician may cure all the ſick People of ordinary Degree in the whole Town, and never come

into Reputation. I ſhall therefore begin with Perſons of Condition; and the firſt I ſhall undertake, ſhall be the Lady *Fidget*, the general Viſitant, and *Will Voluble*, the fine Talker. Theſe Perſons ſhall be firſt locked up, for the Peace of all whom the one viſits, and all whom the other talks to.

The Paſſion which firſt touched the Brain of both theſe Perſons, was Envy; and has had ſuch wondrous Effects, that to this, Lady *Fidget* owes that ſhe is ſo courteous; to this, *Will Voluble* that he is eloquent. *Fidget* has a reſtleſs Torment in hearing of any one's Proſperity, and cannot know any Quiet till ſhe viſits her, and is Eye-Witneſs of ſomething that leſſens it. Thus her Life is a continual Search after what does not concern her, and her Companions ſpeak kindly even of the Abſent and the Unfortunate, to teaze her. She was the firſt that viſited *Flavia* after the Small Pox, and has never ſeen her ſince becauſe ſhe is not altered. Call a young Woman handſome in her Company, and ſhe tells you, It is pity ſhe has no Fortune: Say ſhe is rich, and ſhe is as ſorry that ſhe is ſilly. With all this ill Nature, *Fidget* is her ſelf young, rich, and handſome; but loſes the Pleaſure of all thoſe Qualities, becauſe ſhe has them in common with others.

To make up her Miſery, ſhe is well-bred, ſhe hears Commendations till ſhe is ready to faint for Want of venting her ſelf in Contradictions. This Madneſs is not expreſſed by the Voice; but is uttered in the Eyes and Features: It's firſt Symptom is upon beholding an agreeable Object, a ſudden Approbation immediately checked with Diſlike.

This Lady I ſhall take the Liberty to conduct into a Bed of Straw and Darkneſs, and have ſome Hopes, that after long Abſence from the Light, the Pleaſure of ſeeing at all may reconcile her to what ſhe ſhall ſee, though it proves to be never ſo agreeable.

My

My Physical Remarks on the Distraction of Envy in other Persons, and particularly in *Will Voluble*, is interrupted by a Visit from Mr. *Kidney*, with Advices which will bring Matter of new Disturbance to many possessed with this Sort of Disorder, which I shall publish to bring out the Symptoms more kindly, and lay the Distemper more open to my View.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 19.

This Evening a Mail from *Holland* brought the following Advices:

From the Camp before Douay, May 26. *N. S.* On the 23d the *French* assembled their Army, and encamped with their Right near *Bouchain*, and their Left near *Creuveuceur*. Upon this Motion of the Enemy, the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* made a Movement with their Army on the 24th, and encamped from *Arlieux* to *Vitry* and *Isez-Esquerchien*, where they are so advantagiously posted, that they not only cover the Siege, secure our Convoys of Provisions, Forage, and Ammunition, from *Lisle* and *Tournay*, and the Canals and Dikes we have made to turn the Water of the *Scarp* and *La Cense* to *Bouchain*; but are in a Readiness, by marching from the Right, to possess themselves of the Field of Battle marked out betwixt *Vitry* and *Montigny*, or from the Left to gain the Lines of Circumvallation betwixt *Fierin* and *Dechy*: So that whatever Way the Enemy shall approach to attack us, whether by the Plains of *Lens*, or by *Bouchain* and *Valenciennes*, we have but a very small Movement to make, to possess our selves of the Ground on which it will be most advantagious to receive them. The Enemy marched this Morning from their Left, and are encamped with their Right at *Oisy*, and their Left towards *Arras*, and, according to our Advices, will pass the *Scarp* to morrow, and enter on the Plains

of *Lens*, though ſeveral Regiments of Horſe, the *German* and *Liege* Troops, which are deſtined to compoſe Part of their Army, have not yet joined them. If they paſs the *Scarp*, we ſhall do the like at the ſame Time, to poſſeſs our ſelves with all poſſible Advantage of the Field of Battle: But if they continue where they are, we ſhall not remove, becauſe in our preſent Station we ſufficiently cover from all Inſults both our Siege and Convoys.

Monſieur *Villars* cannot yet go without Crutches, and 'tis beleived will have much Difficulty to ride. He and the Duke of *Berwick* are to command the *French* Army, the reſt of the Mareſchals being only to aſſiſt in Council.

Laſt Night we entirely perfected Four Bridges over the *Avant Foſſe* at both Attacks; and our Saps are ſo far advanced, that in Three or Four Days Batteries will be raiſed on the Glacis, to batter in Breach both the Outworks and Ramparts of the Town.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 27th, *N. S.* ſay, That the Deputies of the States of *Holland*, who ſet out for *Gertruydenberg* on the 23d, to renew the Conferences with the *French* Miniſters, returned on the 26th, and had communicated to the States General the new Overtures that were made on the Part of *France*, which it is believed, if they are in Earneſt, may produce a general Treaty.

The TATLER. [Nº 175.

From *Saturd.* *May* 20. to *Tuesd.* *May* 23. 1710.

From my own Apartment, *May* 22.

IN the Distribution of the Apartments in the New *Bedlam*, proper Regard is had to the different Sexes, and the Lodgings accommodated accordingly. Among other Necessaries, as I have thought fit to appoint Story-Tellers to sooth the Men, so I have allowed Tale-Bearers to indulge the Intervals of my Female Patients. But before I enter upon disposing of the Main of the great Body that wants my Assistance, it is necessary to consider the Humane Race abstracted from all other Distinctions and Considerations except that of Sex. This will lead us to a nearer View of their Excellencies and Imperfections, which are to be accounted the one or the other, as they are suitable to the Design for which the Persons so defective or accomplished came into the World.

To make this Enquiry aright, we must speak of the Life of People of Condition, and the proportionable Applications to those below them will be easily made, so as to value the whole Species by the same Rule. We will begin with the Woman, and behold her as a Virgin in her Father's House. This State of her Life is infinitely more delightful than that of her Brother at the same Age. While she is entertained with learning melodious Airs at her Spinet, is led round a Room in the most complaisant Manner to a Fiddle, or is entertained with Applauses of her Beauty and Perfection in the ordinary Conversation she meets with; the young Man is under the Dictates of a rigid Schoolmaster or Instructor,

con-

contradicted in every Word he speaks, and curbed in all the Inclinations he discovers. Mrs. *Elizabeth* is the Object of Desire and Admiration, looked upon with Delight, courted with all the Powers of Eloquence and Address, approached with a certain Worship, and defended with a certain Loyalty. This is her Case as to the World: In her Domestick Characters, she is the Companion, the Friend, and Confident of her Mother, and the Object of a Pleasure, something like the Love between Angels, to her Father. Her Youth, her Beauty, her Air, are by him looked upon with an ineffable Transport beyond any other Joy in this Life, with as much Purity as can be met with in the next.

Her Brother *William*, at the same Years, is but in the Rudiments of those Acquisitions which must gain him Esteem in the World. His Heart beats for Applause among Men, yet is he fearful of every Step towards it. If he proposes to himself to make a Figure in the World, his Youth is damped with a Prospect of Difficulties, Dangers, and Dishonours; and an Opposition in all generous Attempts, whether they regard his Love or his Ambition.

In the next Stage of Life she has little else to do, but (what she is accomplished for by the meer Gifts of Nature) to appear lovely and agreeable to her Husband, tender to her Children, and affable to her Servants: But a Man, when he enters into this Way, is but in the first Scene, far from the Accomplishment of his Designs. He is now in all Things to act for others as well as himself. He is to have Industry and Frugality in his private Affairs, and Integrity and Addresses in publick. To these Qualities, he must add a Courage and Resolution to support his other Abilities, lest he be interrupted in the Prosecution of his just Endeavours, in which the Honour and Interest

tereſt of Poſterity are as much concerned as his own perſonal Welfare.

This little Sketch may in ſome Meaſure give an Idea of the different Parts which the Sexes have to act, and the advantagious as well as inconvenient Terms on which they are to enter upon their ſeveral Parts of Life. This may alſo be ſome Rule to us in the Examination of their Conduct. In ſhort, I ſhall take it for a Maxim, That a Woman who reſigns the Purpoſe of being pleaſing, and the Man who gives up the Thoughts of being wiſe, do equally quit their Claim to the true Cauſes of Living; and are to be allowed the Diet and Diſcipline of my charitable Structure to reduce them to Reaſon.

On the other Side, the Woman who hopes to pleaſe by Methods which ſhould make her odious, and the Man who would be *thought* wiſe by a Behaviour that renders him ridiculous, are to be taken into Cuſtody for their falſe Induſtry, as juſtly as they ought for their Negligence.

N. B. *Mr.* Bickerſtaff *is taken extremely ill with the Tooth-Ach, and cannot proceed in this Diſcourſe.*

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 22.

Advices from *Flanders* of the 30th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That the Duke of *Marlborough* having Intelligence of the Enemy's paſſing the *Scarp* on the 29th in the Evening, and their March towards the Plains of *Lens*, had put the Confederate Army in Motion, which was advancing towards the Camp, on the North Side of that River, between *Vitry* and *Henin-Lietard*. The Confederates, ſince the Approach of the Enemy, have added ſeveral new Redoubts to their Camp, and drawn the Cannon out of the Lines of Circumvallation in a Readineſs for the Batteries.

It

It is not believed, notwithstanding these Appearances, that the Enemy will hazard a Battle for the Relief of *Douay*; the Siege of which Place is carried on with all the Success that can be expected, considering the Difficulties they meet with occasioned by the Inundations. On the 28th at Night we made a Lodgment on the Saliant Angle of the Glacis of the Second Counterscarp, and our Approaches are so far advanced, that it is believed the Town will be obliged to surrender before the 8th of the next Month.

The TATLER. [N° 176.

Nullum Numen abest si sit Prudentia. Juv.

From *Tuesd. May* 23. to *Thursd. May* 25. 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 23.

THIS Evening, after a little Ease from the raging Pain caused by so small an Organ as an aking Tooth, under wich I had behaved my self so ill as to have broke Two Pipes and my Spectacles, I began to reflect with Admiration on those Heroick Spirits, which in the Conduct of their Lives seem to live so much above the Condition of our Make, as not only under the Agonies of Pain to forbear any intemperate Word or Gesture, but also in their general and ordinary Behaviour to resist the Impulses of their very Blood and Constitution. This Watch over a Man's self, and the Command of his Temper, I take to be the greatest of Humane Perfections, and is the Effect of a strong and resolute Mind. It is not only the most expedient Practice for carry-

carrying on our own Deſigns, but is alſo very deſervedly the moſt amiable Quality in the Sight of others. It is a winning Deference to Mankind, which creates an immediate Imitation of it ſelf wherever it appears, and prevails upon all (who have to do with a Perſon endued with it) either through Shame or Emulation. I do not know how to expreſs this Habit of Mind, except you will let me call it Equanimity. It is a Virtue which is neceſſary at every Hour, in every Place, and in all Converſations, and is the Effect of a regular and exact Prudence. He that will look back upon all the Acquaintance he has had in his whole Life, will find, he has ſeen more Men capable of the greateſt Employments and Performances, than ſuch as could in the general Bent of their Carriage act otherwiſe than according to their own Complexion and Humour. But the Indulgence of our ſelves in wholly giving Way to our natural Propenſity, is ſo unjuſt and improper a Licence, that when People take it up, there is very little Difference, with Relation to their Friends and Families, whether they are good or ill-natured Men: For he that errs by being wrought upon by what we call the Sweetneſs of his Temper, is as guilty as he that offends thro' the Perverſeneſs of it.

It is not therefore to be regarded what Men are in themſelves, but what they are in their Actions. *Eucrates* is the beſt-natured of all Men; but that natural Softneſs has Effects quite contrary to it ſelf, and for Want of due Bounds to his Benevolence, while he has a Will to be a Friend to all, he has the Power of being ſuch to none. His conſtant Inclination to pleaſe, makes him never fail of doing ſo; tho' (without being capable of Falſhood) he is a Friend only to thoſe who are preſent; for the ſame Humour which makes him the beſt Companion, renders him the worſt Correſpondent. It is a melancholy Thing

to

to consider, that the most engaging Sort of Men in Conversation are frequently the most tyrannical in Power, and least to be depended upon in Friendship. It is certain this is not to be imputed to their own Disposition; but he that is to be led by others, has only good Luck if he is not the worst, though in himself the best Man living. For this Reason, we are no more wholly to indulge our good, than our ill Dispositions. I remember a crafty old Cit, one Day speaking of a well-natured young Fellow who set up with a good Stock in *Lombard-street*, " I will, says he, lay " no more Money in his Hands, for he never de- " nied me any Thing. This was a very base, but with him a prudential Reason for breaking off Commerce: And this Acquaintance of mine carried this Way of Judging so far, that he has often told me, he never cared to deal with a Man he liked, for that our Affections must never enter into our Business.

When we look round us in this populous City, and consider how Credit and Esteem are lodged, you find Men have a great Share of the former, without the least Portion of the latter. He who knows himself for a Beast of Prey, looks upon others in the same Light, and we are so apt to judge of others by our selves, that the Man who has no Mercy, is as careful as possible never to want it. Hence it is, that in many Instances Men gain Credit by the very contrary Methods by which they do Esteem; for wary Traders think every Affection of the Mind a Key to their Cash.

But what led me into this Discourse, was my Impatience of Pain; and I have, to my great Disgrace, seen an Instance of the contrary Carriage in so high a Degree, that I am out of Countenance that I ever read *Seneca*. When I look upon the Conduct of others in such Occurrences, as well as behold their Equanimity in the general

general Tenour of their Life, it very much abates the Self-Love, which is ſeldom well governed by any Sort of Men, and leaſt of all by us Authors.

The Fortitude of a Man who brings his Will to the Obedience of his Reaſon, is conſpicuous, and carries with it a Dignity in the loweſt State imaginable. Poor *Martius*, who now lies languiſhing in the moſt violent Fever, diſcovers in the fainteſt Moments of his Diſtemper ſuch a Greatneſs of Mind, that a perfect Stranger who ſhould now behold him, would indeed ſee an Object of Pity, but at the ſame Time that it was lately an Object of Veneration. His gallant Spirit reſigns, but reſigns with an Air that ſpeaks a Reſolution which could yield to nothing but Fate it ſelf. This is Conqueſt in the Philoſophick Senſe; but the Empire over our ſelves is, methinks, no leſs laudable in common Life, where the whole Tenour of a Man's Carriage is in Subſervience to his own Reaſon, and Conformity both to the good Senſe and Inclination of other Men.

Ariſtæus is in my Opinion a perfect Maſter of Himſelf in all Circumſtances. He has all the Spirit that Man can have, and yet is as regular in his Behaviour as a meer Machine. He is ſenſible of every Paſſion, but ruffled by none. In Converſation, he frequently ſeems to be leſs knowing to be more obliging, and chuſes to be on a Level with others, rather than oppreſs with the Superiority of his Genius. In Friendſhip, he is kind without Profeſſion. In Buſineſs, expeditious without Oſtentation. With the greateſt Softneſs and Benevolence imaginable, he is impartial in Spight of all Importunity, even that of his own good Nature. He is ever clear in his Judgment; but in Complaiſance to his Company, ſpeaks with Doubt, and never ſhows Confidence in Argument, but to ſupport the Senſe of

another. Were ſuch an Equality of Mind the general Endeavour of all Men, How ſweet would be the Pleaſures of Converſation? He that is loud would then underſtand, that we ought to call a Conſtable, and know, that ſpoiling good Company is the moſt heinous Way of breaking the Peace. We ſhould then be relieved from theſe Zealots in Society, who take upon them to be angry for all the Company, and quarrel with the Waiters to ſhow they have no Reſpect for any Body elſe in the Room. To be in a Rage before you, is in a Kind being angry with you. You may as well ſtand naked before Company, as to uſe ſuch Familiarities; and to be careleſs of what you ſay, is the moſt clowniſh Way of being undreſſed.

Sheer-Lane, May 24.

When I came Home this Evening, I found the following Letters; and becauſe I think one a very good Anſwer to the other, as well as that it is the Affair of a young Lady, it muſt be immediately diſmiſſed.

SIR,

'I Have a good Fortune, partly paternal, and
'partly acquired. My younger Years I ſpent
'in Buſineſs; but Age coming on, and having
'no more Children than one Daughter, I re-
'ſolved to be a Slave no longer: And accor-
'dingly I have diſpoſed of my Effects, placed
'my Money in the Funds, bought a pretty Seat
'in a pleaſant Country, am making a Gar-
'den, and have ſet up a Pack of little Bea-
'gles. I live in the Midſt of a good many well-
'bred Neighbours, and ſeveral well-tempered
'Clergy-men. Againſt a rainy Day I have a lit-
'tle Library; and againſt the Gout in my Sto-
'mach, a little good Claret. With all this I am
'the miſerableſt Man in the World; not that

'I've

'I've lost the Relish of any of these Pleasures, 'but am distracted with such a Multiplicity 'of entertaining Objects, that I am lost in the 'Variety. I am in such a Hurry of Idleness, 'that I do not know with what Diversion to 'begin. Therefore, Sir, I must beg the Fa-'vour of you, when your more weighty Af-'fairs will permit, to put me in some Me-'thod of doing Nothing; for I find *Pliny* 'makes a great Difference betwixt *Nihil agere* 'and *Agere nihil*; and I fancy, if you would 'explain him, you would do a very great 'Kindness to many in *Great Britain*, as well 'as to

Your humble Servant,

J. B.

SIR,

'THE Enclosed is written by my Father 'in one of his pleasant Humours. He 'bids me seal it up, and send you a Word 'or two from my self, which he won't de-'sire to see till he hears of it from you. De-'sire him before he begins his Method of do-'ing Nothing, to have Nothing to do; that 'is to say, let him marry off his Daughter. 'I am

Your gentle Reader,

S. B.

The

The TATLER. [N° 177.

—— *Male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.*
Hor.

From *Thursd. May* 25. to *Saturd. May* 27. 1710.

Sheer-Lane, May 26.

THE ingenious Mr. *Penkethman*, the Comedian, has lately left here a Paper or Ticket, to which is affixed a small Silver Medal, which is to entitle the Bearer to see One and twenty Plays at his Theatre for a Guinea. *Greenwich* is the Place where, it seems, he has erected his House; and his Time of Action is to be so contrived, that it is to fall in with going and returning with the Tide. Besides, that the Bearer of this Ticket may carry down with him a particular Set of Company to the Play, striking off for each Person so introduced one of his Twenty one Times of Admittance. In this Warrant of his, he has made me an high Compliment in a facetious Distich, by Way of Dedication of his Endeavours, and desires I would recommend them to the World. I must needs say, I have not for some Time seen a properer Choice than he has made of a Patron: Who more fit to publish his Work than a Novelist? Who to recommend it than a Censor? This Honour done me, has made me turn my Thoughts upon the Nature of Dedications in general, and the Abuse of that Custom, as well by a long Practice of my Predecessors, as the continued Folly of my contemporary Authors.

In ancient Times, it was the Custom to address their Works to some eminent for their Merit to Mankind, or particular Patronage of the Writers themselves, or Knowledge in the Matter of which they treated. Under these Regards, it was a memorable Honour to both Parties, and a very agreeable Record of their Commerce with each other. These Applications were never stuffed with impertinent Praises, but were the native Product of their Esteem, which was implicitly received, or generally known to be due to the Patron of the Work: But vain Flourishes came into the World, with other barbarous Embellishments; and the Enumeration of Titles, and great Actions, in the Patrons themselves, or their Sires, are as foreign to the Matter in hand as the Ornaments are in a *Gothick* Building. This is clapping together Persons which have no Manner of Alliance, and can for that Reason have no other Effect than making both Parties justly ridiculous. What Pretence is there in Nature for me to write to a great Man, and tell him, My Lord, because your Grace is a Duke, your Grace's Father before you was an Earl, his Lordship's Father was a Baron, and his Lordship's Father both a wise and a rich Man; I *Isaac Bickerstaff* am obliged, and could not possibly forbear addressing to you the following Treatise. Though this is the plain Exposition of all I could possibly say to him with a good Conscience, yet the silly Custom has so universally prevailed, that my Lord Duke and I must necessarily be particular Friends from this Time forward, or else I have just Room for being disobliged, and may turn my Panegyrick into a Libel. But to carry this Affair still more Home; were it granted that Praises in Dedications were proper Topicks, What is it that gives a Man Authority to commend, or what makes it a Favour to me that he does commend me? It is certain, that there is no Praise valuable but from the

the Praiſe-worthy. Were it otherwiſe, Blame might be as much in the ſame Hands. Were the Good and Evil of Fame laid upon a Level among Mankind, the Judge on the Bench, and the Criminal at the Bar, would differ only in their Stations; and if one's Word is to paſs as much as the other's, their Reputation would be much alike to the Jury. *Pliny* ſpeaking of the Death of *Martial*, expreſſes himſelf with great Gratitude to him for the Honours done him in the Writings of that Author; but he begins it with an Account of his Character, which only made the Applauſe valuable. He indeed in the ſame Epiſtle ſays, It is a Sign we have left off doing Things which deſerve Praiſe, when we think Commendation impertinent. This is aſſerted with a juſt Regard to the Perſons whoſe good Opinion we wiſh for; otherwiſe Reputation would be valued according to the Number of Voices a Man has for it, which are not always to be inſured on the more virtuous Side. But however we pretend to model theſe nice Affairs, true Glory will never attend any Thing but Truth; and there is ſomething ſo peculiar in it, that the very ſelf-ſame Action done by different Men cannot merit the ſame Degree of Applauſe. The *Roman*, who was ſurprized in the Enemy's Camp before he had accompliſhed his Deſign, and thruſt his bare Arm into a flaming Pile, telling the General, There were many as determined as himſelf who (againſt Senſe of Danger) had conſpired his Death, wrought in the very Enemy an Admiration of his Fortitude, and a Diſmiſſion with Applauſe. But the condemned Slave who repreſented him in the Theatre, and conſumed his Arm in the ſame Manner, with the ſame Reſolution, did not raiſe in the Spectators a great Idea of his Virtue, but of him whom he imitated in an Action no Way differing from that of the real *Scævola*, but in the Motive to it.

Thus true Glorys inseperable from true Merit, and whatever you call Men, they are no more than what they are in themselves; but a Romantick Sense has crept into the Minds of the Generality, who will ever mistake Words and Appearances for Persons and Things.

The Simplicity of the Ancients was as conspicuous in the Address of their Writings, as in any other Monuments they have left behind them. *Cæsar* and *Augustus* were much more high Words of Respect, when added to Occasions fit for their Characters to appear in, than any Appellations which have ever been since thought of. The latter of these great Men had a very pleasant Way of dealing with Applications of this Kind. When he received Pieces of Poetry which he thought had Worth in them, he rewarded the Writer; but where he thought them empty, he generally returned the Compliment made him with some Verses of his own.

This latter Method I have at present Occasion to imitate. A Female Author has dedicated a Piece to me, wherein she would make my Name (as she has others) the Introduction of whatever is to follow in her Book; and has spoke some Panegyrical Things which I know not how to return, for Want of better Acquaintance with the Lady, and consequently being out of Capacity of giving her Praise or Blame. All therefore that is left for me, according to the foregoing Rules, is to lay the Picture of a good and evil Woman before her Eyes, which are but meer Words if they do not concern her. Now you are to observe, the Way in a Dedication is to make all the rest of the World as little like the Person we address to as possible, according to the following Epistle:

MADAM,

But, M ——

—— *Memorabile nullum*
Fæmina in Pæna est. ——

The

The TATLER. [N° 178.

From *Saturd. May* 27. to *Tuesd. May* 30. 1710.

Sheer-Lane, May 29.

WHEN we look into the delightful History of the most ingenious *Don Quixot* of the *Mancha*, and consider the Exercises and Manner of Life of that renowned Gentleman, we cannot but admire the exquisite Genius and discerning Spirit of *Michael Cervantes*, who has not only painted his Adventurer with great Mastery in the conspicuous Parts of his Story, which relate to Love and Honour, but also intimated in his ordinary Life Oeconomy and Furniture, the infallible Symptoms he gave of his growing Phrensy, before he declared himself a Knight-Errant. His Hall was furnished with old Launces, Halbards, and Morrions; his Food, Lentils; his Dress, amorous. He slept moderately, rose early, and spent his Time in Hunting. When by Watchfulness and Exercise he was thus qualified for the Hardships of his intended Peregrinations, he had nothing more to do but to fall hard to study; and before he should apply himself to the Practical Part, get into the Methods of making Love and War by reading Books of Knighthood. As for raising tender Passion in him *Cervantes* reports, That he was wonderfully delighted with a smooth intricate Sentence; and when they listned at his Study-Door, they could frequently hear him read aloud, *The Reason of the Unreasonableness, which against my Reason is wrought, doth so weaken my Reason, as with all Reason I do justly complain on your Beauty.* Again, he would pause till he came to another charming Sentence,

and with the most pleasing Accent imaginable be loud at a new Paragraph: *The high Heavens, which, with your Divinity, do fortify you divinely with the Stars, make you Deserveress of the Deserts that your Greatness deserves.* With these, and other such Passages, (*say's my Author*) the poor Gentleman grew distracted, aud was breaking his Brains Day and Night to understand and unravel their Sense.

As much as the Case of this distempered Knight is received by all the Readers of his History as the most incurable and ridiculous of all Phrensies, it is very certain we have Crowds among us far gone in as visible a Madness as his, though they are not observed to be in that Condition. As great and useful Discoveries are sometimes made by accidental and small Beginnings, I came to the Knowledge of the most Epidemick Ill of this Sort, by falling into a Coffee-house where I saw my Friend the Upholsterer, whose Crack towards Politicks I have heretofore mention'd. This Touch in the Brain of the *British* Subject, is as certainly owing to the reading News-Papers, as that of the *Spanish* Worthy above-mention'd to the reading Works of Chivalry. My Contemporaries the Novelists have, for the better spinning our Paragraphs, and working down to the End of their Columns, a most happy Art in Saying and Unsaying, giving Hints of Intelligence, and Interpretations of indifferent Actions, to the great Disturbance of the Brains of ordinary Readers. This Way of going on in the Words, and making no Progress in the Sense, is more particularly the Excellence of my most ingenious and renowned Fellow-Labourer, the *Post-Man*; and it is to this Talent in him that I impute the Loss of my Upholsterer's Intellects. That unfortunate Tradesman has for Years past been the chief Orator in ragged Assemblies, and the Reader in Alley Coffee-houses. He was Yesterday surroun-

ded by an Audience of that Sort, among whom I sat unobserved through the Favour of a Cloud of Tobacco, and saw him with the *Post-Man* in his Hand, and all the other Papers safe under his Left-Elbow. He was intermixing Remarks, and reading the *Paris* Article of *May* 30. which says, *That it is given out that an Express arrived this Day, with Advice, that the Armies were so near in the Plain of* Lens, *that they commanded each other.* (Ay, ay, here we shall have Sport.) *And that it was highly probable the next Express would bring us an Account of an Engagement.* (They are welcome as soon as they please.) *Tho' some others say, That the same will be put of till the 2d or 3d of* June, *because the Mareschal* Villars *expects some further Reinforcements from* Germany, *and other Parts, before that Time.* What-a-Pox does he put it off for ? Does he think our Horse is not marching up at the same Time ? But let us see what he says further. *They hope, that Monsieur* Albergotti, *being encouraged by the Presence of so great an Army, will make and extraordinary Defence.* Why then I find, *Albergotti* is one of those that love to have a great many on their Side--- Nay, I'll say that for this Paper, he makes the most natural Inferences of any of them all. *The Elector of* Bavaria *being uneasy to be without any Command, has desired Leave to come to Court to communicate a certain Project to his Majesty---- Whatever it be, it is said, that Prince is suddenly expected, and then we shall have a more certain Account of his Project, if this Report has any Foundation.* Nay, this Paper never imposes upon us, he goes upon sure Grounds ; for he won't be positive the Elector has a Project, or that he will come, or if he does come at all ; for he doubts, you see, whether the Report has any Foundation.

What makes this the more lamentable is, that this Way of Writing falls in with the Imagina-

tion

tion of the cooler and duller Part of Her Majesty's Subjects. The being kept up with one Line contradicting another, and the whole, after many Sentences of Conjecture, vanishing in a Doubt whether there is any Thing at all in what the Person has been reading of, puts an ordinary Head into a Vertigo, which his natural Dulness would have secured him from. Next to the Labours of the *Post-Man*, the Upholsterer took from under his Elbow honest *Icabod Dawks*'s Letter, and there, among other Speculations, the Historian takes upon him to say, *That it is discoursed that there will be a Battel in* Flanders *before the Armies separate, and many will have it to be to Morrow, the great Battle of* Ramelies *being fought on a* Whit-Sunday. A Gentleman who was a Wag in this Company laughed at the Expression, and said, By Mr. *Dawks*'s Favour, I warrant ye, if we meet them on *Whit-Sunday* or *Monday* we shall not stand upon the Day with them, whether it be before or after the Holidays. An Admirer of this Gentleman stood up, and told a Neighbour at a distant Table the Conceit, at which indeed we were all very merry. These Reflections in the Writers of the Transactions of the Times, seize the Noddles of such as were not born to have Thoughts of their own, and consequently lay a Weight upon every Thing which they read in Print. But Mr. *Dawks* concluded this Paper with a courteous Sentence, which was very well taken and applauded by the whole Company. *We wish*, says he, *all our Customers a merry* Whitsuntide, *and many of them.* Honest *Icabod* is as extraordinary a Man as any of our Fraternity, and as particular. His Style is a Dialect between the Familiarity of Talking and Writing, and his Letter such as you cannot distinguish whether Print or Manuscript, which gives us a Refreshment of the Idea from what has been told us from the Press by others.

This wishing a good Tide had its Effect upon us, and he was commended for his Salutation, as showing as well the Capacity of a Bell man as an Historian. My distempered old Acquaintance read in the next Place the Account of the Affairs abroad in the *Courant*; but the Matter was told so distinctly, that these Wanderers thought there was no News in it; this Paper differing from the rest as an History from a Romance. The Tautology, the Contradictions, the Doubts, and Wants of Confirmations, are what keep up imaginary Entertainments in Empty Heads, and produce Neglect of their own Affairs, Poverty, and Bankrupcy, in many of the Shop Statesmen; but turn the Imaginations of those of a little higher Orb into Deliriums of Dissatisfaction, which is seen in a continual Fret upon all that touches their Brains, but more particularly upon any Advantage obtained by their Country, where they are considered as Lunaticks, and therefore tolerated in their Ravings.

What I am now warning the People of is, That the News Papers of this Island are as pernicious to weak Heads in *England* as ever Books of Chivalry to *Spain*; and therefore shall do all that in me lies, with the utmost Care and Vigilance imaginable, to prevent these growing Evils. A flaming Instance of this Malady appeared in my old Acquaintance at this Time, who after he had done reading all his Papers, ended with a Thoughtful Air, *If we should have a Peace, we should then know for certain whether it was the King of* Sweden *that lately came to* Dunkirk. I whispered him, and desired him to step aside a little with me. When I had Opportunity, I decoyed him into a Coach, in order for his more easy Conveyance to *Moorfields*. The Man went very quietly with me; and by that Time he had brought the *Swede* from the Defeat by the Czar to the *Borysthenes*, we were passing by *Will's* Coffee-

fee-house, where the Man of the House beckon'd to us. We made a full Stop, and could hear from above a very loud Voice swearing, with some Expressions towards Treason, That the Subject in *France* was as free as in *England*. His Distemper would not let him reflect, that his own Discourse was an Argument of the contrary. They told him, One would speak with him below. He came immediately to our Coach Side. I whispered him, That I had an Order to carry him to the *Bastile*. He immediately obeyed with great Resignation: For to this Sort of Lunatick, whose Brain is touched for the *French*, the Name of a Gaol in that Kingdom has a more agreeable Sound than that of a Paternal Seat in this their own Country. It happen'd a little unluckily bringing these Lunaticks together, for they immediately fell into a Debate concerning the Greatness of their respective Monarchs; one for the King of *Sweden*, the other for the Grand Monarch of *France*. This Gentleman from *Will's* is now next Door to the Upholsterer, safe in his Apartment in my *Bedlam*, with proper Medicaments, and the *Mercure Gallant* to sooth his Imagination that he is actually in *France*. If therefore he should escape to *Covent-Garden* again, all Persons are desired to lay hold of him, and deliver him to Mr. *Morphew*, my Overseer. At the same Time, I desire all true Subjects to forbear Discourse with him, any otherwise than when he begins to fight a Battle for *France*, to say, *Sir, I hope to see you in* England.

The TATLER. [N° 179.

—— Oh! quis me gelidis ſub Montibus Hæmi
Siſtat, & ingenti Ramorum protegas Umbra?

From *Tueſday May* 30. to *Thurſday June* 1. 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 31.

IN this parched Seaſon, next to the Pleaſure of going into the Country, is that of hearing from it, and partaking the Joys of it in Deſcription, as in the following Letter:

SIR,

'I Believe you will forgive me, though I write to you a very long Epiſtle, ſince it relates to the Satisfaction of a Country Life, which I know you would lead, if you could. In the firſt Place I muſt confeſs to you, That I am one of the moſt luxurious Men living; and as I am ſuch, I take Care to make my Pleaſures laſting, by following none but ſuch as are innocent and refined, as well as, in ſome Meaſure, improving. You have in your Labours been ſo much concerned to repreſent the Actions and Paſſions of Mankind, that the whole Vegetable World has almoſt eſcaped your Obſervation: But ſure there are Gratifications to be drawn from thence, which deſerve to be recommended. For your better Information, I wiſh you could viſit your old Friend in *Cornwal.* You would be pleaſed to ſee the many Alterations I have made about my Houſe, and how much I have improved my Eſtate without raiſing the Rents of it.

'As

'As the Winter ingrosses with us near a double Portion of the Year, (the Three delightful Vicissitudes being crowded almost within the Space of Six Months) there is nothing upon which I have bestowed so much Study and expence, as in contriving Means to soften the Severity of it, and, if possible, to establish Twelve chearful Months about my Habitation. In order to this, the Charges I have been at in Building and furnishing a Green-House, will, perhaps, be thought somewhat extravagant by a great many Gentlemen whose Revenues exceed mine. But when I consider, that all Men of any Life and Spirit have their Inclinations to gratify, and when I compute the Sums laid out by the Generality of the Men of Pleasure (in the Number of which I always rank my self) in riotous Eating and Drinking, in Equipage and Apparel, upon Wenching, Gaming, Racing and Hunting; I find upon the Ballance, that the indulging of my Humour comes at a Reasonable Rate.

'Since I communicate to you all Incidents serious and trifling, even to the Death of a Butterfly, that fall out within the Compass of my little Empire, you will not, I hope, be ill pleased with the Draught I now send you of my little Winter Paradise, and with an Account of my Way of amusing my self and others in it.

'The younger *Pliny*, you know writes a long Letter to his Friend *Gallus*, in which he gives him a very particular Plan of the Situation, the Conveniencies, and the Agreeableness of his Villa. In my last, you may remember, I promised you something of this Kind. Had *Pliny* lived in a Northern Climate, I doubt not but we should have found a very compleat Orangery amongst his Epistles; and I, probably, should have copied his Model, instead of Build-

'ing after my own Fancy, and you had been re-'ferred to him for the Hiſtory of my late Ex-'ploits in Architecture: By which Means my 'Performances would have made a better Figure, 'at leaſt in Writing, than they are like to make 'at preſent.

'The Area of my Green-houſe is a Hundred 'Paces long, Fifty broad, and the Roof Thirty 'Foot high. The Wall toward the North is of 'ſolid Stone. On the South Side, and at both 'the Ends, the Stone-work riſes but Three Foot 'from the Ground, excepting the Pilaſters, pla-'ced at convenient Diſtances to ſtrengthen and 'beautify the Building. The intermediate Spaces 'are filled up with large Saſhes of the ſtrongeſt 'and moſt tranſparent Glaſs. The Middle Saſh '(which is wider than any of the other) ſerves 'for the Entrance, to which you mount by Six 'eaſy Steps, and deſcend on the Inſide by as 'many. This opens and ſhuts with greater Eaſe, 'keeps the Wind out better, and is at the ſame 'Time more uniform than Folding-Doors.

'In the Middle of the Roof there runs a Ciel-'ing Thirty Foot broad from one End to the 'other. This is enliv'ned by a Maſterly Pencil, 'with all the Variety of Rural Scenes and Pro-'ſpects, which he has peopled with the whole 'Tribe of Silvan Deities. Their Characters and 'their Stories are ſo well expreſſed, that the 'whole ſeems a Collection of all the moſt beau-'tiful Fables of the ancient Poets tranſlated into 'Colours. The remaining Spaces of the Roof, 'Ten Foot on each Side of the Cieling, are of 'the cleareſt Glaſs, to let in the Sky and Clouds 'from above. The Building points full Eaſt and '*Weſt*, ſo that I enjoy the Sun while he is above 'the Horizon. His Rays are improved through 'the Glaſs, and I receive through it what is de-'ſirable in a Winter-Sky, without the coarſe 'Allay of the Seaſon, which is a Kind of ſifting

'or

'or straining the Weather. My Greens and 'Flowers are as sensible as I am of this Benefit: 'They flourish and look chearful as in the Spring, 'while their Fellow-Creatures abroad are starved 'to Death. I must add, that a moderate Ex-'pence of Fire, over and above the Contribu-'tions I receive from the Sun, serves to keep 'this large Room in a due Temperature; it be-'ing sheltered from the cold Winds by a Hill on 'the North, and a Wood on the East.

'The Shell, you see, is both agreeable and con-'venient; and now you shall judge, whether 'I have laid out the Floor to Advantage. There 'goes through the whole Length of it a spacious 'Walk of the finest Gravel, made to bind and 'unite so firmly, that it seems one continued 'Stone; with this Advantage, that it is easier to 'the Foot, and better for walking, than if it 'were what it seems to be. At each End of the 'Walk, on the one and on the other Side of it, 'lies a square Plot of Grass of the finest Turf, 'and brightest Verdure. What Ground remains 'on both Sides, between these little smooth 'Fields of Green, is flagged with large Quarries 'of white Marble, where the blue Veins trace 'out such a Variety of irregular Windings thro' 'the clear Surface, that these bright Plains seem 'full of Rivulets and streaming Meanders. This 'to my Eye, that delights in Simplicity, is inex-'pressibly more beautiful, than the chequered 'Floors, which are so generally admired by 'others. Upon the Right and upon the Left, 'along the Gravel Walk, I have ranged inter-'changeably the Bay, the Myrtle, the Orange, 'and the Lemon Trees, intermixed with painted 'Hollies, Silver Firs, and Pyramids of Yew; all 'so disposed, that every Tree receives an additio-'nal Beauty from its Situation; besides the Har-'mony that rises from the Disposition of the 'whole, no Shade cuts too strongly, or breaks in

' harshly upon the other; but the Eye is cheared ' with a mild rather than gorgeous Diversity of ' Greens.

' The Borders of the Four Grass-Plots are gar-' nished with Pots of Flowers: Those Delicacies ' of Nature recreate Two Senses at once, and ' leave such delightful and gentle Impressions ' upon the Brain, that I cannot help thinking ' them of equal Force with the softest Airs of ' Musick, toward the smoothing of our Tem-' pers. In the Center of every Plot is a Statue. ' The Figures I have made Choice of, are a *Venus*, ' an *Adonis*, a *Diana*, and an *Apollo*; such excel-' lent Copies, as to raise the same Delight as we ' should draw from the Sight of the ancient ' Originals.

' The North Wall would have been but a tire-' some Waste to the Eye, if I had not diversified ' it with the most lively Ornaments, suitable to ' the Place. To this Intent, I have been at the ' Expence to lead over Arches from a neighbour-' ing Hill a plentiful Store of Spring-Water, ' which a beautiful *Naiade*, placed as high as is ' possible in the Center of the Wall, pours out ' from an Urn. This, by a Fall of above Twen-' ty Foot, makes a most delightful Cascade into ' a Basin, that opens wide within the Marble-' Floor on that Side. At a reasonable Distance, ' on either Hand of the Cascade, the Wall is ' hollowed into Two spreading Scallops, each of ' which receives a Couch of green Velvet, and ' forms at the same Time a Canopy over them. ' Next to them come Two large Aviaries, ' which are likewise let into the Stone. These ' are succeeded by Two Grotto's, set off with all ' the pleasing Rudeness of Shells and Moss, and ' cragged Stones, imitating in Miniature Rocks ' and Precipices, the most dreadful and gigantick ' Works of Nature. After the Grotto's, you ' have Two Niches; the one inhabited by *Ceres*,

' with

'with her Sickle and Sheaf of Wheat; and the 'other by *Pomona*, who, with a Countenance 'full of good Cheer, pours a bounteous Autumn 'of Fruits out of her Horn. Laſt of all come 'Two Colonies of Bees, whoſe Stations lying 'Eaſt and Weſt, the one is ſaluted by the Ri- 'ſing, the other by the Setting Sun. Theſe, all 'of them being placed at proportioned Intervals, 'furniſh out the whole Length of the Wall; 'and the Spaces that lie between are painted in 'Freſco, by the ſame Hand that has enriched 'my Cieling.

'Now, Sir, you ſee my whole Contrivance to 'elude the Rigour of the Year, to bring a Nor- 'thern Climate nearer the Sun, and to exempt 'my ſelf from the common Fate of my Coun- 'trymen. I muſt detain you a little longer, to 'tell you, That I never enter this delicious Re- 'tirement, but my Spirits are revived, and a 'ſweet Complacency diffuſes it ſelf over my 'whole Mind. And how can it be otherwiſe, 'with a Conſcience void of Offence, where the 'Muſick of Falling Waters, the Symphony of 'Birds, the gentle Humming of Bees, the Breath 'of Flowers, the fine Imagery of Painting and 'Sculpture? In a Word, the Beauties and the 'Charms of Nature and of Art court all my 'Faculties, refreſh the Fibres of the Brain, and 'ſmooth every Avenue of Thought. What plea- 'ſing Meditations, what agreeable Wanderings 'of the Mind, and what delicious Slumbers, 'have I enjoyed here? And when I turn up 'ſome Maſterly Writer to my Imagination, me- 'thinks here his Beauties appear in the moſt ad- 'vantagious Light, and the Rays of his Genius 'ſhoot upon me with greater Force and Bright- 'neſs than ordinary. This Place likewiſe keeps 'the whole Family in good Humour, in a Seaſon 'wherein Gloomineſs of Temper prevails uni- 'verſally in this Iſland. My Wife does often

'touch

' touch her Lute in one of the Grotto's, and my ' Daughter sings to it, while the Ladies with ' you, amidst all the Diversions of the Town, ' and in the most affluent Fortunes, are fretting ' and repining beneath a louring Sky for they ' know not what. In this Green House we often ' dine, we drink Tea, we dance Country-Dances; ' and what is the chief Pleasure of all, we enter-' tain our Neighbours in it, and by this Means ' contribute very much to mend the Climate Five ' or Six Miles about us. I am

Your most humble Servant,

T. S.

The TATLER. [Nº 180.

Stultitiam patiuntur Opes. —— *Hor.

From *Thursd. June* 1. to *Saturd. June* 3. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 2.

I HAVE received a Letter which accuses me of Partiality in the Administration of the Censorship, and says, That I have been very free with the lower Part of Mankind, but extremely cautious in Representations of Matters which concern Men of Condition. This Correspondent takes upon him also to say, the Upholsterer was not undone by turning Politician, but became Bankrupt by trusting his Goods to Persons of Quality; and demands of me, that I should do Justice upon such as brought Poverty and Distress upon the World below them, while they

they themſelves were ſunk in Pleaſures and Luxury, ſupported at the Expence of thoſe very Perſons whom they treated with a Negligence, as if they did not know whether they dealt with them or not. This is a very heavy Accuſation, both of me, and ſuch as the Man aggrieved accuſes me of tolerating. For this Reaſon, I reſolved to take this Matter into Conſideration, and upon very little Meditation could call to my Memory many Inſtances which made this Complaint far from being groundleſs. The Root of this Evil does not always proceed from Injuſtice in the Men of Figure, but often from a falſe Grandeur which they take upon them in being unacquainted with their own Buſineſs, not conſidering how mean a Part they act when their Names and Characters are ſubjected to the little Arts of their Servants and Dependants. The Overſeers of the Poor are a People who have no great Reputation for the Diſcharge of their Truſt, but are much leſs ſcandalous than the Overſeers of the Rich. Ask a young Fellow of a great Eſtate, Who was that odd Fellow ſpoke to him in a publick Place? He anſwers, One that does my Buſineſs. It is, with many, a natural Conſequence of being a Man of Fortune, that they are not to underſtand the Diſpoſal of it; and they long to come to their Eſtates, only to put themſelves under new Guardianſhip. Nay, I have known a young Fellow who was regularly bred an Attorney, and was a very expert one till he had an Eſtate fallen to him. The Moment that happened, he who could before prove the next Land he caſt his Eye upon his own; and was ſo ſharp, that a Man at firſt Sight would give him a ſmall Sum for a general Receipt, whether he owed him any Thing or not: Such a one, I ſay, have I ſeen, upon coming to an Eſtate, forget all his Diffidence of Mankind, and become the moſt manageable Thing breathing. He immediately

wanted a ſtirring Man to take upon him his Affairs, to receive and pay, and do every Thing which he himſelf was now too fine a Gentleman to underſtand. It is pleaſant to conſider, That he who would have got an Eſtate had he not come to one, will certainly ſtarve becauſe one fell to him: But ſuch Contradictions are we to our ſelves, and any Change of Life is inſupportable to ſome Natures.

It is a miſtaken Senſe of Superiority, to believe a Figure or Equipage gives Men Precedence to their Neighbours. Nothing can create Reſpect from Mankind, but laying Obligations upon them; and it may very reaſonably be concluded, that if it were put into a due Ballance, according to the true State of the Account, many who believe themſelves in Poſſeſſion of a large Share of Dignity in the World, muſt give Place to their Inferiors. The greateſt of all Diſtinctions in Civil Life is that of Debtor and Creditor, and there needs no great Progreſs in Logick to know which, in that Caſe, is the advantagious Side. He who can ſay to another, Pray Maſter, or Pray my Lord, give me my own, can as juſtly tell him, It is a Phantaſtical Diſtinction you take upon you, to pretend to paſs upon the World for my Maſter or Lord, when at the ſame Time that I wear your Livery, you owe me Wages; or, while I wait at your Door, you are aſhamed to ſee me till you have paid my Bill.

The good old Way among the Gentry of *England* to maintain their Preeminence over the lower Rank, was by their Bounty, Munificence, and Hoſpitality; and it is a very unhappy Change, if at preſent, by themſelves or their Agents, the Luxury of the Gentry is ſupported by the Credit of the Trader. This is what my Correſpondent pretends to prove out of his own Books, and thoſe of his whole Neighbourhood. He has the Confidence to ſay, That there is a Mug-

Houſe

Houſe near *Long-Acre*, where you may every Evening hear an exact Account of Diſtreſſes of this Kind. One complains, That ſuch a Lady's Finery is the Occaſion that his own Wife and Daughter appear ſo long in the ſame Gown: Another, That all the Furniture of her Viſiting-Apartment are no more her's, than the Scenery of a Play are the proper Goods of the Actreſs. Nay, at the lower End of the ſame Table, you may hear a Butcher and Poulterer ſay, That at their proper Charge, all that Family has been maintained ſince they laſt came to Town.

The free Manner in which People of Faſhion are diſcourſed on at ſuch Meetings, is but a juſt Reproach for their Failures in this Kind; but the melancholy Relations of the great Neceſſities Tradeſmen are driven to, who ſupport their Credit in Spight of the faithleſs Promiſes which are made them, and the Abatement which they ſuffer when paid, by the Extortion of Upper Servants, is what would ſtop the moſt thoughtleſs Man in the Career of his Pleaſures, if rightly repreſented to him.

If this Matter be not very ſpeedily amended, I ſhall think fit to print exact Liſts of all Perſons who are not at their own Diſpoſal, though above the Age of Twenty one; and as the Trader is made Bankrupt for Abſence from his Abode, ſo ſhall the Gentleman for being at Home, if, when Mr. *Morphew* calls, he cannot give him an exact Account of what paſſes in his own Family. After this fair Warning, no one ought to think himſelf hardly dealt with, if I take upon me to pronounce him no longer Maſter of his Eſtate, Wife, or Family, than he continues to improve, cheriſh, and maintain them upon the Baſis of his own Property, without Incurſions upon his Neighbour in any of theſe Particulars.

According

According to that excellent Philosopher *Epictetus*, we are all but acting Parts in a Play; and it is not a Distinction in it self to be high or low, but to become the Parts we are to perform. I am by my Office Prompter on this Occasion, and shall give those who are a little out in their Parts such soft Hints as may help them to proceed, without letting it be known to the Audience they were out: But if they run quite out of Character, they must be called off the Stage, and receive Parts more suitable to their Genius. Servile Complaisance shall degrade a Man from his Honour and Quality, and Haughtiness be yet more debased. Fortune shall no longer appropriate Distinctions, but Nature direct us in the Disposition both of Respect and Discountenance. As there are Tempers made for Command, and others for Obedience; so there are Men born for acquiring Possessions, and others incapable of being other than meer Lodgers in the Houses of their Ancestors, and have it not in their very Composition to be Proprietors of any Thing. These Men are moved only by the meer Effects of Impulse: Their Good-Will and Disesteem are to be regarded equally, for neither is the Effect of their Judgment. This loose Temper is that which makes a Man what *Sallust* so well remarks to happen frequently in the same Person, to be covetous of what is another's, and profuse of what is his own. This Sort of Men is usually amiable to ordinary Eyes; but in the Sight of Reason, nothing is laudable but what is guided by Reason. The covetous Prodigal is of all others the worst Man in Society: If he would but take Time to look into himself, he would find his Soul all over gashed with broken Vows, and Promises; and his Retrospect on his Actions would not consist of Reflections upon those good Resolutions after mature Thought, which are the true Life of a reasonable Creature, but the

nauseous

nauseous Memory of imperfect Pleasures, idle Dreams, and occasional Amusements. To follow such dissatisfying Pursuits, is it possible to suffer the Ignominy of being unjust? I remember in *Tully*'s Epistle, in the Recommendation of a Man to an Affair which had no Manner of Relation to Money, it is said, You may trust him, for he is a frugal Man. It is certain, he who has not a Regard to strict Justice in the Commerce of Life, can be capable of no good Action in any other Kind; but he who lives below his Income, lays up every Moment of Life Armour against a base World, that will cover all his Frailties while he is so fortified, and exaggerated them when he is naked and defenceless.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Stage-Coach sets out exactly at Six from Nando's *Coffee-house to Mr.* Tiptoe's *Dancing-School, and returns at Eleven every Evening, for* 16 d.

N. B. *Dancing Shoes not exceeding Four Inches Height in the Heel, and Periwigs not exceeding Three Foot in Length, are carried in the Coach-Box* gratis.

The TATLER. [N° 181.

—— *Dies, ni fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum,*
Semper honoratum; sic, Dii, voluistis, habebo. Virg.

From *Saturday June* 3. to *Tuesday June* 6. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 5.

THere are those among Mankind, who can enjoy no Relish of their Being, except the World is made acquainted with all that relates

to them, and think every Thing lost that passes unobserved; but others find a solid Delight in stealing by the Crowd, and modelling their Life after such a Manner, as is as much above the Approbation as the Practice of the Vulgar. Life being too short to give Instances great enough of true Friendship or Good-Will, some Sages have thought it pious to preserve a Certain Reverence for the Manes of their deceased Friends, and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the World at certain Seasons, to commemorate in their own Thoughts such of their Acquaintance who have gone before them out of this Life: And indeed, when we are advanced in Years, there is not a more pleasing Entertainment, than to recollect in a Gloomy Moment the many we have parted with that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy Thought or Two after those with whom, perhaps, we have indulged our selves in whole Nights of Mirth and Jolity. With such Inclinations in my Heart I went to my Closet yesterday in the Evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which Occasion, I could not but look with Disdain upon my self, that though all the Reasons which I had to lament the Loss of many of my Friends are now as forcible as at the Moment of their Departure, yet did not my Heart swell with the same Sorrow which I felt at that Time; but I could, without Tears, reflect upon many pleasing Adventures I have had with some who have long been blended with common Earth. Though it is by the Benefit of Nature that Length of Time thus blots out the Violence of Afflictions; yet with Tempers too much given to Pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old Places of Grief in our Memory, and ponder Step by Step on past Life, to lead the Mind into that Sobriety of Thought which poises the Heart, and makes it beat with due Time, without being quickened

with

with Desire, or retarded with Despair, from its proper and equal Motion. When we wind up a Clock that is out of Order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the Hand to the present Instant, but we make it strike the Round of all its Hours, before it can recover the Regularity of its Time. Such thought I, shall be my Method this Evening; and since it is that Day of the Year which I dedicate to the Memory of such in another Life as I much delighted in when living, an Hour or Two shall be sacred to Sorrow and their Memory, while I run over all the melancholy Circumstances of this Kind which have occurred to me in my whole Life.

The first Sense of Sorrow I ever knew was upon the Death of my Father, at which Time I was not quite Five Years of Age; but was rather amazed at what all the House meant, than possessed with a real Understanding why no Body was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the Room where his Body lay, and my Mother sate weeping alone by it. I had my Battledore in my Hand, and fell a beating the Coffin, and calling Papa; for I know not how I had some slight Idea that he was locked up there. My Mother catched me in her Arms, and transported beyond all Patience of the silent Grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her Embrace, and told me in a Flood of Tears, Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under Ground, whence he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful Woman, of a noble Spirit, and there was a Dignity in her Grief amidst all the wildness of her Transport, which, methought, struck me with an Instinct of Sorrow, which, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very Soul, and has made Pity the Weakness of my Heart ever since. The Mind in Infancy is, methinks, like the Body in

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Embrio, and receives Impreſſions ſo forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by Reaſon, as any Mark with which a Child is born is to be taken away by any future Application. Hence it is, that Good-Nature in me is no Merit; but having been ſo frequently over-whelmed with her Tears before I knew the Cauſe of any Affliction, or could draw Defences from my own Judgment, I imbibed Commiſeration, Remorſe, and an unmanly Gentleneſs of Mind, which has ſince inſnared me into Ten thouſand Calamities, and from whence I can reap no Advantage, except it be, that in ſuch an Humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge my ſelf in the Softneſſes of Humanity, and enjoy that ſweet Anxiety which ariſes from the Memory of paſt Afflictions.

We that are very old, are better able to remember Things which befel us in our diſtant Youth, than the Paſſages of later Days. For this Reaſon it is, that the Companions of my ſtrong and vigorous Years preſent themſelves more immediately to me in this Office of Sorrow. Untimely or unhappy Deaths are what we are moſt apt to lament; ſo little are we able to make it indifferent when a Thing happens, though we know it muſt happen. Thus we groan under Life, and bewail thoſe who are relieved from it. Every Object that returns to our Imagination raiſes different Paſſions, according to the Circumſtance of their Departure. Who can have lived in an Army, and in a ſerious Hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable Men that might long have flouriſhed in the Arts of Peace, and not join with the Imprecations of the Fatherleſs and Widow on the Tyrant to whoſe Ambition they fell Sacrifices? But gallant Men, who are cut off by the Sword, move rather our Veneration than our Pity; and we gather Relief enough from their own Contempt of Death, to

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make it no Evil, which was approached with ſo much Chearfulneſs, and attended with ſo much Honour. But when we turn our Thoughts from the great Parts of Life on ſuch Occaſions, and inſtead of lamenting thoſe who ſtood ready to give Death to thoſe from whom they had the Fortune to receive it; I ſay, when we let our Thoughts wander from ſuch noble Objects, and conſider the Havock which is made among the Tender and the Innocent, Pity enters with an unmixed Softneſs, and poſſeſſes all our Souls at once.

Here (were there Words to expreſs ſuch Sentiments with proper Tenderneſs) I ſhould record the Beauty, Innocence, and untimely Death, of the firſt Object my Eyes ever beheld with Love. The beauteous Virgin! How ignorantly did ſhe charm, how careleſly excel? Oh Death! Thou haſt Right to the Bold, to the Ambitious, to the High, and to the Haughty; but why this Cruelty to the Humble, to the Meek, to the Undiſcerning, to the Thoughtleſs? Nor Age, nor Buſineſs, nor Diſtreſs, can eraſe the dear Image from my Imagination. In the ſame Week, I ſaw her dreſſed for a Ball, and in a Shrowd. How ill did the Habit of Death become the Pretty Trifler? I ſtill behold the ſmiling Earth --- A large Train of Diſaſters were coming on to my Memory, when my Servant knocked at my Cloſet Door, and interrupted me with a Letter, attended with a Hamper of Wine, of the ſame Sort with that which is to be put to Sale on *Thurſday* next at *Garraway*'s Coffee-houſe. Upon the Receipt of it, I ſent for Three of my Friends. We are ſo intimate, that we can be Company in whatever State of Mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The Wine we found to be generous and warming, but with ſuch an Heat as moved us rather to be chearful than frolickſome. It revived

vived the *Spirits* without firing the Blood. We commended it till Two of the Clock this Morning, and having to Day met a little before Dinner, we found, that though we drank Two Bottles a Man, we had much more Reaſon to recollect than forget what had paſſed the Night before.

The TATLER. [Nº 182.

Spectaret Populum Ludis attentius ipſis. Hor.

From *Tueſd. June* 6. to *Thurſd. June* 8. 1710.

Sheer-Lane, June 7.

THE Town grows ſo very empty, that the greater Number of my gay Characters are fled out of my Sight into the Country. My *Beaus* are now Shepherds, and my *Belles* Wood Nymphs. They are lolling over Rivulets, and covered with Shades, while we who remain in Town hurry through the Duſt about Impertinencies, without knowing the Happineſs of Leiſure and Retirement. To add to this Calamity, even the Actors are going to deſert us for a Seaſon, and we ſhall not ſhortly have ſo much as a Landskip or Froſt-Scene to refreſh our ſelves within the Midſt of our Fatigues. This may not perhaps be ſo ſenſible a Loſs to any other as to me; for I confeſs it is one of my greateſt Delights to ſit unobſerved and unknown in the Gallery, and entertain my ſelf either with what is perſonated on the Stage or obſerve what Appearances preſent themſelves in the Audience. If there were no other good Conſequences in a Playhouſe, than that ſo many Perſons of diffe-

rent Ranks and Conditions are placed there in their moſt pleaſing Aſpects, that Proſpect only would be very far from being below the Pleaſures of a wiſe Man. There is not one Perſon you can ſee, in whom, if you look with an Inclination to be pleaſed, you may not behold ſomething worthy or agreeable. Our Thoughts are in our Features; and the Viſage of thoſe in whom Love, Rage, Anger, Jealouſy or Envy, have their frequent Manſions, carries the Traces of thoſe Paſſions wherever the Amorous, the Cholerick, the Jealous, or the Envious, are pleaſed to make their Appearance. However, the Aſſembly at a Play is uſually made up of ſuch as have a Senſe of ſome Elegance in Pleaſure, by which Means the Audience is generally compoſed of thoſe who have gentle Affections, or at leaſt of ſuch as at that Time are in the beſt Humour you can ever find them. This has inſenſibly a good Effect upon our Spirits; and the Muſical Airs which are play'd to us, put the whole Company into a Participation of the ſame Pleaſure, and by Conſequence for that Time equal in Humour, in Fortune, and in Quality. Thus far we gain only by coming into an Audience; but if we find added to this, the Beauties of proper Action, the Force of Eloquence, and the Gaiety of well-placed Lights and Scenes, it is being happy, and ſeeing others happy for Two Hours; a Duration of Bliſs not at all to be ſlighted by ſo ſhort-lived a Creature as Man. Why then ſhould not the Duty of the Player be had in much more Eſteem than it is at preſent? If the Merit of a Performance be to be valued according to the Talents which are neceſſary to it, the Qualifications of a Player ſhould raiſe him much above the Arts and Ways of Life which we call Mercenary or Mechanick. When we look round a full Houſe, and behold ſo few that can (though they ſet themſelves out to Show as much as the

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Persons on the Stage do) come up to what they would appear even in dumb Show. How much does the Actor deserve our Approbation, who adds to the Advantage of Looks and Motions the Tone of Voice, the Dignity, the Humility, the Sorrow, the Triumph suitable to the Character he personates?

It may possibly be imagined by severe Men, that I am too frequent in the Mention of the Theatrical Representation; But who is not excessive in the Discourse of what he extremely likes? *Eugenio* can lead you to a Gallery of fine Pictures, which Collection he is always increasing: *Crassus* through Woods and Forrests, to which he designs to add the neighbouring Counties. These are great and noble Instances of their Magnificence. The Players are my Pictures, and their Scenes my Territories. By communicating the Pleasure I take in them, it may in some Measure add to Men's Gratifications this Way, as viewing the Choice and Wealth of *Eugenio* and *Crassus* augments the Enjoyments of those whom they entertain, with a Prospect of such Possessions as would not otherwise fall within the Reach of their Fortunes.

It is a very good Office one Man does another, when he tells him the Manner of his being pleased; and I have often thought, that a Comment upon the Capacities of the Players would very much improve the Delight that Way, and impart it to those who otherwise have no Sense of it.

The First of the present Stage are *Wilks* and *Cibber*, perfect Actors in their different Kinds. *Wilks* has a singular Talent in representing the Graces of Nature, *Cibber* the Deformity in the Affectation of them. Were I a Writer of Plays, I should never employ either of them in Parts which had not their Bent this Way. This is seen in the inimitable Strain and Ruin of good

Humour which is kept up in the Character of *Wildair*, and in the nice and delicate Abuſe of Underſtanding in that of *Sir Novelty*. *Cibber*, in another Light, hits exquiſitely the flat Civility of an affected Gentleman-Uſher, and *Wilks* the eaſy Frankneſs of a Gentleman.

If you would obſerve the Force of the ſame Capacities in higher Life, Can any Thing be more ingenuous, than the Behaviour of Prince *Harry* when his Father checks him? Any Thing more exaſperating, than that of *Richard*, when he inſults his Superiors? To beſeech gracefully, to approach reſpectfully, to pity, to mourn, to love, are the Places wherein *Wilks* may be made to ſhine with the utmoſt Beauty: To rally pleaſantly, to ſcorn artfully, to flatter, to ridicule, and to neglect, are what *Cibber* would perform with no leſs Excellence.

When Actors are conſidered with a View to their Talents, it is not only the Pleaſure of that Hour of Action which the Spectators gain from their Performance, but the Oppoſition of Right and Wrong on the Stage would have its Force in the Aſſiſtance of our Judgments on other Occaſions, I have at preſent under my Tutelage a young Poet, who, I deſign, ſhall entertain the Town the enſuing Winter. And as he does me the Honour to let me ſee his Comedy as he writes it, I ſhall endeavour to make Parts fit the Genio's of their ſeveral Actors, as exactly as their Habits can their Bodies: And becauſe the Two I have mentioned are to perform the principal Parts, I have prevailed with the Houſe to let the *Careleſs Husband* be acted on *Tueſday* next, that my young Author may have a View of a Play which is acted to Perfection, both by them and all concerned in it, as being born within the Walls of the Theatre, and written with an exact Knowledge of the Abilities of the

Performers. Mr. *Wilks* will do his beſt in this Play, becauſe it is for his own Benefit; and Mr. *Cibber*, becauſe he writ it. Beſides which, all the great Beauties we have left in Town, or within Call of it, will be preſent, becauſe it is the laſt Play this Seaſon. This Opportunity will, I hope, inflame my Pupil with ſuch generous Notions from ſeeing this fair Aſſembly as will be then preſent, that his Play may be compoſed of Sentiments and Characters proper to be preſented to ſuch an Audience. His Drama at preſent has only the Out-Lines drawn. There are, I find, to be in it all the Reverend Offices of Life, ſuch as Regard to Parents, Husbands, and honourable Lovers, preſerved with the utmoſt Care; and at the ſame Time that Agreeableneſs of Behaviour, with the Intermixture of pleaſing Paſſions as ariſe from Innocence and Virtue, interſperſed in ſuch a Manner, as that to be charming and agreeable ſhall appear the natural Conſequence of being virtuous. This great End is one of thoſe I propoſe to do in my Cenſorſhip; but if I find a thin Houſe, on an Occaſion when ſuch a Work is to be promoted, my Pupil ſhall return to his Commons at *Oxford*, and *Sheer-Lane* and the Theatres be no longer Correſpondents.

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The TATLER. [Nº 183.

—— *Fuit hæc Sapientia quondam*
Publica Privatis secernere.—— Hor.

From *Thursd. June* 8. to *Saturd. June* 10. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 9.

WHEN Men look into their own Bosoms and consider the generous Seeds which are there planted, that might, if rightly cultivated, ennoble their Lives, and make their Virtue venerable to Futurity; How can they, without Tears, reflect on the universal Degeneracy from that publick Spirit, which ought to be the first and principal Motive of all their Actions? In the *Græcian* and *Roman* Nations, they were wise enough to keep up this great Incentive, and it was impossible to be in the Fashion without being a Patriot. All Gallantry had its first Source from hence; and to want a Warmth for the Publick Welfare, was a Defect so scandalous, that he who was guilty of it had no Pretence to Honour or Manhood. What makes the Depravity among us in this Behalf the more vexatious and irksome to reflect upon, is, that the Contempt of Life is carried as far amongst us, as it could be in those memorable People; and we want only a proper Application of the Qualities which are frequent among us to be as worthy as they. There is hardly a Man to be found who will not fight upon any Occasion which he thinks may taint his own Honour. Were this Motive as strong in every Thing that regards the Publick, as it is in this our private Case, no Man would

pass his Life away without having distinguished himself by some gallant Instance of his Zeal towards it in the respective Incidents of his Life and Profession. But it is so far otherwise, that there cannot at present be a more ridiculous Animal than one who seems to regard the Good of others. He in Civil Life whose Thoughts turn upon Schemes which may be of general Benefit, without further Reflection, is call'd a Projector; and the Man whose Mind seems intent upon glorious Atchievements, a Knight Errant. The Ridicule among us runs strong against laudable Actions, Nay, in the ordinary Course of Things, and the common Regards of Life, Negligence of the Publick is an Epidemick Vice. The Brewer in his Excise, the Merchant in his Customs, and for ought we know the Soldier in his Muster-Rolls, think never the worse of themselves for being guilty of their respective Frauds towards the Publick. This Evil is come to such a phantastical Height, that he is a Man of a publick Spirit, and heroically affected to his Country, who can go so far as even to turn Usurer with all he has in her Funds. There is not a Citizen in whose Imagination such a one does not appear in the same Light of Glory, as *Codrus*, *Scævola*, or any other great Name in Old *Rome*. Were it not for the Heroes of so much *per Cent*. as have Regard enough for themselves and their Nation to trade with her with their Wealth, the very Notion of publick Love would long e're now have vanished from among us. But however general Custom may hurry us away in the Stream of a common Error, there is no Evil, no Crime, so great as that of being cold in Matters which relate to the common Good. This is in nothing more conspicuous than in a certain Willingness to receive any Thing that tends to the Diminution of such as have been conspicuous Instruments in our Service. Such Inclinations

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proceed from the most low and vile Corruption of which the Soul of Man is capable. This effaces not only the Practices, but the very Approbation of Honour and Virtue; and has had such an Effect, that to speak freely, the very Sense of Publick Good has no longer a Part even in our Conversations. Can then the most generous Motive of Life, the Good of others, be so easily banish'd the Breast of Man? Is it possible to draw all our Passions inward? Shall the boiling Heat of Youth be sunk in Pleasures, the Ambition of Manhood in selfish Intrigues? Shall all that is glorious, all that is worth the Pursuit of great Minds, be so easily rooted out? When the universal Bent of a People seems diverted from the Sense of their common Good and common Glory, it looks like a Fatality, and Crisis of impending Misfortune.

The generous Nations we just now mentioned understood this so very well, that there was hardly an Oration ever made which did not turn upon this general Sense, That the Love of their Country was the first and most essential Quality in an honest Mind. *Demosthenes*, in a Cause wherein his Fame, Reputation and Fortune, were embarked, puts his All upon this Issue; *Let the Athenians*, says he, *be benevolent to me, as they think I have been zealous for them.* This great and discerning Orator knew there was nothing else in Nature could bear him up against his Adversaries, but this one Quality of having shown himself willing or able to serve his Country. This certainly is the Test of Merit; and the first Foundation for deserving Good-Will, is having it your self. The Adversary of this Orator at that Time was *Æschines*, a Man of wily Arts and Skill in the World, who could, as Occasion served, fall in with with a National Start of Passion, or Sullenness of Humour, (which a whole Nation is sometimes taken with as well as a pri-

vate Man) and by that Means divert them from their common Senſe, into an Averſion for receiving any Thing in its true Light. But when *Demoſthenes* had awaked his Audience with that one Hint of judging by the general Tenor of his Life towards them, his Services bore down his Opponent before him, who fled to the Covert of his mean Arts till ſome more favourable Occaſion ſhould offer, againſt the ſuperior Merit of *Demoſthenes*.

It were to be wiſhed, that Love of their Country were the firſt Principle of Action in Men of Buſineſs, even for their own Sakes; for when the World begins to examine into their Conduct, the Generality, who have no Share in, or Hopes of any Part in Power or Riches, but what is the Effect of their own Labour or Property, will judge of them by no other Method, than that of how profitable their Adminiſtration has been to the Whole. They who are out of the Influence of Mens Fortune or Favour, will let them ſtand or fall by this one only Rule; and Men who can bear being try'd by it, are always Popular in their Fall: Thoſe who cannot ſuffer ſuch a Scrutiny, are contemptible in their Advancement.

But I am here running into Shreds of Maxims from reading *Tacitus* this Morning, which has driven me from my Recommendation of publick Spirit, which was the intended Purpoſe of this Lucubration. There is not a more glorious Inſtance of it, than in the Character of *Regulus*. This ſame *Regulus* was taken Priſoner by the *Carthaginians*, and was ſent by them to *Rome*, in order to demand ſome *Punick* Noblemen who were Priſoners in Exchange for himſelf, and was bound by an Oath that he would return to *Carthage* if he failed in his Commiſſion. He propoſes this to the Senate, who were in Suſpence upon it; which *Regulus* obſerving, (without having the leaſt Notion of putting the Care of his

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own Life in Competition with the publick Good) desired them to consider that he was old, and almost useless; that those demanded in Exchange were Men of daring Tempers, and great Merit in Military Affairs, and wondered they would make any Doubt of permitting him to go back to the short Tortures prepared for him at *Carthage*, where he should have the Advantage of ending a long Life both gloriously and usefully. This generous Advice was consented to, and he took his Leave of his Country and his weeping Friends to go to certain Death, with that chearful Composure, as a Man, after the Fatigue of Business in a Court or a City, retires to the next Village for the Air.

The TATLER. [N° 184.

Una de multis Face Nuptiali
Digna ——— Hor.

From *Saturd. June* 10. to *Tuesd. June* 13. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 12.

THere are certain Occasions of Life which give propitious Omens of the future good Conduct of it, as well as others which explain our present inward State, according to our Behaviour in them. Of the latter Sort are Funerals; of the former, Weddings. The Manner of our Carriage when we lose a Friend, shows very much our Temper, in the Humility of our Words and Actions, and a general Sense of our destitute Condition, which runs through all our Deportment. This gives a solemn Testimony of the generous Affection we bore our Friends, when we

ſeem to diſreliſh every Thing now we can no more enjoy them, or ſee them partake in our Enjoyments. It is very proper and humane to put our ſelves as it were in their Livery after their Deceaſe, and wear a Habit unſuitable to Proſperity, while thoſe we loved and honoured are mouldring in the Grave. As this is laudable on the ſorrowful Side; ſo on the other, Incidents of Succeſs may no leſs juſtly be repreſented and acknowledged in our outward Figure and Carriage. Of all ſuch Occaſions, that great Change of a Single Life into Marriage is the moſt important, as it is the Source of all Relations, and from whence all other Friendſhip and Commerce do principally ariſe. The general Intent of both Sexes is to diſpoſe of themſelves happily and honorably in this State; and as all the good Qualities we have are exerted to make our Way into it, ſo the beſt Appearance, with Regard to their Minds, their Perſons, and their Fortunes, at the firſt Entrance into it, is a Due to each other in the married Pair, as well as a Compliment to the reſt of the World. It was an Inſtruction of a wiſe Law-giver, That unmarried Women ſhould wear ſuch looſe Habits, which, in the flowing of their Garb, ſhould incite their Beholders to a Deſire of their Perſons; and that the ordinary Motion of their Bodies might diſplay the Figure and Shape of their Limbs in ſuch a Manner, as at once to preſerve the ſtricteſt Decency, and raiſe the warmeſt Inclinations.

This was the Oeconomy of the Legiſlator for the Increaſe of People, and at the ſame Time for the Preſervation of the Genial Bed. She who was the Admiration of all who beheld her while unmarried, was to bid adieu to the Pleaſure of ſhining in the Eyes of many, as ſoon as ſhe took upon her the wedded Condition. However, there was a Feſtival of Life allowed the New-married, a Sort of intermediate State between

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Celibacy and Matrimony, which continued certain Days. During that Time, Entertainments, Equipages, and other Circumſtances of Rejoicing, were encouraged, and they were permitted to exceed the common Mode of Living, that the Bride and Bridegroom might learn from ſuch Freedoms of Converſation to run into a general Conduct to each other, made out of their paſt and future State, ſo to temper the Cares of the Man and the Wife with the Gaieties of the Lover and Miſtreſs.

In thoſe wiſe Ages the Dignity of Life was kept up, and on the Celebration of ſuch Solemnities there were no impertinent Whiſpers and ſenſeleſs Interpretation put upon the unaffected Chearfulneſs or accidental Seriouſneſs of the Bride; but Men turn'd their Thoughts upon the general Reflections, upon what Iſſue might probably be expected from ſuch a Couple in the ſucceeding Courſe of their Life, and felicitated them accordingly upon ſuch Proſpects.

I muſt confeſs, I cannot from any ancient Manuſcripts, Sculptures, or Medals, deduce the Riſe of our celebrated Cuſtom of throwing the Stocking; but have a faint Memory of an Account a Friend gave me of an original Picture in the Palace of *Aldobrandini* in *Rome*. This ſeems to ſhow a Senſe of this Affair very different from what is uſual among us. It is a *Grecian* Wedding, and the Figures repreſented are a Perſon offering Sacrifice, a beautiful Damſel dancing, and another playing on the Harp. The Bride is placed in her Bed, the Bridegroom ſits at the Feet of it, with an Aſpect which intimates, his Thoughts were not only entertained with the Joys with which he was ſurrounded, but alſo with a noble Gratitude, and Divine Pleaſure in the Offering, which was then made to the Gods to invoke their Influence on his new Condition. There appears in the Face of the Woman a Mixture of Fear,

Hope, and Modesty; in the Bridegroom, a well-governed Rapture. As you see in great Spirits, Grief which discovers it self the more by forbearing Tears and Complaints, you may observe also the highest Joy is too big for Utterance, the Tongue being of all the Organs the least capable of expressing such a Circumstance. The Nuptial Torch, the Bower, the Marriage Song, are all Particulars which we meet with in the Allusions of the ancient Writers; and in every one of them something is to be observed, which denotes their Industry to aggrandize and adorn this Occasion above all others.

With us all Order and Decency in this Point is perverted, by the insipid Mirth of certain Animals we usually call Wags. These are a Species of all Men the most insupportable. One cannot without some Reflection say, whether their flat Mirth provokes us more to Pity or to Scorn; but if one considers with how great Affectation they utter their frigid Conceits, Commiseration immediately changes it self into Contempt.

A Wag is the last Order even of Pretenders to Wit and good Humour. He has generally his Mind prepared to receive some Occasion of Merriment, but is of himself too empty to draw any out of his own Set of Thoughts, and therefore laughs at the next Thing he meets, not because it is ridiculous, but because he is under a Necessity of Laughing. A Wag is one that never in its Life saw a beautiful Object, but sees, what it does see, in the most low and most inconsiderable Light it can be placed. There is a certain Ability necessary to behold what is amiable and worthy of our Approbation, which little Minds want, and attempt to hide by a general Disregard to every Thing they behold above what they are able to relish. Hence it is, that a Wag in an Assembly is ever guessing, how well such a Lady slept last Night, and how much such a young Fellow is pleas'd

pleas'd with himſelf. The Wag's Gaiety conſiſts in a certain profeſſed ill Breeding, as if it were an Excuſe for committing a Fault, that a Man knows he does ſo. Tho' all publick Places are full of Perſons of this Order, yet, becauſe I will not allow Impertinence and Affectation to get the better of native Innocence and Simplicity of Manners, I have, in Spite of ſuch little Diſturbers of publick Entertainments, perſwaded my Brother *Tranquillus*, and his Wife my Siſter *Jenny*, in Favour of Mr. *Wilks*, to be at the Play to Morrow Evening.

They, as they have ſo much good Senſe as to act naturally, without Regard to the Obſervation of others, will not, I hope, be diſcompoſed if any of the Fry of Wags ſhould take upon them to make themſelves merry upon the Occaſion of their coming, as they intend, in their Wedding Clothes. My Brother is a plain, worthy, and honeſt Man, and as it is natural for Men of that Turn to be mightily taken with ſprightly and airy Women, my Siſter has a Vivacity which may perhaps give Hopes to Impertinents, but will be eſteemed the Effect of Innocence among wiſe Men. They deſign to ſit with me in the Box, which the Houſe have been ſo complaiſant to offer me whenever I think fit to come thither in my publick Character.

I do not in the leaſt doubt, but the true Figure of Conjugal Affection will appear in their Looks and Geſtures. My Siſter does not affect to be gorgeous in her Dreſs, and thinks the Happineſs of a Wife is more viſible in a chearful Look than a gay Apparel. It is a hard Task to ſpeak of Perſons ſo nearly related to one with Decency, but I may ſay, all who ſhall be at the Play will allow him to have the Mien of a worthy *Engliſh* Gentleman; her, that of a notable and deſerving Wife.

The TATLER. [N° 185.

Notitiam primosque Gradus Vicinia fecit,
Tempore crevit Amor, Tædæ quoque forte coissent,
Sed vetuere Patres, quod non potuere vetare,
Ex æquo captis ardebant Mentibus ambo.
Ovid. de Pyr. & Thif.

From *Tuesday June* 13. to *Thursday June* 15. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 14.

AS soon as I was up this Morning, my Man gave me the following Letter, which, since it leads to a Subject that may prove of common Use to the World, I shall take Notice of with as much Expedition as my Fair Petitioner could desire.

Mr. *Bickerstaff,*

'SInce you have so often declared your self a 'Patron of the Distressed, I must acquaint 'you, that I am Daughter to a Country Gentle-'man of good Sense, and may expect 3 or 4000 *l.* 'for my Fortune. I love and am beloved by *Phi-'lander*, a young Gentleman who has an Estate 'of 5000 *l. per Annum*, and is our near Neighbour 'in the Country every Summer. My Father, 'though he has been a long Time acquainted 'with it, constantly refuses to comply with our 'mutual Inclinations: But what most of all tor-'ments me, is That if ever I speak in Commen-'dation of my Lover, he is much louder in his 'Praises than my self; and professes, that 'tis out 'of pure Love and Esteem for *Philander*, as well 'as his Daughter, that he can never consent we

'should

' should marry each other; when (as he terms ' it) we may both do so much better. It must ' indeed be confessed, that Two Gentlemen of ' considerable Fortunes, made their Addresses to ' me last Winter, and *Philander* (as I have since ' learn'd) was offered a young Heiress with ' 15000 *l.* but it seems we could neither of us ' think, that accepting those Matches would be ' doing better than remaining constant to our first ' Passion. Your Thoughts upon the Whole may ' perhaps have some Weight with my Father, who ' is one of your Admirers, as is

Your humble Servant,

Silvia.

' *P. S.* You are desired to be speedy, since my ' Father daily presses me to accept of what he calls ' an Advantageous Offer.

There is no Calamity in Life that falls heavier upon humane Nature than a Disappointment in Love, especially when it happens between Two Persons whose Hearts are mutually engaged to each other. It is this Distress which has given Occasion to some of the finest Tragedies that were ever written, and daily fills the World with Melancholly, Discontent, Phrensy, Sickness, Despair, and Death. I have often admired at the Barbarity of Parents, who so frequently interpose their Authority in this grand Article of Life. I would fain ask *Silvia*'s Father, Whether he thinks he can bestow a greater Favour on his Daughter, than to put her in a Way to live happily? Whether a Man of *Philander*'s Character, with 500 *l.* *per Annum*, is not more likely to contribute to that End, than many a young Fellow whom he may have in his Thoughts with so many Thousands? Whether he can make Amends to his Daughter by any Increase of Riches, for the Loss

of

of that Happineſs ſhe propoſes to her ſelf in her *Philander*? Or whether a Father ſhould compound with his Daughter to be miſerable, though ſhe were to get 20000 *l.* by the Bargain: I ſuppoſe he would have her reflect with Eſteem on his Memory after his Death: And does he think this a proper Method to make her do ſo, when, as often as ſhe thinks on the Loſs of her *Philander*, ſhe muſt at the ſame Time remember him as the cruel Cauſe of it? Any tranſient ill Humour is ſoon forgotten; but the Reflection of ſuch a Cruelty muſt continue to raiſe Reſentments as long as Life it ſelf; and by this one Piece of Barbarity, an indulgent Father loſes the Merit of all his paſt Kindneſſes. It is not impoſſible but ſhe may deceive her ſelf in the Happineſs which ſhe propoſes from *Philander*; but as in ſuch a Caſe ſhe can have no one to blame but her ſelf, ſhe will bear the Diſappointment with greater Patience; but if ſhe never makes the Experiment, however happy ſhe may be with another, ſhe will ſtill think ſhe might have been happier with *Philander*. There is a kind of Sympathy in Souls that fits them for each other; and we may be aſſured, when we ſee Two Perſons engaged in the Warmth of a mutual Affection, that there are certain Qualities in both their Minds which bear a Reſemblance to one another. A generous and conſtant Paſſion in an agreeable Lover, where there is not too great a Diſparity in other Circumſtances, is the greateſt Bleſſing that can befal the Perſon beloved; and if overlooked in one, may perhaps never be found in another. I ſhall conclude this with a celebrated Inſtance of a Father's Indulgence in this Particular, which, though carried to an Extravagance, has ſomething in it ſo tender and amiable, as may juſtly reproach the Hardneſs of Temper that is to be met with in many a *Britiſh* Father.

Antiochus,

Antiochus, a Prince of great Hopes, fell passionately in Love with the young Queen *Stratonice*, who was his Mother-in-Law, and had bore a Son to the old King *Seleucus* his Father. The Prince finding it impossible to extinguish his Passion, fell sick, and refused all Manner of Nourishment, being determined to put an End to that Life which was become insupportable.

Erasistratus the Physician soon found that Love was his Distemper; and observing the Alteration in his Pulse and Countenance whenever *Stratonice* made him a Visit, was soon satisfied that he was dying for his young Mother-in-Law. Knowing the old King's Tenderness for his Son, when he one Morning enquired of his Health, he told him, That the Prince's Distemper was Love; but that it was incurable, because it was impossible for him to possess the Person whom he loved. The King, surprised at this Account, desired to know how his Son's Passion could be incurable? Why Sir, replied *Erasistratus*, because he is in Love with the Person I am married to.

The old King immediately conjured him by all his past Favours to save the Life of his Son and Successor. Sir, said *Erasistratus*, would your Majesty but fancy your self in my Place, you would see the Unreasonableness of what you desire? Heaven is my Witness, said *Seleucus*, I could resign even my *Stratonice* to save my *Antiochus*. At this the Tears ran down his Cheeks, which when the Physician saw, taking him by the Hand, Sir, says he, If these are you real Sentiments, the Prince's Life is out of Danger; it is *Stratonice* for whom he dies. *Seleucus* immediately gave Orders for solemnizing the Marriage; and the young Queen, to show her Obedience, very generously exchanged the Father for the Son.

The

The TATLER. [N° 186.

Emitur sola Virtute Potestas. Claud.

From *Thursd. June* 15. to *Saturd. June* 17. 1710.

Sheer-Lane, June 16.

AS it has been the Endeavour of these our Labours to extirpate from among the polite or busy Part of Mankind, all such as are either prejudicial or insignificant to Society; so it ought to be no less our Study to supply the Havock we have made by an exact Care of the growing Generation. But when we begin to inculcate proper Precepts to the Children of this Island, except we could take them out of their Nurses Arms, we see an Amendment is almost impracticable; for we find the whole Species of our Youth and grown Men is incorrigibly prepossessed with Vanity, Pride, or Ambition, according to the respective Pursuits to which they turn themselves: By which Means the World is infatuated with the Love of Appearance instead of Things. Thus the vain Man takes Praise for Honour, the proud Man Ceremony for Respect, the ambitious Man Power for Glory. These three Characters are indeed of very near Resemblance, but differently received by Mankind. Vanity makes Men ridiculous; Pride, odious; and Ambition, terrible. The Foundation of all which is, That they are grounded upon Falshood: For if Men, instead of studying to appear considerable, were in their own Hearts Possessors of the Requisites for Esteem, the Acceptance they otherwise unfortunately aim at would be as inseparable from them, as Appro-

bation

bation is from Truth it ſelf. By this Means they would have ſome Rule to walk by; and they may ever be aſſured, that a good Cauſe of Action will certainly receive a ſuitable Effect. It may be an uſeful Hint in ſuch Caſes for a Man to ask of himſelf, Whether he really is what he has a Mind to be thought? If he is, he need not give himſelf much further Anxiety. What will the World ſay? is the common Queſtion in Matters of Difficulty; as if the Terror lay wholly in the Senſe which others, and not we our ſelves, ſhall have of our Actions. From this one Source ariſe all the Impoſtors in every Art and Profeſſion, in all Places, among all Perſons in Converſation, as well as in Buſineſs. Hence it is, that a vain Fellow takes twice as much Pains to be ridiculous, as would make him ſincerely agreeable.

Can any one be better faſhioned, better bred, or has any one more good Nature, than *Damaſippus*? But the whole Scope of his Looks and Actions tends ſo immediately to gain the good Opinion of all he converſes with, that he loſes it for that only Reaſon. As it is the Nature of Vanity to impoſe falſe Shews for Truths, ſo does it alſo turn Real Poſſeſſions into Imaginary Ones. *Damaſippus*, by aſſuming to himſelf what he has not robs himſelf of what he has.

There is nothing more neceſſary to eſtabliſh Reputation, than to ſuſpend the Enjoyment of it. He that cannot bear the Senſe of Merit with Silence, muſt of Neceſſity deſtroy it: For Fame being the general Miſtreſs of Mankind, whoever gives it to himſelf, inſults all to whom he relates any Circumſtances to his own Advantage. He is conſidered as an open Raviſher of that Beauty, for whom all others pine in Silence. But ſome Minds are ſo incapable of any Temperance in this Particular, that on every Second in their Diſcourſe you may obſerve an Earneſtneſs in their Eyes, which ſhows they wait for your Approba-

tion

tion, and perhaps the next Inſtant caſt an Eye on a Glaſs to ſee how they like themſelves. Walking the other Day in a Neighbouring Inn of Court, I ſaw a more happy and more graceful Orator than I ever before had heard, or read of. A Youth, of about Nineteen Years of Age, was in an *Indian* Night-Gown and Laced-Cap pleading a Cauſe before a Glaſs: The young Fellow had a very good Air, and ſeemed to hold his Brief in his Hand rather to help Action, than that he wanted Notes for his further Information. When I firſt began to obſerve him, I feared he would ſoon be alarmed; but he was ſo zealous for his Client, and ſo favourably received by the Court, that he went on with great Fluency to inform the Bench, That he humbly hoped they would not let the Merit of the Cauſe ſuffer by the Youth and Inexperience of the Pleader; that in all Things he ſubmitted to their Candour; and modeſtly deſired they would not conclude, but that Strength of Argument and Force of Reaſon may be conſiſtent with Grace of Action and Comelineſs of Perſon.

To me, who ſee People every Day in the midſt of Crowds (whomſoever they ſeem to addreſs to) talk only to themſelves and of themſelves, this Orator was not ſo extravagant a Man as perhaps another would have thought him; but I took Part in his Succeſs, and was very glad to find he had in his Favour, Judgment and Coſts without any Manner of Oppoſition.

The Effects of Pride and Vanity are of Conſequence only to the Proud and the Vain, and tend to no further Ill than what is Perſonal to themſelves, in preventing their Progreſs in any Thing that is worthy and laudable, and creating Envy inſtead of Emulation of ſuperior Virtue. Theſe ill Qualities are to be found only in ſuch as have ſo little Minds, as to circumſcribe their Thoughts and Deſigns within what properly relates to the

Value

Value which they think due to their dear and amiable ſelves: But Ambition, which is the Third great Impediment to Honour and Virtue, is a Fault of ſuch as think themſelves born for moving in an higher Orb, and prefer being Powerful and Miſchievous to being Virtuous and Obſcure. The Parent of this Miſchief in Life, ſo far as to regulate it into Schemes, and make it poſſeſs a Man's whole Heart, without his believing himſelf a Dæmon, was *Machiavil*. He firſt taught, That a Man muſt neceſſarily appear weak to be honeſt. Hence it gains upon the Imagination, that a great is not ſo deſpicable as a little Villain; and Men are inſenſibly led to a Belief, that the Aggravation of Crimes is the Diminution of them. Hence the Impiety of thinking one Thing and ſpeaking another. In Purſuance of this empty and unſatisfying Dream, to betray, to undermine, to kill in themſelves all natural Sentiments of Love to Friends or Country, is the willing Practice of ſuch as are thirſty of Power, for any other Reaſon than that of being uſeful and acceptable to Mankind.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Mr. Bickerſtaff *has lately received a Letter out of* Ireland, *dated* June 9. *importing, That he is grown very dull, for the Poſtage of which Mr.* Morphew *charges One Shilling; and another without Date of Place or Time, for which he the ſaid* Morphew *charges Two pence: It is deſired, That for the future his courteous and uncourteous Readers will go a little further in expreſſing their good and ill Will, and pay for the Carriage of their Letters, otherwiſe the intended Pleaſure or Pain which is deſigned for Mr.* Bickerſtaff, *will be wholly diſappointed.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 187.

——— *Pudet hæc Opprobria nobis*
Et dici potuisse & non potuisse refelli. Ovid.

From *Saturd. June* 17. to *Tuesd. June* 20. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 19.

Pasquin *of* Rome *to* Isaac Bickerstaff *of* London.

' HIS Holiness is gone to *Castel Gandolpho*, ' much discompos'ed at some late Accounts ' from the Missionaries in your Island: For a Com- ' mittee of Cardinals, which lately sat for the re- ' viving the Force of some obsolete Doctrines, ' and drawing up Amendments to certain Points ' of Faith, have represented the Church of *Rome* ' to be in great Danger, from a Treatise written ' by a learned *Englishman*, which carries Spiritual ' Power much higher than we could have dared ' to have attempted even here. His Book is cal- ' led, *An Epistolary Discourse, proving from the* ' *Scriptures and the First Fathers. That the Soul is* ' *a Principle naturally Mortal: Wherein is proved,* ' *That none have the Power of giving this Divine* ' *immortalizing Spirit since the Apostles, but the* ' *Bishops. By* Henry Dodwell, *A. M.* The Asser- ' tion appeared to our *Literati* so short and ef- ' fectual a Method of subjecting the Laiety, that ' it is feared Auricular Confession and Absolution ' will not be capable of keeping the Clergy of ' *Rome* in any Degree of Greatness, in Compe- ' tition with such Teachers whose Flocks shall

' receive

'receive this Opinion. What gives the greater 'Jealousy here is, that in the Catalogue of Trea-'tises which have been lately burnt within the '*British* Territories, there is no Mention made 'of this learned Work; which Circumstance is 'a sort of Implication, that the Tenet is not held 'Erroneous, but that the Doctrine is received 'amongst you as Orthodox. The Youth of this 'Place are very much divided in Opinion, Whe-'ther a very memorable Quotation which the 'Author repeats out of *Tertullian*, be not rather 'of the Style and Manner of *Meursius? In illo ipso 'Voluptatis ultimæ æstu quo genitale Virus expelli-'tur, Nonne aliquid de Anima quoq; sentimus 'exire, atq; adeo marcessimus & devigescimus cum 'Lucis Detrimento?* This Piece of *Latin* goes no 'further than to tell us how our Father got us, 'so that we are still at a Loss how we after-'wards commerce eternal; for *Creando Infundi-'tur, & infundendo creatur*, which is mentio-'ned soon after, may allude only to Flesh and 'Blood as well as the former. Your Readers 'in this City, some of whom have very much 'approved the Warmth with which you have at-'tacked Free-Thinkers, Atheists, and other Ene-'mies to Religion and Virtue, are very much 'disturbed that you have given them no Account 'of this remarkable Dissertation: And I am em-'ployed by them to desire you would with all 'possible Expedition send me over the Ceremony 'of the Creation of Souls, as well as a List of all 'the Mortal and Immortal Men within the Do-'minions of *Great Britain*. When you have 'done me this Favour, I must trouble you for 'other Tokens of your Kindness, and particu-'larly I desire you would let me have the Reli-'gious Handkerchief, which is of late so much 'worn in *England*, for I have promised to make 'a Present of it to a Courtesan of a *French* Mi-'nister.

'Letters

'Letters from the Frontiers of *France* inform 'us, That a young Gentleman who was to have 'been created a Cardinal on the next Promo-'tion, has put off his Design of coming to *Rome* 'so soon as was intended, having, as it is said, 'received Letters from *Great Britain*, wherein 'several Vertuosi of that Island have desired him 'to suspend his Resolutions towards a Monastick 'Life, till the *British* Grammarians shall publish 'their Explication of the Words *Indefeazible* and '*Revolution*. According as these Two hard Terms 'are made to fit the Mouths of the People, this 'Gentleman takes his Measures for his Journey 'hither.

'Your *New Bedlam* has been read and consi-'dered by some of your Countrymen among us; 'and one Gentleman, who is now here as a Tra-'veller, says, your Design is impracticable, for 'that there can be no Place large enough to con-'tain the Number of your Lunaticks. He advi-'ses you therefore to name the Ambient Sea for 'the Boundary of your Hospital. If what he 'says be true, I do not see how you can think of 'any other Enclosure; for according to his Dis-'course, the whole People are taken with a Ver-'tigo; great and Popular Actions are received 'with Coldness aud Discontent; ill News hoped 'for with Impatience; Heroes in your Service 'are treated with Calumny, while Criminals 'pass through your Towns with Acclamations.

'This *Englishman* went on to say, you seemed 'at present to flag under a Satiety of Success, as 'if you wanted Misfortune as a necessary Vicissi-'tude. Yet, alas! though Men have but a cold 'Relish of Prosperity, quick is the Anguish of 'the contrary Fortune. He proceeded to make 'Comparisons of Times, Seasons, and great In-'cidents. After which he grew too learned for 'my Understanding, and talked of *Hanno* the '*Carthaginian*, and his irreconcilable Hatred to

'the glorious Commander *Hannibal*. *Hannibal*, 'said he, was able to march to *Rome* it self, and 'brought that ambitious People, which designed 'no less than the Empire of the World, to sue 'for Peace in the most abject and Servile Manner; 'when Faction at Home detracted from the Glory 'of his Actions, and after many Artifices, at last 'prevailed with the Senate to recal him from 'the midst of his Victories, and in the very In-'stant when he was to reap the Benefit of all his 'Toils, by reducing the then common Enemy of 'all Nations, which had Liberty, to Reason. 'When *Hannibal* heard the Message of the *Car-thaginian* Senators who were sent to recal him, 'he was moved with a generous and disdainful 'Sorrow, and is reported to have said, *Hannibal then must be conquered, not by the Arms of the* Romans, *whom he has often put to Flight, but by the Envy and Detraction of his Cruntrymen. Nor shall* Scipio *triumph so much in his Fall as* Hanno, *who will smile to have purchased the Ruin of* Hannibal, *though attended with the Fall of* Carthage.

I am, Sir, &c.

PASQUIN.

Will's Coffee house, June 19.

There is a sensible Satisfaction in observing the Countenance and Action of the People on some Occasions. To gratify my self in this Pleasure, I came hither with all Speed this Evening with an Account of the Surrender of *Douay*. As soon as the Battel-Criticks heard it, they immediately drew some Comfort, in that it must have cost us a great deal of Men. Others were so negligent of the Glory of their Country, that they went on in their Discourse on the full House which is to be at *Othello* on *Thursday*, and the Curiosity they should go with to see *Wilks* play a Part so very

very different from what he had ever before appeared in, together with the Expectation that was raised in the gay Part of the Town on that Occasion.

This universal Indolence and Inattention among us to Things that concern the Publick, made me look back with the highest Reverence on the glorious Instances in Antiquity, of a contrary Behaviour in the like Circumstances. *Harry English*, upon observing the Room so little roused on the News, fell into the same Way of Thinking. How unlike, said he, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, are we to the old *Romans*? There was not a Subject of their State but thought himself as much concerned in the Honour of his Country, as the first Officer of the Commonwealth. How do I admire the Messenger, who ran with a Thorn in his Foot to tell the News of a Victory to the Senate! He had not Leisure for his private Pain, till he had expressed his publick Joy; nor could he suffer as a Man, till he had triumph'd as a *Roman*.

The TATLER. [N° 188.

Quæ Regio in Terris nostri non Plena Laboris? Virg.

From *Tuesd. June* 20. to *Thursd. June* 22. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 21.

I Was this Morning looking over my Letters that I have lately received from my several Correspondents; some of which referring to my late Papers, I have laid aside, with an Intent to give my Reader a Sight of them. The First criticises upon my Green-house, and is as follows:

Mr. *Bickerstaff*, *South-Wales*, *June* 7.

'THis Letter comes to you from my Orangery,
'which I intend to reform as much as I can,
'according to your ingenious Model, and shall
'only beg of you to communicate to me your Se-
'cret of preserving Grass-plots in a cover'd Room;
'for in the Climate where my Country-Seat lies,
'they require Rain and Dews as well as Sun and
'fresh Air, and cannot live upon such fine Food
'as your *Sifted Weather*. I must likewise desire
'you to write over your Green-house the follow-
'ing Motto;

Hic Ver perpetuum, atq; alienis Mensibus Æstas.

'Instead of your

O! Quis me gelidis sub Montibus Hæmi
Sistat, & ingenti Ramorum protegat umbrâ?

'Which, under Favour, is the panting of one in
'Summer after cool Shades, and not of one in
'Winter after a Summer-house. The rest of your
'Plan is very beautiful; and that your Friend
'who has so well described it, may enjoy it many
'Winters, is the hearty Wish of.

His and your unknown, &c.

This Oversight of a Grass plot in my Friend's Green-house, puts me in Mind of a like Inconsistency in a celebrated Picture, where *Moses* is represented as striking a Rock, and the Children of *Israel* quenching their Thirst at the Waters that flow from it, and run through a beautiful Landskip of Groves and Meadows, which could not flourish in a Place where Water was to have been found only by a Miracle.

The next Letter comes to me from a *Kentish* Yeoman, who is very angry with me for my Advice to Parents, occasioned by the Amours of *Silvia* and *Philander*, as related in my Paper, N° 185.

'Squire *Bickerstaff*,

'I Don't know by what Chance, one of your
' *Tatlers* is got into my Family, and has al-
' most turned the Brains of my eldest Daughter
' *Winifred*, who has been so undutiful as to fall
' in Love of her own Head, and tells me a foolish
' Heathen Story that she has read in your Paper
' to persuade me to give my Consent. I am too
' wise to let Children have their own Wills in a
' Business like Marriage. It is a Matter in which
' neither I my self, nor any of my Kindred, were
' ever humoured. My Wife and I never pre-
' tended to love one another like your *Silvias* and
' *Philanders*; and yet if you saw our Fire Side, you
' would be satisfied we are not always a squab-
' bling. For my Part, I think that where Man
' and Woman come together by their own good
' Liking, there is so much Fondling and Fooling,
' that it hinders young People from minding their
' Business, I must therefore desire you to change
' your Note, and instead of advising us old Folks,
' who perhaps have more Wit than your self, to
' let *Silvia* know, that she ought to act like a
' dutiful Daughter, and marry the Man that she
' does not care for. Our Great Grandmothers
' were all bid to marry first, and Love would
' come afterwards; and I don't see why their
' Daughters should follow their own Inventions.
' I am resolved *Winifred* shan't.

Yours, &c.

This Letter is a natural Picture of ordinary Contracts, and of the Sentiments of those Minds that lie under a Kind of intellectual Rusticity. This trifling Occasion made me run over in my Imagination the many Scenes I have observed of the married Condition, wherein the Quintessence of Pleasure and Pain are represented as they accompany that State, and no other. It is certain, there

are

are a Thouſand Thouſand like the above-mentioned Yeoman and his Wife, who are never highly pleaſed or diſtaſted in their whole Lives: But when we conſider the more informed Part of Mankind, and look upon their Behaviour, it then appears that very little of their Time is indifferent, but generally ſpent in the moſt anxious Vexation, or the higheſt Satisfaction. *Shakeſpear* has admirably repreſented both the Aſpects of this State in the moſt excellent Tragedy of *Othello*. In the Character of *Deſdemoma*, he runs through all the Sentiments of a virtuous Maid, and a tender Wife. She is captivated by his Virtue, and faithful to him, as well from that Motive, as Regard to her own Honour. *Othello* is a great and noble Spirit, miſled by the Villany of a falſe Friend to ſuſpect her Innocence, and reſents it accordingly. When after the many Inſtances of Paſſion the Wife is told her Husband is jealous, her Simplicity makes her incapable of believing it, and ſay, after ſuch Circumſtances as would drive another Woman into Diſtraction,

I think the Sun where he was born
Drew all ſuch Humours from him.

This Opinion of him is ſo juſt, that his noble and tender Heart beats it ſelf to Pieces before he can affront her with the Mention of his Jealouſy; and owns, this Suſpicion has blotted out all the Senſe of Glory and Happineſs which before it was poſſeſſed with, when he laments himſelf in the warm Alluſions of a Mind accuſtomed to Entertainments ſo very different from the Pangs of Jealouſy and Revenge. How moving is his Sorrow when he cries out as follows!

I had been happy, if the general Camp,
Pioneers and all, had taſted her Sweet Body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now! for ever
Farewel the tranquil Mind! Farewel Content,

Farewel the plumed Troops, and the big Wars,
That make Ambition Virtue! Oh Farewel!
Farewel the neighing Steed and the ſhrill Trump,
The Spirit-ſtirring Drum, th'Ear-piercing Fife,
The Royal Banner and all Quality,
Pride, Pomp, and Circumſtance, of glorious War!
And Oh ye Mortal Engines! whoſe rude Throats
Th'Immortal Jove's *dread Clamours counterfeit,*
Farewel! Othello's *Occupation's gone.*

I believe I may venture to ſay, There is not in any other Part of *Shakeſpear's* Works more ſtrong and lively Pictures of Nature than in this. I ſhall therefore ſteal *incog.* to ſee it, out of Curioſity to obſerve how *Wilks* and *Cibber* touch thoſe Places where *Betterton* and *Sanford* ſo very highly excelled. But now I am got into a Diſcourſe of Acting, with which I am ſo profeſſedly pleaſed, I ſhall conclude this Paper with a Note I have juſt received from the Two ingenious Friends, Mr *Penkethman*, and Mr. *Bullock*.

SIR,

'FInding by your Paper, N° 182, that you are 'drawing Parallels between the greateſt 'Actors of the Age; as you have already begun 'with Mr. *Wilks* and Mr. *Cibber*, we deſire you 'would do the ſame Juſtice to your humble Ser-'vants,

'*William Bullock*, and *William Penkethman*.

For the Information of Poſterity, I ſhall comply with this Letter, and ſet theſe Two great Men in ſuch a Light as *Salluſt* has placed his *Cato* and *Cæſar*.

Mr. *William Bullock* and Mr. *William Penkethman* are of the ſame Age, Profeſſion, and Sex. They both diſtinguiſh themſelves in a very particular Manner under the Diſcipline of the Crab-

Tree,

Tree, with this only Difference, That Mr. *Bullock* has the most agreeable Squawl, and Mr. *Penkethman* the more graceful Shrug. *Penkethman* devours a cold Chick with great Applause; *Bullock's* Talent lies chiefly in Sparagrass. *Penkethman* is very dext'rous at conveying himself under a Table; *Bullock* is no less active at jumping over a Stick. Mr. *Penkethman* has a great deal of Money, but Mr. *Bullock* is the taller Man.

The TATLER. [N° 189.

Est in Juvencis, est in Equis Patrum
Virtus; nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant Aquilæ Columbam. Hor.

From *Thursd. June* 22. to *Saturd. June* 24. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 23.

HAving lately turned my Thoughts upon the Consideration of the Behaviour of Parents to Children in the great Affair of Marriage, I took much Delight in turning over a Bundle of Letters which a Gentleman's Steward in the Country had sent me some Time ago. This Parcel is a Collection of Letters written by the Children of the Family (to which he belongs) to their Father, and contain all the little Passages of their Lives, and the new Idea's they received as their Years advanced. There is in them an Account of their Diversions as well as their Exercises; and what I thought very remarkable, is, That Two Sons of the Family, who now make considerable Figures in the World, gave Omens of that Sort of Character which they now bear, in the first Rudiments of Thought which they show in their

Letters. Were one to point out a Method of Education, one could not, methinks, frame one more pleasing or improving than this; where the Children get an Habit of communicating their Thoughts and Inclinations to their best Friend with so much Freedom, that he can form Schemes for their future Life and Conduct from an Observation of their Tempers, and by that Means be early enough in chusing their Way of Life, to make them forward in some Art or Science at an Age when others have not determined what Profession to follow. As to the Persons concerned in this Packet I am speaking of, they have given great Proofs of the Force of this Conduct of their Father in the Effect it has had upon their Lives and Manners. The elder, who is a Scholar, showed from his Infancy a Propensity to polite Studies, and has made a suitable Progress in Literature; but his Learning is so well woven into his Mind, that from the Impressions of it, he seems rather to have contracted an Habit of Life, than Manner of Discourse. To his Books he seems to owe a good Oeconomy in his Affairs, and a Complacency in his Manners, though in others that Way of Education has commonly a quite different Effect. The Epistles of the other Son are full of Accounts of what he thought most remarkable in his Reading. He sends his Father for News the last noble Story he had read. I observe, he is particularly touched with the Conduct of *Codrus*, who plotted his own Death, because the Oracle had said, If he were not killed, the Enemy should prevail over his Country. Many other Incidents in his little Letters give Omens of a Soul capable of generous Undertakings; and what makes it the more particular, is, That this Gentleman had, in the present War, the Honour and Happiness of doing an Action for which only it was worth coming into the World. Their Father is the most intimate Friend they have, and they always consult

sult him rather than any other, when any Error has happened in their Conduct through Youth and Inadvertency. The Behaviour of this Gentleman to his Sons, has made his Life pass away with the Pleasures of a Second Youth; for as the Vexations which Men receive from their Children hasten the Approach of Age, and double the Force of Years; so the Comforts which they reap from them, are Balm to all other Sorrows, and disappoint the Injuries of Time. Parents of Children repeat their Lives in their Offspring, and their Concern for them is so near, that they feel all their Sufferings and Enjoyments as much as if they regarded their own proper Persons. But it is generally so far otherwise, that the common Race of 'Squires in this Kingdom use their Sons as Persons that are waiting only for their Funerals, and Spies upon their Health and Happiness; as indeed they are by their own making them such. In Cases where a Man takes the Liberty after this Manner to reprehend others, it is commonly said, Let him look at Home. I am sorry to own it; but there is one Branch of the House of the *Bickerstaffs*, who have been as erroneous in their Conduct this Way as any other Family whatsoever. The Head of this Branch is now in Town, and has brought up with him his Son and Daughter (who are all the Children he has) in order to be put some Way into the World, and see Fashions. They are both very ill-bred Cubs, and having lived together from their Infancy without Knowledge of the Distinctions and Decencies that are proper to be paid to each other's Sex, they squabble like two Brothers. The Father is one of those who knows no better than that all Pleasure is Debauchery, and imagines, when he sees a Man become his Estate, that he will certainly spend it. This Branch are a People who never had among them one Man eminent either for Good or Ill; however, have all along kept their Heads just

above Water, not by a prudent and regular Oeconomy, but by Expedients in the Matches they have made into their House. When one of the Family has, in the Pursuit of Foxes, and in the Entertainment of Clowns, run out the Third Part of the Value of his Estate, such a Spendthrift has dressed up his eldest Son, and married what they call a Good Fortune, who has supported the Father as a Tyrant over them, during his Life, in the same House or Neighbourhood. The Son in Succession has just taken the same Method to keep up his Dignity, till the Mortgages he has eat and drank himself into, have reduced him to the Necessity of sacrificing his Son also, in Imitation of his Progenitor. This had been for many Generations the whole that had happened in the Family of *Sam. Bickerstaff*, till the Time of my present Cousin *Samuel*, the Father of the young People we have just now spoken of.

Samuel Bickerstaff Esq; is so happy, as that by several Legacies from distant Relations, Deaths of Maiden Sisters, and other Instances of good Fortune, he has, besides his real Estate, a great Sum of ready Mony. His Son at the same Time knows he has a good Fortune, which the Father cannot alienate, though he strives to make him believe he depends only on his Will for Maintenance. *Tom* is now in his Nineteenth Year, Mrs. *Mary* in her Fifteenth. Cousin *Samuel*, who understands no one Point of good Behaviour as it regards all the rest of the World, is an exact Critick in the Dress, the Motion, the Looks and Gestures of his Children. What adds to their Misery, is, That he is excessively fond of them, and the greatest Part of their Time is spent in the Presence of this nice Observer. Their Life is one continued Constraint. The Girl never turns her Head, but she is warned not to follow the proud Minxes of the Town. The Boy is not to turn Fop, or be quarrelsom; at the same Time not to

take

take an Affront. I had the good Fortune to dine with him to day, and heard his fatherly Table-Talk as we sat at Dinner, which, if my Memory does not fail me, for the Benefit of the World, I shall set down as he spoke it, which was much as follows, and may be of great Use to those Parents who seem to make it a Rule, That their Children's Turn to enjoy the World is not to commence, till they themselves have left it.

Now, Tom, *I have bought you Chambers in the Inns of Court. I allow you to take a Walk once or twice a Day round the Garden. If you mind your Business, you need not study to be as great a Lawyer as* Coke *upon* Littleton. *I have that that will keep you; but be sure you keep an exact Account of your Linen. Write down what you give out to your Landress, and what she brings Home again. Go as little as possible to t'other End of the Town; but if you do, come Home early. I believe I was as sharp as you for your Ears, and I had my Hat snatched off my Head coming Home late at a Stop by St.* Clement's *Church, and I don't know from that Day to this who took it. I do not care if you learn to fence a little, for I would not have you be made a Fool of. Let me have an Account of every Thing every Post; I am willing to be at that Charge, and I think you need not spare your Pains. As for you, Daughter* Molly, *don't mind one Word that is said to you in* London, *for it is only for your Money.*

The End of the Third Volume.

AN INDEX TO THE TATLERS.

Vol. III.

A.

Absurdity, its Importunity and Folly. Page 266
——— *It resembles Impudence.* ibid.
Advertisement, of a Play, call'd Love for Love, *to be acted for Mr.* Dogget's *Benefit.* 32
———*Of* Pasquin *and* Morforio. 81
———*Of the* Silent Woman, *for the Benefit of Mr.* Eastcourt. ibid.
———*To the Lady who chose Mr.* Bickerstaff *for her Valentine.* 116
———*Concerning the Whetters near the* Royal Exchange. 120
———*About* New Bedlam. 121
———*To all such as delight in soft Lines.* 143
———*To some Midnight Rakes.* ibid.
———*About Ladies wrought Shoes, and Slippers.* 144
———*To his Correspondent in* Scotland. 149

Adver-

Advertisement, from a Well-behaved young Gentleman in Cornhill. Page 153
—— *Of the Sale of a Bass-Viol, by Way of Lottery,* 259
—— *Of walking Pictures, sold by Auction.* 264, 283
—— *To* Philander, *upon his Letter to* Clarinda. 279
—— *Of a Stage-Coach, and Dancing-Shoes.* 329
—— *Concerning Two Letters sent to Mr.* Bickerstaff. 355
Æneas, *his Descent into the Empire of Death.* 194
—— *His Adventures there.* 195, 196, &c.
Æsop, *a Fable of his, applied upon the Receipt of a Letter sent to Mr.* Bickerstaff. 6
Afflictions imaginary often prove the most insupportable. 155, 156, & seq.
Agamemnon, *his Invective against the Female Sex.* 185
Age, the Glory of the Present Age, in Relation to England. 78
Album Græcum, *prescribed to a sick Dog.* 35
Allegories profitable to the Mind, in the same manor as Hunting to the Body. 159
The Application of an Allegorical Fable out of Homer. 161
Ambition, what Age of Man most addicted to it. 26
—— *In the Good it becomes true Honour.* ibid.
—— *The Effects of Ambition.* 352
—— *The Foundation of it.* ibid.
Anticyra, *an Island, assigned by the* Romans *as an Habitation for Madmen.* 55
—— *The Product of it.* 56
—— *Compared to* Montpellier. ibid.
Antiochus, *in Love with his Mother in-Law.* 351
Apology for great Men in the conferring of their Favours. 266
Aristæus, *his great Mastery over himself.* 305
Arthur (*King*), *the first that ever sat down to a whole roasted Ox.* 163
Athenians, *an Instance of the Publick Spirit, and Virtue of that People.* 40

Ava-

Avarice, what Age of Man most devoted to it. Page 26
——*Its Region described.* 45
——*Its Temple, Attendants and Officers.* 46, 47
——*An Effect of the Author's Discourse upon it.* 53
Audience, what ought to be the Behaviour of an Audience at the Representation of a Play. 39
Autumn (*Lady*), *her Behaviour at Church.* 130

B.

Bagpipe, to what Persons applied in Conversation. 191
——*A Club of Bagpipes.* 192
Bacon (*Sir* Francis), *his Legacy.* 95
Ballance, *a Merchant, his Treatment of a young Lawyer, that endeavoured to debauch his Wife.* 107
Barbarity an Attendant on Tyranny. 237
Barnes (Joshua), *his new Edition of* Homer. 144
Bass-Viol, the Part it bears in Conversation. 191
——*Where most likely to be found.* 192
——*With what other Instrument to be match'd.* 216
——*Exposed to Sale by Way of Lottery.* 259
Bawbles, by whom brought first to Perfection. 138
Bedlam (New), *to be erected by Mr.* Bickerstaff *in* Moorfields. 56, 294
——*For whom design'd.* 65, 295
——*The Distribution of its Apartments.* 299
Beef-Eaters (the Order of). 164
Belvidera, *her Character.* 58
Betterton (*Mr.*) *his Funeral.* 260
Bickerstaff (Isaac), *his Reception at the Playhouse.* 38
——*His Advice to an Audience.* 39
——*His Speech to Poverty.* 48
——*He purchaseth a Ticket in the State Lottery.* 49
——*His Proposals for a* New Bedlam. 56
——*His Description of a Prude, and Coquet.* 60
——*His Reflection upon a Visit to* Bedlam. 65

Bicker-

Bickerftaff (Ifaac), *his Entertainment at a Friend's Houfe, who* eats well. Page 166
——*His Maxim.* 167
Cenfor of Great Britain. 238, &c.
Bickerftaff (Margery), *the Methods ufed to divert her Thoughts from Marriage.* 181
Bickerftaff (Samuel), *his Advice to his Son and Daughter.* 369
Black-Horfe *Ordinary in* Holbourn, *an Adventure there.* 106, 107
Bladder and String, a modern Mufick ; how applied. 192
Bourignon (*Madam de*) *Foundrefs of the* Pietifts 60
——*Her Extraordinary Gift, or Talent.* ibid.
Bribery, a Solicitor in the Temple *of Avarice.* 47

C.

Cadaroque, *the Meaning of the Word, and to whom applied by the* Indian *Kings.* 281
Cambray (*Archbifhop of*) *Author of* Telemachus. 205
Canes, different in their Kinds and Value. 139
Caftabella, *an eminent Prude.* 59
Cebes, *his Table.* 233
Cenfor, a Comparifon between the Roman *and* Britifh *Cenfor.* 239, 240
Cenfurers, why punifhed more feverely after Death. 207
Cervantes' (Michael) *his difcerning Spirit.* 312
Ceftus *of* Venus *defcribed.* 160
Chanticleer (Job), *his Petition to Mr.* Bickerftaff. 98
Charles, *the Toyman, his great Genius.* 137
——*A nice Judge of Canes.* 139
——*His new Edition of Gold Snuff-Boxes.* 140
Chicken, a modern Diet. 164
Cibber, *the Comedian, his Talent in Acting.* 236
Cicero, *his Letters to his Wife.* 222
City Politicians reproved by Mr. Bickerftaff. 205

Coaches to be tax'd, Page 146
What Coaches to be called in by Mr. Bickerstaff. 148
Cobler upon Ludgate-Hill, *his Contrivance to gratify his Pride.* 63
Colchester (*the Corporation of*), *their Offer to* Mr. Bickerstaff. 21
Comma (*Mrs.*), *a subtle Casuist.* 257
Command of our Temper, its Excellence. 302, &c.
Commerce, a Goddess in the Region of Liberty. 235
Commonwealth (Genius of), seated on the Left Hand of the Goddess of Liberty. 234
——*Described.* 235
Competency, a Guide in the Temple of Avarice. 46
Complacency, a Guard to one of the Gates belonging to Hymen's *Temple.* 30
Complainers, their Importunacy. 154
Contention, her Garb and Station. 30
Contradiction, an Occasion of it. 283
Coquets (Labyrinth of). 28
——*A mischievous Sect among Women.* 49
——*A Coquet compared to a Prude.* 60
——*A Story of a Coquet Widow.* 61
——*A Coquet compared to a Kit.* 213
Corruption, an Officer in the Temple of Avarice. 46
Country, the modern Entertainments and Diversions in it, 271
——*The true Pleasures of a Country Life.* 273, &c.
——*The Character of a true Country Gentleman.* 272
Courant, *In what Manner it differs from the other News-Papers.* 316
Credit in the City, how obtain'd. 304
Critick describ'd. 252, 253
Cupid, *a Lap-Dog, dangerously ill.* 33

D.

Daniel, *the Historian, the Provisions tax'd in his Time,* 164

St. David's-*Day, why observed by Mr.* Bickerstaff. Page 126
Dawks (Icabod), *his double Capacity of Bellman and Historian.* 316
Dead Men dress'd in Lace, &c, contrary to the Act. 16
——*A Letter from one to Mr.* Bickerstaff. 17
——*Another resuscitated.* 18
——*What Part of Mankind called dead by* Mr. Bickerstaff. 293
Dedications, the Difference betwixt Ancient and Modern Dedications. 309
Degeneracy of the present Age. 339
Delicates (false), their contradictory Rules. 165
Demosthenes, *his Speech to the* Athenians. 341
Destinies, their Present to Jupiter. 156
——*The Speech of one of them to that God.* 158
Diet, the Difference between our Modern Diet and that of our Ancestors. 163
Dimple, (*Lady*), *her good Breeding.* 257
Discourse, different Talents in it. 189
——*How shadowed out.* ibid, & seq.
Discretion, a Guard to one of Hymen's *Gates.* 30
Dodwell, *some Account of his Epistolary Discourse from* Pasquin. 356
Dogget *the Comedian, his Letter to Mr.* Bickerstaff. 32
——*His great Civilities to him.* 38
Dover-Cliff, *described by* Shakespear. 15
Dream, of the Band of Lovers. 26, 27, &c.
——*Of the Temple of Virtue,* 43
——*Of Honour.* ibid. & 44
——*Of Vanity.* 44
——*Of Virtue.* 45
——*Of Avarice.* 46, & seq.
——*Of* Jupiter, *and the Destinies.* 156, 157, 158
——*Of the* Alps, &c. 233, & seq.
Drum, who may be called Drums in Conversation. 189, 190
——*With what other Instrument match'd.* 216

Dulci-

Dulcimer, a Romantick Instrument, of a melancholy Sweetneſs. Page 214
Dutch, *their Manner of expreſſing their Wit.* 72

E.

Education, the wrong Method of it. 365
Elpenor, *his untimely Death a Warning to Drunkards,* 183
Elyſium, the Joys of it, as deſcribed by the Author of Telemachus. 209
England, *the Figure it makes at Preſent.* 78, 79
Equipage, its Expence and Affectation cenſured. 145, &c.
Eſquires, for what Reaſon profeſs'd Enemies to Mr. Bickerſtaff, 3
Eſteem, how diſtinguiſh'd from Credit. 304
Eucrates, *his Character.* 303
——*The Effects of the natural Softneſs of his Temper.* ibid.
Eutrapelus, *his miſchievous Preſent.* 181
Extortion (the Office of), in the Temple of Avarice. 47

F.

Female Conſort, its Muſick deſcribed. 211, &c.
Fidger *(Lady), a general Viſitant.* 296
—— *The Occaſion of her Madneſs.* ibid.
Flageolet, an Inſtrument in the Female Conſort. 212
——*How eſteemed by that Sex.* 213
Flattery of Women, its ill Conſequences. 122
—— *Inſtanced in* Flavia. 124, 125
Flavia, *a Coquet, her Interview with* Mirtillo, *the Ogler at the Play.* 151, 152
Flea, a Skeleton of. 24
Flute, its extraordinary Effects in a Female Conſort. 212
——*With what other Inſtrument match'd.* 216
Folio (Tom), *a Broker in Learning; ſome Account of him.* 217
——*His Viſit to Mr.* Bickerſtaff. 218

Folio (Tom), *his Criticisms upon* Virgil. Page. 218, 219
—*His Letter to Mr.* Bickerstaff. 232
Fortitude, when most conspicuous. 305
Fortune, the Way to be above her. 276
—*An Emblem of that Goddess.* 278
—*Addressed to by Mr* Bickerstaff. ibid.
Fraud, an Officer in the Temple of Avarice. 47
Free-Thinkers, a Distinction between the ancient and Modern Free-Thinkers. 101
Friendship, the Tenderness of it. 284
Funerals, our Behaviour in them discover the inward State of our Minds. 343
Future State, as described by Homer. 183, &c.
—*By* Virgil. 194, &c.
—*From whence the Happiness and Torments of it arise, according to the Platonists.* 198
—*Described by the Author of* Telemachus. 205, &c.
—*The Benefits arising from the Prospects of Futurity.* 210

G.

Gascon, *an Adventure of a* Gascon. 61
Ghost of Anticlea, Ulysses's *Mother.* 182
Ghosts, of Beauties. 135
—*Of Heroes.* ibid. & deinc. 198, 199
—*Of theDamn'd.* 188
—*Of Lovers.* 198
—*Of Tyrants.* 206, 208
—*Of good Princes.* 209
Glare (Tom), *his Passion for Admiration.* 218
Glory (true) inseparable from Merit. 311
Good-nature often unseasonable. 304
Grandeur, wherein it truly consists. 275
Grief, the Benefit of it. 330
Gyges, *his Ring.* 118
—*Allegorically applied.* 119

H.

Handkerchief (Religious) in England. 357

Hanni-

Hannibal *the* Carthaginian, *his Speech upon his being recalled out of* Italy. Page 359
Harpsicord, the Excellency of its Musick. 192
——*With what Instrument match'd.* 216
Hart, *the Actor, his Observation.* 177
Hautboy, a proper Instrument in a Female Consort. 212
——*Match'd with the Harpsichord.* 216
History, the Usefulness of it. 12
——*Its Variety.* 77
Homer, *his Description of a Future State.* 183, 186, 187, 188
Horace, *his Excellencies considered under different Views.* 292
Hornpipe, its Part in a Female Consort. 213
——*With what other Instruments match'd.* 216
Husbands, ill Ones private Tyrants. 166
An ill Husband the greatest Affliction that can happen to a Woman. 169
——*What makes a Man so.* ibid. 170
Hymen, *the God of Marriage, placed as a Guard at the Gate of the Temple of virtuous Love.* 29
——*His Habit.* ibid.
Hymn to the Supream Being, what. 22.

I.

Jambee, the best sort of Canes. 139
Idolatry inverted, in what Manner. 63
Jealousy, her Garments, Complexion, and Office. 30, 31
Jenny, *Mr.* Bickerstaff's *Sister, her Visit and Behaviour.* 141
——*Her Character.* 347
Jesuits, their Discipline. 267
Imperceptibles (a natural History of) 23
Incumbent, the Difference between a Landlord and Incumbent. 272
Indian *Kings, their Return to the Civilities of their Landlord.* 280
Infrigidation (the Gift of) 60

Insipids (*the* Order *of*). Page 257
Juno, *her Method to regain* Jupiter's *Affection.* 160

K.

Kettle-Drum, and Kit, Instruments in a Female Consort. 214
——— *Matched.* 216
Kings (*wicked*), *their Punishment in a future State.* 208

L.

Lamb, a modern Diet. 164
Landlord, the Difference between a Landlord and an Incumbent. 272
Lawgiver, the Instruction of a Lawgiver, in relation to unmarried Women. 344
Letter, to Isaac Bickerstaff, *from a Well-wisher.* 5
——— *From one who designs to be an Adventurer in the Lottery.* 52
——— *From* John Hammond *upon the Recovery of his Watch.* 53
——— *From a Fortune-Hunter.* 67
——— *From* Statira. 70
——— *From* Strephon. 128
——— *From* Dorothy Drumstick. 129
——— *From* Lidia. ibid.
——— *From* Chloe. 130
——— *About Whetters.* 132
——— *From his Valentine.* 134
——— *From his Kinsman, in Behalf of* Charles Bubbleboy. 137
——— *From a young Gentleman in* Cornhill. 153
——— *From one upon Wedlock.* 173
——— *From* Nich Humdrum. 194
——— *From the Upholsterer.* 229
——— *From* Isabella Kit. 231, 269
——— *From* Tom Folio. 232
——— *From his Cousin* Frank Bickerstaff. 273
——— *From* I. B. 306
——— *From* T. S. *out of* Cornwall. 318
——— *From* Silvia. 348

Letter, about a Green-House. Page 361
——*From a Yeoman of* Kent. 362
——*From Mr.* Bickerstaff *to* Chloe. 131
——*To his Brother.* 142
——*From* Pliny *to* Calphurnia. 171, &c.
——*From* Cicero *to* Terentia. 222, &c.
——*From a Corporal to his Wife* 251
Levity, her Post. 30
Liberty, its Region described. 233, &c.
Lightning in Opera's, of what it must be made. 116
——*The true perfumed, where sold.* ibid.
Love, the Effects of Disappointments in it. 349
Lovemore, *a happy Husband.* 177
Lovers (the Band of). 27
Lucretia, *her Story.* 13
Lust, in whom virtuous Love. 26
Lute, the Part it bears in a Consort or Conversation. 189
——*Where to be found.* 192
——*With what other Instrument match'd.* 216
Lydia, *a Coquet, her Character.* 58

M.

Machiavel, *his Office.* 45
——*Author of a mischievous Sect.* 355
Madmen, who. 54
——*Whither sent by the* Romans. 55
——Mr. Bickerstaff's *intended Edifice for their Reception and Cure.* 56, 57
——*The first Symptom of Madness.* 296
Maids of Honour, their Allowance of Beef for their Breakfast in Queen Elizabeth's *Time.* 164
Marriage, an Account of it in a Letter to Mr. Bickerstaff, 173
——*A Table of Marriage.* 216
——*By whom ridicul'd.* 221
——*Some Reasons for the Misfortunes accompanying it.* 362
Marrow-bone and Clever, a modern Musical Instrument. 192

Matchlock, *a Member of the Club at the* Trumpet. *in* Sheer-Lane, Page 88
Mechanicks in Learning, 293
Microſcopes, *their Uſe.* 21
Minucio, *his Character.* 281
—— *And Spirit of Contradiction.* 283
Minute Philoſopher, who. 111, &c.
Mirtillo, *the Ogler, his Interview with* Flavia *at an Opera.* 151, &c.
Mite a Diſſection of one. 24
Modely (Tom), *his Knowledge of the Faſhion.* 256
—— *Head of the Order of the Inſipids.* 257
Monarchy, the Genius of it deſcribed in the Region of Liberty. 235
Mopſa, *her good Fortune in the Lottery prognoſticated by Mr.* Bickerſtaff. 51
—— *A Letter to her.* 61
—— *In great Danger of her Life, and for what.* 155
Mourning, a proper Dreſs for a beautiful Lady. 178

N.

Nature, its Prevalency. 284
Nicolini, *his Excellencies on the Stage.* 12
Northern Parts fruitful in Bagpipes. 191
Notch (*Sir* Jeoffry), *a Member of Mr.* Bickerſtaff's *Club.* 88
Noveliſts, the Effect of their Writings, 313

O.

Oglers complained of by the Ladies. 149
—— *The Danger of them.* 150, 151
Opera aground in the Female Conſort. 211
Oppreſſion, an Attendant on Tyranny. 237
Orator, in a Night-Gown and laced Cap. 354

P.

Parſimony, a Favourite in the Temple of Avarice. 46
Partridge (John), *his Letter to* Mr. Bickerſtaff. 17
—— *His Symptoms of Reſuſcitation.* 18
Paſquin, *his Letters to Mr* Bickerſtaff. 73, 356
—— *An Account of him to prevent Miſtakes.* 81

The INDEX.

Passing-Bells, why so called, Page 192
Passion, the Surprize of it fatal. 286
——*A Tragical Instance of it.* 287
Peasant, who properly so. 272
Pedants, their several Classes. 219, 220
Pedantry compared to Hypocrisy. 252
Persecution an Attendant on Tyranny. 237
Petitions to Mr. Bickerstaff *from* Job. Chanticleer 98
——*From* Deborah Hark, *and others* 111
——*From the Parish of* Goatham. 135
——*From* Sarah Lately. 268
——*And* Isabella Kit. 269
Petticoat, its Cause tried. 6, 7, 8, 10
——*How long to be worn.* 37
Philosophy, the Excellency of it. 276
Platonists, *their Opinion.* 200
Plenty, *a Goddess in the Region of Liberty.* 235
Pliny, *his Compliment, and Advice to* Trajan. 77
Pluto, *his Palace, and Throne.* 207
Politicians uncapable of Reproof. 121
Pope sick of the Tooth-Ach. 75
——*His Modesty overcome.* 76
Post-Man, *his extraordinary Talent.* 313
Poverty, a terrible Spectre in the Temple of Avarice. 47
——*An Attendant on Tyranny.* 237
Powell (*Mr.*) *his Disingenuity.* 3
Present of Wine to Mr. Bickerstaff. 162
Pretenders to Poetry a kind of Madmen. 295
Pride, an Instance of it in a Cobler on Ludgate-Hill 63
——*Its Cause, and Consequence.* 64, 66, &c.
——*Makes Men odious.* 352
——*Creates Envy.* 354
——*Found only in narrow Souls.* ibid.
Prim Penelope, *her Petition.* 19
Prude distinguish'd from a Coquet. 60
——*Bears the Part of a Virginal in a Female Consort.* 213

Prudence

Prudence in Women the same with Wisdom in a Man Page 285
Punch, *Rival to* Nicolini. 2
——*His ill Manners to Mr.* Bickerstaff. 3
——*His Original.* ibid.
Puppets in Mr. Powell's *Show, from whence taken.* ib.
Puzzlepost (Ned), *how he came to be improved in Writing.* 138

Q.

Quality, its Weaknesses. 324, 325
Quixot (Don), *the first Symptoms of his Madness.* 312

R.

Ragoust, prejudicial to the Stomach. 165
Rapin, *his Observations upon the* English *Theatre.* 100
Rapine, an Attendant on Licentiousness. 237
Read (*Sir* William), *an eminent Oculist.* 153
Reading, the Exercise of the Mind. 159
Regulus, *a great Instance of a publick Spirit.* 342
Religious War. 204
Reptile (Dick), *a Member of the Club in* Sheer Lane. 89
——*His Character.* ibid.
——*And Reflection upon the Abuse of Speech.* 112
Reputation how established. 353
Romans, *an Instance of their generous Virtue.* 40
Ruffs, wherein necessary. 20
——*Recommended to be worn with the Fardingal.* 21
Rural Wits Hunting-Horns in a Male Consort. 191

S.

Scævola, *his great Fortitude.* 310
Scandal, the universal Thirst after it. 248
Scotus, *his Way distinguishing Mankind.* 293
Seneca, *his Moderation in his Fortune.* 276
Sex in Souls. 285
Shallow (*Sir* Timothy), *Customer to* Charles Bubbleboy. 139

Sheep-Biters, why a Term of Reproach. Page 164
Silence, significant on many Occasions. 92
——*Instances of it.* 93, 94.
Sippet (Harry), *an expert Wine-Brewer.* 85
Snuff-Boxes, a new Edition of them. 140
Socrates, *his Behaviour in the* Athenian *Theatre.* 41
—— *The Doctrines he laboured to inculcate into the Minds of the Ancients.* 102
Softly (Ned), *a very pretty Poet.* 243
——*His Sonnet.* 244
Speech, the Abuse of it. 112
Stage, or Theatre, the Conveniencies of it. 334, &c.
Statira, *her Letter to Mr.* Bickerstaff. 70
Stocking, the Custom of throwing it at a Wedding. 345
Story-Tellers, the Bagpipes in Conversation. 191
——*Their Employment in Mr.* Bickerstaff's Bedlam. 295
Swearing, a Folly without any Temptation. 114

T.

Tale-Bearers, the Use of them in Mr. Bickerstaff's Bedlam. 299
Tea, not used in Queen Elizabeth's *Days.* 164
Telemachus, *his Adventures.* 205
Temple of Hymen. 29
——*Of Lust.* 31
——*Of Virtue.* 43
——*Of Honour.* 44
——*Of Vanity.* ibid.
——*Of Avarice.* 46
Timoleon, *his Discourse at the* Grecian. 279
Tintoret (Tom), *a great Master in the Art of Colouring.* 84
Instances of it. 85
Tiresias, *his Advice to* Ulysses. 184
Tittle (*Sir* Timothy), *a profound Critick.* 253
—— *His Indignation, and Discourse with his Mistress.* 254, 255
Toasts, a new religious Order in England. 75
Tories, a new religious Order in England. ibid.

Toys, by whom brought first into Fashion. Page 137, 138
Trumpet, what Sort of Men are the Trumpets in Conversation. 190
——*Where to be found.* 193
Tyranny commands an Army against the Region of Liberty. 237
Tweezer-Cases, the best, where to be bought. 130

V.

Varnish (Tom.) *his Adventure.* 108
Veal, a modern Diet. 164
Vicissitude of humane Life. 275
Violins, who in Conversation. 190
——*Where to be found,* 192
——*With what other Instrument match'd.* 216
Virginal, an Instrument in a Female Consort. 213
Ulysses, *his Voyage to the Regions of the Dead.* 183
——*His Adventures there.* ibid. & seq.
Upholders, Company of, their Civility to Mr. Bickerstaff. 38
Upholsterer, Mr. Bickerstaff's *Neighbour, a great News monger.* 201
——*Broke.* ibid.
——*His Conversation with Mr.* Bickerstaff *in the* Park. 20[illegible] & seq.
——*His early visit to Mr.* Bickerstaff. 227
——*The Reason of it.* 228, &c.
——*Much esteemed in Alley-Coffee-house.* 313
——*Carried to* Bedlam. 316

W.

Waggs, (the despicable Order of) 346
Welch-*Harp, an Instrument in a Female Consort.* 214
——*Match'd with a Trumpet.* 216
Whetters reproved. 120, 133
Whigs and Tories, religious Orders *in* England. 74, 75
Wilks, *the Comedian, his Excellencies.* 336
Wine (a Present of) to Mr. Bickerstaff. 162, 333
Wine-Brewers, a Fraternity. 82
——*Try'd before Mr.* Bickerstaff. 83
——J. B.'s *Request to 'em.* 87
Women, their ill Fancies in their Dress. 179

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